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LITERARY SOUVENIR
OR
CABINET OF POETRY
AND ROMANCE.
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, & Co. LONDON.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR;

OR,

CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have Song of War for knight;
Lay of Love for lady bright;
Fairy Tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

Sir Walter Scott.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON AND CO.

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1825.

B. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.

Upwards of five years ago, it was suggested to me by a literary friend, that a volume, of annual recurrence, composed for the most part of light and popular literature, and embellished with Engravings of a higher order than are usually to be met with in periodical works, would be likely to prove extremely acceptable to the Public. I was so well pleased with the idea, that, having decided upon my plan, I even went so far as to solicit the aid of several distinguished writers. Some circumstances, however, occurred which prevented me from carrying my views into effect; and it was not until after the appearance

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of a publication in direct and acknowledged imitation of the German Literary Almanacks, in this country, that I determined to persevere in my original intention. On consulting with my Booksellers, I found that they had an annual volume, entitled 'THE GRACES,' at that time in progress; and it was only a few months ago that they intimated their desire, that I should co-operate with them in the present undertaking. These details are of no great importance to the reader, as the mere merit of having suggested the publication of works of this description belongs exclusively to our continental neighbours; and they borrow so many useful hints from English literature, that we have an undoubted right to make reprisals whenever we meet with any suggestions of theirs at all worthy of our adoption.

It would savour not a little of ostentation were I to enumerate, in this place, the many contribu-

tions from distinguished pens, which have been furnished expressly for the pages of the LITERARY SOUVENIR. A reference to its Table of Contents will show, that I have been so fortunate as to obtain the aid of an unusual number of the most popular writers of the day; and had it not been for the disadvantages resulting from the shortness of the time allowed me for the preparation of the literary portion of the volume, I should have been enabled to boast of a still longer list of eminent names. From the kind promises of continued assistance, however, which I have received, I am induced to hope that I shall be enabled to render the next volume still more interesting.

The Embellishments are, it will be seen, all engraved in the line manner, in the most finished style of the art. The publishers might, undoubtedly, have introduced a greater number at the

same expense, could they have prevailed upon themselves to sacrifice quality to quantity. But ten elaborate line engravings, independently of external ornaments, and three plates of fac-similes of the autographs of the living Poets of Britain, in addition to the high character of a large portion of its literary contents, will, it is hoped, afford sufficient proof that no expense has been spared which could render the work deserving of the approbation of the Public.

All matter of a temporary nature, calculated to render its pages less acceptable at one part of the year than another, has been carefully excluded.

In conclusion, I beg to return my warm acknowledgments on my own account, as well as on that of my Publishers, to the Authors of the numerous and interesting contributions with which I have

been favoured,* and more especially to those writers who have kindly allowed me the countenance of their names. There is but one painful feeling connected with this avowal of obligation, and that originates in the reflection, that one of the most zealous and talented of my friends, the Reverend Charles Robert Maturin, has been removed beyond the reach of my thanks since the sheet which contains his wild and singular legend of "Leixlip Castle" was printed off. I still hold a beautiful Dramatic Sketch from his pen, entitled "The Sybil's Prophecy," which, as well as one or two articles from anonymous sources, I have been compelled to omit, in order to avoid increasing inconveniently the size of the book. On this poem, the sudden demise of its Author has con-

* I ought in common candour to mention, that the beautiful Poem from the pen of Mr. Campbell, which will be found at page 149, was not contributed by that gentleman, but transcribed from the Album of a mutual friend.

ferred additional value. It will, of course, be included in the next year's volume.

In proclaiming myself the Editor of the LITERARY SOUVENIR, I have been actuated by no ostentatious motive; but having been allowed in many instances to prefix the names of my literary friends to their contributions, I feel that it would be a mark of disrespect to them to withhold my own.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

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THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER

THE

DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

. . . . . 'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.
Southey's Thalaba.

THERE is a flower, a purple flower
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest
The pillow of her dreaming rest,
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought
The image of her waking thought,—
That one thought hidden from all the world,
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,
The silver veil which the morning weaves
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun
Must woo and win ere the day be done.

She braided back her beautiful hair
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears
Like an eastern army its golden spears.
The lark flew up as she passed along,
And poured from a cloud his sunny song;
And many bright insects were on wing,
Or lay on the blossoms glistening;
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,
Found the maiden her mystic flower.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.
Now I number the leaves for my lot,
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,
He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf, yes,
I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess!
"He loves me," "Yes," a dear voice sighed—
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

L. E. L.

GUYON OF MARSEILLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MAY YOU LIKE IT.'

He stood between the dead and the living; and the plague was stayed.
Numbers, xvi. 48.

THE study of Marc Guyon seemed the very abode of cheerfulness; it was a large airy chamber at the top of his house, which being at the end of the street, the breeze was admitted on three sides of the chamber through windows opening upon what was the roof to the building beneath,—a little gallery enclosed by an open balustrade, and shaded by awnings of linen, forming a kind of verandha, after the eastern fashion. The apartment was simply furnished; its chief treasures were books and manuscripts; its chief ornaments were—what am I saying?—its chief treasure and ornament was the living being who inhabited it, Guyon himself. Who that was in his presence could have turned, either in thought or gaze, away from him? He was in the full freshness and vigour of manhood, with a glorious beauty about his countenance and figure, which is but seldom seen

among the fallen race of man. I do not speak of the beauty of form alone, but the beauty of form all bright and breathing with that of mind, and, what is better still, with that of heart and soul. With an intellect of a very superior order, he had too much kindness of heart, too much manliness, too much Christian lowliness, to feel superior to the infirmities of the humblest of his fellows. It might indeed be said of him, that "he had no proud looks." One might almost read his character in his fine open countenance.

Guyon was sitting at a large table, his forefinger pressed to his brow, and his mind deeply absorbed in thought. He had been writing, and the pen was still between his fingers, but the morning breeze had blown away his manuscripts from the table, and scattered them about the room. He, however, perceived not the disorder of the books and papers which had a short time before engrossed his most serious attention. His mind was raised to higher contemplations. Gradually the thoughtfulness of his countenance melted into an expression of holy rapture, his lips parted with a smile, the rich blood flushed brightly over his cheek, and he raised his eyes from the ground; but then tears started into them, tears which he did not attempt to restrain. He rose up, and opening a folio volume which lay among many others upon a tall book-stand, he read with a rapid glance some few

pages. "Yes," he exclaimed as he closed the book, "I will do it—I, I alone am the proper person—I am determined—but now, O Heavenly Father, I need thy guidance, thy blessing! without thee I can do nothing." He knelt down and prayed. When his prayer was finished, he returned to the table at which he had been writing, and having taken a small roll of parchment from an old casket of sculptured brass, he made some alterations and additions to the writing thereon, and then replaced it. "There is but little beside for me to do now," said he to himself, and he looked wistfully and almost sorrowfully round the chamber. "Oh, how much true happiness have I found here!" he exclaimed—"how unwillingly my dull spirit seems to depart from this sweet tranquil home! and what a morning!" It was indeed a beautiful morning; the subdued sunlight shed a soft and golden glow throughout the room, and the loose folds of the awning flapped and creaked in the playful wind with a sound like the sails of a ship in a freshening gale. Guyon stepped out upon the gallery from the window which faced the east and commanded an extensive prospect of the country surrounding Marseilles. He bent over the orange trees and tuberoses, then in full flower, which were ranged along the front of the window, and thought that he had never so much enjoyed their sweetness before. He looked out upon gardens and fields, and mountains more

distant; and the calm blue sea reflected back the repose and beauty which it borrowed from a sky even more deeply blue, more tenderly serene. Men, women, and happy children, were at work or at play in the gardens and fields; herds of cattle were grazing upon the mountains; many a white and graceful sail was gliding swiftly over the trackless sea; and in the clear free realms of the sky, birds were floating along with the sunshine gleaming on their outspread wings. I must not stand here, thought Guyon, or I shall begin to mourn over my captivity within this immense and frightful prison. He walked round the gallery to the side of the house which overlooked the street. The very air seemed to be changed there, as if sickened with its confinement to the narrow streets of tall dull houses. He looked around over the immense mass of buildings—Marseilles, not very long before one scene of bustling commotion, resounding with the ceaseless hum of varied and cheerful noises, was now hushed into a state of unnatural and gloomy torpor. It seemed a city of the dead, for the only sound which disturbed the horrid silence, was the measured tolling of a loud, deep-toned bell. As Guyon stood there, another well-known sound stole by degrees on his ear; he could hear it approaching with an increasing noise from street to street, till a faint and fetid stench came fitfully with the breeze that blew past him. He looked down and shuddered,

as he saw the plague-cart, heaped with putrid bodies, rumble heavily along over the grass-grown pavement beneath. He turned his head, but he only beheld, as he looked down the long street on the opposite side, the black flag upon the closed gates of the city, its heavy folds waving to and fro, as if with measured motion to the dismal bell of death.

Guyon was almost the last person to enter the Hotel de Ville. All the medical men of the town had there met to consult on some means of stopping the dreadful progress of the plague, by which half the city had already perished, and which still appeared to rage with increasing virulence. The conference was long, and it produced one general and decided opinion, that the corpse of a person who had died of the pestilence should be opened by some skilful hand, and a report of the exact state and effects of the disorder written on the spot. Hitherto there had been a mysterious character about the disease, which had baffled the skill and experience of all who sought to cure it. Many persons of distinguished talent were present: one young man in particular fixed the attention of the whole assembly to every word he uttered. He had once visited Smyrna, when the plague was raging there; and the illustrations with which he supported his opinions, were made with such clearness, and even eloquence, that they had entirely settled the general conviction that the opening

of a putrid body was the only means by which the nature of the disease could be clearly ascertained, and the pestilence itself effectually arrested. The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when one of the most respected and venerable physicians of the city rose and observed, with a mild and sorrowful voice, "I cannot sufficiently approve all that you have expressed, Sir, but allow me to ask, how this information, of which we are thus absolutely in need, can be obtained? The report of the effects of the plague on the corpse, can only be obtained at one price, the certain and speedy death of him who makes it. Who would willingly rush upon so dreadful a fate?" As the old physician ceased speaking, he fixed his eyes almost unconsciously upon the countenance of him whom he had addressed. The change that suddenly passed over the whole person and manner of the young surgeon was indeed striking. He could not help at once feeling as though he were looked upon by all present as the person expected to perform the fatal operation. The enthusiasm which had inspired him fled, and had left him almost powerless to speak or move; his lip quivered, an ashy paleness overspread his whole face; the hand which had been firmly laid upon the table while he was so strongly and warmly declaring his confidence of success from the plan he recommended, could now scarcely sustain his trembling frame as he rested on it for support.

He had a young wife, a mother, and two infant children at home, all depending on his exertions for their subsistence. Every one felt for the young man, and the physician who had last spoken turned from him, observing, that they were certainly not immediately called upon to point out the person who should perform the operation.

"I have been thinking," said the president of the assembly, "that, although it appears at present impracticable that the corpse of a victim of the plague should be opened without causing the death of the operator, might we not as well consult together as to the possible means of averting the fatal consequences of such an operation? There is one person, now present I believe, whose powerful genius and superior attainments have rendered him justly celebrated, but who has not spoken among us to-day;" he looked towards Guyon, and the eyes of the whole assembly followed his: "we should feel much gratified by hearing his opinion on this awful subject." Guyon had certainly not spoken, he had been listening with serious attention to those around him, and taking notes of all that passed; he now looked up from the papers before him. "I had studied the question very attentively," he said modestly, "before I entered this assembly, and I felt convinced there was but one expedient by which the pestilence could be stayed. I am now quite decided on the subject, from

the uniform opinion of all present. Allow me also to say, that I am convinced no precaution can save the life of him who performs the loathsome operation of opening the corpse. Why may we not at once inquire who will be the man to undertake this?" He looked round the assembly, and immediately there was a breathless silence throughout the hall. Many an eye shrunk beneath his gaze, and the few whose looks encountered it steadily, turned ghastly pale. "I see not one," he continued, in a voice of touching sweetness, "not one, whose loss to those who love him, could well be supplied. All are husbands or fathers, or the long treasured hope of aged parents. I alone am an orphan, bound to this life by few ties of earthly relationship. You have (I rejoice to say) some confidence in my professional talents, and I do not fear to die, in humble and unworthy imitation of Him who gave his life a ransom for many. You cannot persuade me against my deep and unalterable resolution," he said, perceiving that some of his own friends were about to interrupt him; "how much more favoured shall I be in my hours of suffering, than He whom I would not name without the most heartfelt reverence! He, the spotless and perfect Son of the living God, died amid the revilings of his savage and insulting persecutors. I, a poor and sinful child of human parents, shall be followed to the grave with blessings. There is not a

person present, not a person in this city, but would, I am sure, feel for my slightest sufferings. I came here determined to begin the operation to-morrow at day-break : and I have now told you my intention, which I shall not shrink from performing. Solemnly I swear before God, that with His favour, I will fulfil the duty to which I believe He has called me."

Guyon had been an orphan almost from his birth ; he had but a few, and those distant, relations, scattered about parts of Provence far from Marseilles. While yet an infant his unprotected situation had interested the compassion of the good Bishop of Marseilles, who had been ever afterwards his unchanging friend. Guyon, however, had gradually risen to eminence by his own exertions, and at this time was in possession of a considerable fortune. On leaving the Hotel de Ville, he proceeded immediately to the Palace of his friend the Bishop. The truly Christian conduct of this venerable prelate is well known ; when he heard of the ravages of the plague among his flock, he set off without delay from Paris, and rested not, by night or day, till he reached Marseilles, that like Aaron, when the plague had begun in the camp of the children of Israel, he might hasten into the midst of the people, and there, standing between the dead and the living, offer unto the Most High the incense of prayer, and faith, and love unfeigned. In Marseilles he still remained, for

he knew that he could not leave it till the plague had ceased. Its gates had long been closed, and a body of soldiers were stationed at some distance round the city, to prevent the inhabitants from passing out, or, indeed, holding any communication with the rest of their countrymen.—The Bishop heard the determination of his young friend with profound silence. Guyon waited for his reply, but the old man only gazed upon him and wept.—"Let me leave you now," said Guyon, with a faltering voice, "and return hither to-night, to receive from you the last sacrament." "Yes, my son," replied the holy prelate, "I would have you leave me now; this surprise hath half broken my heart; I must not entreat you to renounce the glorious undertaking, and yet I cannot, indeed I cannot, bid you perform it. Go," he added, in a firmer voice, "go from me now, the next few hours must not be lost to you. By God's help I will meet you with strength which I have not at present, but which those who seek with full purpose of spirit, will never fail to find."

There was one other house to which Guyon now directed his steps, but he often turned from the well-known door, and returned, and turned back again, before he could find heart to enter. It was in a little silent street at the highest part of the city, and its only inhabitants were an old female, her daughter, and one servant. Madame Longard had been as-

a mother to Guyon. In her house he had passed his boyhood, and he loved her and Delphine, his foster-sister, with his whole heart. The spoiler had not entered that small and humble dwelling, and Guyon found its gentle inmates at work in their pleasant upper parlour, which looked out upon a small herb-garden behind the house. He soon perceived that his determination had not reached them; and he resolved not to mention it, but to leave a letter for them at his own house. His efforts to be cheerful were successful: he conversed with an appearance of playful animation, and quitted the room without betraying any signs of the agony which wrung his bosom. He had not been gone more than a minute when Delphine remembered that she had not given him a small bouquet of lavender and vervain, and some other fragrant herbs and flowers, which she had gathered for Guyon, who seldom passed a day without seeing her. She ran quickly down stairs, and opening the door of the house, looked up the street, intending to call him back and offer him the fresh bouquet. Guyon was not to be seen. Delphine closed the door much disappointed, and was returning to her mother, when she heard a deep-drawn sigh very near her; she stopped and looked around. The door of a little dark chamber, in the front of the house, had started open, as she closed that leading into the street. Guyon was

there, kneeling on the ground, his hands raised, and spread out towards heaven, as if asking a blessing from thence; his face had quite lost the calm cheerfulness which she had last seen there, and his chest seemed to heave with suppressed anguish. Delphine would fain have entered, but she dared not; she felt that Guyon might deem her presence an intrusion. She turned away, and stole lightly up stairs; she sate down upon the highest step, and waited to hear Guyon enter the passage beneath. She heard the latch of the street-door moved by his hand, and then she ran down to stop him. "Dear Marc, are you still here?" she said faintly, "I am glad to find you, I had gathered these herbs and flowers for you, and I forgot them; their smell may be pleasant to you in your dangerous visits to the dying. Delphine held out the flowers, but could not say another word. Guyon himself seemed half unconscious that she was speaking, he appeared lost in agonizing thoughts: at last with some calmness, he took her hand and led her to the room he had just quitted. "May I trust you, Delphine?" he said, in a whisper, "can you trust yourself? Will you near me, not as a mere woman, but as a faithful disciple of Him who was a man of sorrows, and deeply acquainted with grief? You do not answer me—I should not have spoken thus, but I believe that you have witnessed my anguish of soul in this chamber. I thought that some person had

passed along the passage, and when I saw you, your countenance told me who that person was. May I go on?" "You may," replied Delphine, without raising her eyes. "These are, I know, fearful times," she added, "and we live daily prepared for some great calamity." She now sat still as death, she heard every word which Guyon spoke. "Are you ill, Delphine?" he said wildly, when he had finished speaking:—"you *are* ill. The shock has been too great for my sweet sister." "No, no, I am not ill," she replied,—and never once did she raise her eyes. "I shall do all that you would have me."—Guyon rose up from her side and kissed her cold cheek, yet he still lingered, and looked down upon her with tender affection. "No, I am not ill," she repeated, "and you must go. But take this," she added, in the same low, mournful voice, holding out to him again the little bunch of herbs, which she had kept all the while in her hand.—Delphine was alone; she laid her head upon the table beside her and closed her eyes, for a cold torpor seemed to have crept on all her faculties. "Oh! would to God that I could die with him!" she at length said, starting up, "Oh that I might share with him in the dangers of that horrid work!—If he were one mass of vile corruption, as he will be but too soon, I could rejoice to pillow his poor head upon this throbbing breast!—And he has loved another!" she exclaimed, with a

deep, dreary-sounding voice—"He has not even guessed that I love him as my own soul! He makes me the confident of his feelings, as if no weight of agony could break this weak heart! He fears for what my mother will suffer, as if she had ever loved him as her wretched daughter does!"

It was an hour after midnight when Guyon descended the steps of the Bishop's palace:—A young man had died the morning before, and he proceeded immediately to the house where the corpse was deposited. The deceased had been the last survivor of a large family, all of whom had fallen victims to the plague. His father, a rich merchant, died only the day before his child sickened. There was an open space before this house of death, planted with plane and linden trees, in the midst of which a fountain of limpid water refreshed the air, and fell into a circular basin; around this fountain was a range of low seats hewn out of the rough marble. The night was dark, and Guyon, followed by a single attendant, was walking along the last silent street leading to the house of death, when his servant called on him to stop. A person whom he had observed on the opposite side of the street had suddenly fallen to the ground. Guyon stopped immediately, and he heard a low moaning as of a person in pain. They crossed over, and Guyon lifted up one who appeared to be a female, and who had been thrown down by some-

thing which lay in a dark mass upon the pavement; as he supported this female, the servant held down the lantern, and Guyon beheld the corpse of a poor wretch who had fallen dead of the plague, and lay unburied by the way-side. He turned, and Delphine (for it was she whom he had lifted up) had disappeared. She had not spoken—he had not seen her face—and, undiscovered, she had left him.—Her mother had retired to rest some hours, when Delphine, leaving a note with these few words, "Guyon is ill," on her table, had stolen softly from the house, and hastened towards the Bishop's palace. She had not waited long before Guyon appeared. The lamps that burned before an image of the Virgin in a niche above the gateway, revealed plainly to her sight his tall and graceful form; and, guided by the gleam of his servant's lantern, she had cautiously followed their steps. Guyon entered the fatal house, and Delphine sat down upon the edge of the fountain before it. She had cut her forehead in falling upon the hard pavement, and she now washed the blood from her face, with trembling hands, and bound up the wound, which still bled profusely. Long did she sit beside that fountain, while not a sound disturbed the calm stillness of the night, except the light splashing of the waters, and the waving of the leafy boughs above her head.—Once or twice she saw a light in some of the upper chambers, and the shadows of human forms

reflected upon the walls within. Some men, accustomed to the office, were removing the corpse, by Guyon's desire, from the chamber where the young man had died, to a large and airy saloon below. Every thing was soon arranged for the loathsome operation, and Delphine beheld the gates unclose again; the men departed, and Guyon was left alone.

The windows of a small antechamber to the saloon in which the corpse was laid, looked out upon the fountain before the house.—Delphine saw the large doors between the two apartments open slowly—Guyon came forward—he closed the doors, and, putting down his lamp, threw open one of the windows, and stood before it, seeming to inhale, with pleasure, the fresh, cool air. Suddenly a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and Delphine could see her beloved Guyon no longer:—but he was near her; she could hear him move; she could hear what seemed to her the murmur of a voice in prayer. Once she thought she could distinguish her own name. She sank on her knees, rejoicing that her prayers might be offered up at the same time and in the same place with his. The faint light of morning began to dawn, and Delphine looked up to catch the first glimpse of her Guyon's person; he was still at the window. The light increased—he arose, and his countenance was fully revealed; it seemed more than usually brightened by health and expression as

he looked up to the clear crimson sky. He appeared to linger there, as if unwilling to turn so soon away from his last enjoyment of the sweet fresh air and light of morning. Delphine was for a moment overjoyed, for he took from his bosom the little bouquet she had given him; he pressed it to his lips, and as he did so tears streamed down his cheeks. Again he placed the fragrant flowers near his heart, and he turned from the window. Delphine had been concealed before by the trunk of one of the old plane trees which grew near the spot. She now sprang up quickly, and standing on the highest edge of the fountain, caught the last glimpse of his erect and stately figure; she saw his bright hair dancing in the current of air as he threw open the wide doors;—they closed upon him, and upon her every hope below. How dreadful were the hours that followed to Delphine! She sat with her eyes fixed on the window where she had last seen him, till her senses nearly forsook her. She gazed so intently that at last her very eyesight seemed to deceive her; she thought that she could see the doors open and shut continually, and Guyon appear and disappear as often. As the morning advanced, first one person and then another came to the fountain to fill their pitchers with water. They had seen so much of misery that they scarcely noticed Delphine. At length there came a man who stopped, and gazed on her

some time, and thinking perhaps, from her appearance, that she was some friendless wretch who had crawled to the fountain, and was dying there, he bade her begone, and not poison the waters with her vile presence. She heeded him not, for she had not heard him. The monster did not cease to persecute her, he even tried to thrust her away with violence, till, hardly knowing why, she rose up, and went and sat down on the steps of the house which Guyon had entered. Some time after the wretch had left her, she tried to recollect where she was, and what had happened—she felt like one waking from a heavy sleep—she walked a few paces from the house, and still she could recollect nothing—she turned and surveyed the building. Immediately that her eyes caught the windows of the antechamber, she uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards the house; she knew not how long a time had passed since Guyon had commenced his fatal work; she only knew that he had not returned, and nothing could now restrain her. The gate was not fastened, Delphine pushed it open with ease. She entered the hall—the servant of Guyon was lying there fast asleep upon an old sofa, but her steps awoke him not, as she ascended the broad staircase. A door was before her—she opened it, but instantly she thought she had mistaken the room; a second glance convinced her she had not In the midst of a magnificent saloon hung with the

finest pictures and mirrors of immense size, upon a table of rich marble, there lay, partly covered by a large linen cloth, the mangled and discoloured corpse— But where was Guyon? Almost underneath the loathsome object, with the end of the cloth still grasped in his hand, as if he had fallen in the act of covering the polluted mass, lay the hapless Guyon, to all appearance dead. "Oh God!" cried Delphine aloud, raising the body of him whom she loved—"help me, be with me now." It seemed as if her prayer were heard, for in the very crisis of her agony, she recovered her strength of mind. She lost not a moment in disengaging the hand of Guyon from the polluted sheet; she dragged, nay almost carried him to the open window; but in vain she endeavoured to restore him. She looked around, and saw with delight a vessel filled with vinegar on the table where he had been writing his remarks; into this vase he had thrown his papers as he wrote them; and Delphine, as she knelt on the ground bathing his face, and head, and hands with the vinegar, saw him gradually revive. But to remain in that saloon would be instant death to him, and with much difficulty Delphine removed him to the antechamber, the doors of which were very near the place where he was then lying. "I cannot go farther," said he feebly, as she closed the door upon the horrid room where she had found him: and when Delphine looked in his face, she saw

that he could not indeed be moved farther. A sudden change had taken place within the last minute. "He does not even know me," said she, as he looked up in her face, and smiled vacantly. He closed his eyes, and remained for some minutes in a heavy sleep. He awoke, and with difficulty raising his hand, he drew forth from his bosom a small golden crucifix; he kissed it fervently. The little nosegay of lavender and vervain had fallen to the ground. He fixed his eyes upon the withered flowers, and said feebly, "Give it me; let me smell it. She said it might refresh me. Tell her, tell my sweet sister, that my heart *was* refreshed even at this awful hour, when I thought of - - - - Who, who are you?" he cried, lifting up his head; but ere he could look at her again, his memory was gone. He now fell into a gentle doze, and Delphine felt a calmness steal over her as she hung gazing upon his still handsome but altered countenance, altered it was indeed, the last few hours had done the work of years. He spoke once as he slept, and Delphine thought she heard the words "happy, how happy." He awoke repeating them; and quickly she held up the crucifix before his eyes. "Yes," he murmured, "by His sufferings—His death—His alone."—He never spoke again.

Note.—The plague ceased soon after the death of Guyon. He had discovered and fully explained the mysterious character of the disease; and the efforts of the medical men were blessed with complete success.

Drawn by C. Fielding

ITALY. THE BAY OF NAPLES.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

THE beauties of this delightful scene have been already so frequently and ably described, that it would be worse than idle to enter into a detailed account of them here. The Gulf of Naples contains several smaller bays, the chief of which is that of Pozzuoli. A point of land, or rather an islet, connected with the shore by a pier, separates the Bay of Pozzuoli from the city of Naples, which continues without interruption to Torre dell' Annunziata, where the sea runs up eastward into the land, and forms the bay of Castellamare. The houses of the city rise gradually from the water's edge to the heights behind, on which lie several villas of the nobility and the royal palace of Capo di Monte. The nearest and most apparent high point on the western side, is the mountain crowned with the castle of St. Elmo: the smoking summit of Vesuvius presents the highest point on the east. The gulf is nearly land-locked by the island of Capri, which leaves on each side of it a space, one apparently as wide as the other, called Le Bocche di Capri; but between the eastern end of the island, and the Punta della Campanella there is only one league of distance, while between the western end and Capo di Miseno there are seven.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

KNOW'ST thou the land where sweet the citron blows,
Where 'midst dark leaves the golden orange glows,
Where milder zephyr breathes from azure skies,
And on the odorous myrtle softly dies?
Know'st thou it well?—How sweet to rove
In that fair land, with thee, my gentle love!

Know'st thou the palace with its pillared halls,
Where dancing splendours gleam along the walls,
Where marble statues bending seem to say,
" And why so sad, my gentle child, to-day?"
Know'st thou it well?—Blest should I be,
Might I but there my kind protector see!

Know'st thou the mountain where the muleteer
Tracks thro' dark clouds his path with doubt and fear,
Where dismal caverns hide the dragon brood,—
Rough soars the cliff, and foams the dashing flood:
Know'st thou it well?—Away! away!
Father, arise! I may no longer stay!

R.

IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

O thou pervading power of love! Thou art to some sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller; but to others, terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoom.

Alaric A. Watts.

ITALY may, without impropriety, be entitled the Helen of nations. Her fatal dowry of beauty, like that of the erring wife of Menelaus, has been the sole cause of her ruin and degradation. Still, however, though overwhelmed with infamy—though the mark of disgrace be even now mantling on her cheek, is that cheek unsuffused with a single blush of shame; but proudly conscious of her charms, her eye still beams as brightly, and her Circæan loveliness is still as enthralling as ever.

With the violent political feuds which agitated Italy during a great portion of the period which is usually denominated the "Middle Ages," every individual at all versed in the history of that unhappy country must be intimately acquainted. Principalities were then involved in eager and bloody contentions with

each other;—cities were arrayed against cities—and private families engaged in perpetual quarrels with their neighbours. Among the latter class the names of the Lambertazzi and the Gieremei of Bologna, like those of the Montagues and Capulets of Verona, will be long and bitterly remembered. In deep and pervading interest, their stories are by no means dissimilar. In both instances were the fates of young, lovely, and innocent beings connected in their awful and overwhelming catastrophes. The history of Romeo and Juliet has been narrated by an immortal pen; —of that of Imilda de' Lambertazzi and Ippolito Gieremeo, the following pages will be found a slight and imperfect record.

During the thirteenth century, when the Guelfs and Ghibelins were mutually cherishing towards each other the most furious and deadly animosity, and contending for political pre-eminence throughout the states of Italy, the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi, two of the noblest families in Bologna, were the leaders of the rival factions. It was at a masked festival at the palace of her father, that Imilda, the beautiful daughter of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, leaned for the first time upon the arm of a youthful stranger, who during the evening had poured into her ear all the "tongue's utterance of love." The graceful pair had wandered almost unconsciously into a garden breathing with the freshness of the midnight air, and ren-

dered still more enchanting by the odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers. All was silence and deep repose. The moon was climbing the blue depths of the starry heavens, and pouring down upon them a flood of mild and soul-subduing radiance. Every object—above—below, and around them, was calculated to awaken the most intense and rapturous enthusiasm. The hearts of the youthful pair yielded to the melting influences of the hour. Presently there came floating on the air the soft breathings of a lute; and then followed a full but mellow voice uttering, in song, an avowal of passion couched in the honied tones of a first and soul-absorbing love. The stranger was fain to profit by so sweet, so auspicious an opportunity. He unmasked his face, and, kneeling down, avowed his passion with all the fervour and enthusiasm of which a youthful heart is capable. Heavens! how mournfully delicious were Imilda's sensations when she discovered in her suitor the long-treasured divinity of her bosom—one whose form had haunted her by day, and visited her pillow by night. It was Ippolito Gieremeo, the son of her father's deadliest enemy, who was then suing for pardon and pity at her feet. Manhood had scarcely darkened his cheek, yet had his prowess in the fight been frequently put to the test, and fame had already blazoned forth his name among the noblest of Italian chivalry. His form was finely proportioned, and his full dark eye could one

moment flash forth the lightnings of its wrath, and the next melt with all the tender languishment of love. It had been his fate to behold Imilda at one of those tournaments, or trials of arms, so common during the Middle Ages, among the youthful nobility of warlike states. He had, indeed, frequently beheld her, but never had she appeared to him so surpassingly lovely. That moonlight hour was to him the fatal Rubicon of life; his heart was irretrievably lost. He had often heard of her transcendent beauty, her wit and her gentleness, but had never before felt their united force upon himself. Nor was the blushing and trembling maiden insensible to the virtues and noble bearing of Ippolito. Their passion was reciprocal:—they loved—but their love was like the breezes that blow over the Persian flower, redolent with poison and with death.

Days and weeks fled in rapid succession. In the frequency of their delightful intercourse, the lives of the young lovers glided away in one uninterrupted dream of wild and rapturous bliss; but they were soon fated to be awakened to the sad realities of life.

It happened that the attendant, who had countenanced and promoted the interviews of Imilda and Ippolito, was herself engaged in an intrigue with one of the followers of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, to whom, in the weakness of her heart, she divulged the secret intrusted to her fidelity. Her paramour, who

was no friend to Ippolito, lost no time in communicating the intelligence he had thus acquired to the father and brother of Imilda, taking care, at the same time, to make his story susceptible of the worst possible construction. The Lambertazzi, already imbued with a rancorous hatred of the Gieremei, who had been represented to them as desirous of supplanting the supremacy of their family in Bologna, listened eagerly to the tale, and vowed to wash out the supposed stain upon the honour of their house with the blood of the offender; nor were they long in redeeming the pledge. Meanwhile, in order the more effectually to conceal their revengeful purpose from the unsuspecting Imilda, they continued to lavish upon her the most endearing and affectionate attentions; even while their spies were on the alert to procure the information necessary to enable them to perpetrate the crime they had it in contemplation to commit. At length, the fatal evening which was to furnish the long-anticipated opportunity arrived. Attended by a single domestic, whose fidelity on occasions of great danger and importance had been often proved, the unwary Ippolito was observed directing his courser's steps towards the palace of his family's hereditary enemies. The intelligence of his approach was quickly conveyed to the Lambertazzi, who, arming themselves in haste, repaired with several of their attendants to the garden, where, having concealed themselves

among its trees, they waited impatiently for the approach of the hapless lover, that they might slake their thirst for revenge in his blood. The servant of the young Knight was on this occasion left without the walls of the enclosure, to guard against interruption; meanwhile a private door, opened by the devoted Imilda, admitted her lover to her arms. Never had the scenery around them appeared so transcendently beautiful as at that moment;—never before had they felt so surpassingly dear to each other:—every object was clad in a garb of unwonted loveliness. They were as two happy spirits wandering through the groves of the Eastern Innistan, whose cities are radiant with jewels, and whose plains are blooming with everlasting flowers. Alas! that the votive altar, raised to happiness by the fairy wand of the enchantress, Hope, should in one wild moment have been crumbled into dust! Whilst the senses of the lovers were "lapt in the Elysium" of deep and passionate love—whilst they were even engaged in deprecating the unhappy feuds which separated their families, and vainly forming projects for their happy reconciliation, forth from their ambush rushed the murderous and unrelenting Lambertazzi, intending, if possible, to seize Ippolito before he should have time to prepare for resisting their attack. Conceiving that the threatened evil was directed against his beloved, the young Knight, notwithstanding the great inequality

of the numbers against which he had to contend, placed himself immediately before Imilda, in an attitude of defiance, exhibiting a determination to protect her from the menaced danger, or perish in the attempt.

Thirsting for his blood, the elder Lambertazzo was rushing forward to plant his dagger in his breast, when the dastard menial by whom Gieremeo had been betrayed, hoping still further to secure his master's favour, endeavoured to anticipate him, and was stretched at the same moment a quivering and headless corse at the feet of the undaunted Ippolito. He was now surrounded by an armed crowd. The father's insane revenge, however, made him an easy prey to the cool intrepidity of the young knight;—the old man's sword was struck from his hand; that of his antagonist was directed towards his breast, and another moment would have decided his fate, when Ippolito discovered for the first time the features of Imilda's sire. He became rooted to the spot—the weapon fell from his nerveless grasp,—he lifted up his fallen enemy,—when the treacherous villain suddenly drawing from his cloak a poisoned stiletto, stabbed him in the neck, whilst almost at the same moment the younger Lambertazzo approached from behind, and struck his dagger to his heart:—Ippolito Gieremeo fell lifeless and bleeding to the earth.

A loud and fiendish laugh was yelled forth, both by

the father and son, at this horrid consummation.—"Here, thou abject-minded girl," vociferated the old man, as he rudely grasped the arm of the transfixed and speechless Imilda—"Look where thy minion lies in the rigid embrace of death!" "Hence," cried her brother, "foul stain upon the honour of a noble house!—hence, woman, to thy chamber, and bethink thee of the disgrace thou hast cast upon us." "Or rather," pursued the father, "to teach thee fitting obedience, remain here; gaze upon him—feed thine eyes upon his graceful form and glorious features, methinks they are somewhat pallid now:" and beckoning to his followers, he left his daughter by the body of her murdered lover. The appalling suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe appeared to have endowed her with a supernatural energy. Amid the depth of her anguish, a ray of hope shot across her fevered brain. It occurred to her as possible that life might not yet be altogether extinct; and that she might preserve it by immediately attempting to suck the poison from the yet bleeding wounds of her Ippolito. Undauntedly did she commence her pious work of love; but the venom she imbibed quickly corroded the healthful blood in her own veins.

One struggle—and his pain is past,
  Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, the last
  Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

A short hour from the period of her lover's assassination, Imilda de' Lambertazzi was discovered with her head reclining upon the bosom of her Ippolito, and her white arms twined around his neck, with a tenacity which death had only conduced to strengthen. They were buried together in the same grave, as united in their last embrace as they had been inseparable during their brief, but blissful sojourn upon earth.

Little remains to be told. The Gieremei were of course instigated to vengeance by this act of savage barbarity. They formed alliances with the people of Modena, whilst the Lambertazzi united themselves to the army of Faenza and Forti. After several skirmishes, a desperate struggle took place in the streets of Bologna, which lasted forty days without intermission. Thousands were slain,—the city streamed with the blood of the noblest and bravest of its children; and the banishment of the Lambertazzi was at length decided upon and carried into effect. A similar sentence was pronounced by the merciless victors upon 12,000 citizens, their adherents; whose goods were confiscated, and whose habitations were levelled with the earth.

The fate of the Lambertazzi, their kindred, and their followers, was regarded, not unjustly, as the retributive penalty inflicted upon them by an offended Deity, for the murder of the hapless Ippolito.

THE

POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O! MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee?

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;

Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee and thoughts of thee belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak :—
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

ISHMAEL AND MIRIAM.

ISHMAEL dragged himself with some difficulty to the edge of the fountain, and filling the palms of his hands with the precious liquid, moistened the parched and bleeding lips of MIRIAM.

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ISHMAEL AND MIRIAM.

A TALE OF THE DESERT.

Fly to the Desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without!

Moore.

In one of those skirmishes which are so continually occurring between the Arabs of the Desert and the Molsallam, or governor of Jerusalem, the Turkish troops captured, near the valley of Begâa, a young Sheik of distinguished bravery, whose name was Ishmael; and whose father, Ahmed, the son of Bâhir, was the Chief of the Wahydyahs, one of the most ancient and important tribes in Syria. The young Bedouin was surprised in an ambuscade; but resolving to sell his life as dearly as he could, resisted his assailants for some time with unexampled valour; and it was not until he had received several des-

perate wounds, that he at length suffered himself to be overpowered and taken prisoner. Indeed, so truly pitiable was his condition, that it was with great difficulty he was transported to Jerusalem alive. On his arrival in the Holy City he was immediately conveyed into the court of the governor's palace, where he was placed upon the ground, with a marble column at his back to support him, until the decision of the Molsallam, as to his final destination, should be ascertained. A death-like paleness overspread his countenance, but had not subdued the manly and noble dignity of his features,—still instinct with a vital scorn of his enemies. A smile of proud defiance lingered on his bloodless lip; yet his ghastly wounds and the rigidity of his limbs seemed to indicate to the by-standers that the night of the grave was rapidly closing over the head of that youthful warrior, whose daring soul and resistless arm had made him at once an object of terror and admiration throughout all Syria. Life was, however, not wholly extinct, and that which would certainly have been denied from a feeling of compassion, was conceded from a motive of interest, to the expiring Bedouin.

The Molsallam expecting, as a matter of course, that a liberal ransom would be offered for the release of the only son of the Sheik of Wahydyah, sent for the Dragoman of the Convent of the Holy City, who passed for a skilful physician. "Hakin," said

he, "as thou hast been favoured by heaven with the gift of healing, and enjoyest the reputation of an admirable leech, I confide this captive to thy care; if it be possible to preserve his life, take him to thy dwelling; but swear to deliver him into my hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal; for, if through either thy neglect or perfidy, the slave is suffered to escape, thou shalt answer for the treason with thy head: but if, on the other hand, thou art able to restore him to health, and he is forthcoming at the time appointed, one half the treasure paid for his liberation shall be thine." The Dragoman bowed his assent, and having attentively examined the wounds of the young Sheik, replied, (placing, as he spoke, his hand successively on his breast, his beard, and his forehead) "Your Highness's orders shall be obeyed; commit your prisoner to my charge, and I will endeavour to effect his restoration so completely, that he shall be worth whatever ransom your justice may demand for his release." The dying Ishmael was accordingly conveyed to the house of the Dragoman, whose name was Youhannâ Ebn Temym, and who was possessed of a large share of Christian charity. His residence was situated near the gate of St. Stephen, and his garden was partly enclosed by an angle of the wall that bounded the pool of Bethesda — that stream which had in the earliest ages of Christianity wrought so many

miraculous cures on those who resorted to it. Miriam, the loveliest of the daughters of Palestine, heard the repeated knocks of the Dragoman and his attendants; and having recognized the voice of Ebn Temym, her father, opened the door, which, like those of all the Christian residents of Jerusalem, was usually barricaded. It was not without considerable surprise and alarm that she beheld the servants of the Molsallam, bearing among them the almost lifeless body of the young Sheik. "Daughter," said the Dragoman, "I bring thee an unhappy sufferer;" and the pensively beautiful face of Miriam immediately brightened with compassion;—"He is the bravest of the Bedouin chiefs, the son of Ahmed, the Sheik of Wahydyah." "What, so young!" mournfully responded the fair Christian; "and is this he who has rendered himself so celebrated among the Bethlehemites? Oh, my dear father! let us pardon him; let us remember the example of the good Samaritan, and pour oil upon his wounds, and comfort into his soul. Oh that your skill may enable you to save the life of this unfortunate youth!" "Quick," said Ebn Temym, "haste, daughter, and bring me bandages of linen, and the balsam of Zaggoura;" Miriam waited for no other bidding; she flew to perform the injunctions of her father, and, during her absence, Ishmael was placed on the divan. She returned almost instantaneously, and having herself

prepared the lint, knelt down and sustained in her snowy arms the declining head of the young captive; eagerly watching the countenance of the good Dragoman, in order to ascertain his opinion of the condition of his patient, whose last sigh appeared to be almost fluttering on his lips. His head was, as she continued to support it, pressed against her beating heart, whilst she regarded every alteration of his ghastly features with the most intense watchfulness and anxiety; but his eyes still remained closed, and their long dark lashes served only to contrast with the deadly paleness of his cheek. A deep gash passed across his bosom; Ebn Temym expressed his fears that it was mortal. Miriam, in whose susceptible heart the sufferings of Ishmael had already created a powerful interest, shuddered at her father's words, and pressed the drooping head of the sufferer still more tenderly to her heart. She no longer regarded him as a stranger; his misfortunes had given him a claim upon her sympathies, which nothing else could have secured him; and she knelt by his side and continued to staunch the blood that still flowed profusely from his temples upon his unbound turban. She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell upon the forehead of the dying Sheik. A balm so precious might almost have sufficed to have awakened him from the sleep of eternity. He slowly opened his eyes, and, at length, fixed them upon the beautiful

face that was bent above him. Delirious, from the effects of the fever which the agony of his wounds had occasioned, "Mahomet," whispered he, "am I then in Paradise!" "Oh! Virgin Mother of the Son of God," exclaimed Miriam, "he still lives! blessed be thy name; comfort, I beseech thee, this poor infidel, for without thy aid we can do nothing."

During the entire period of his long and painful illness, Ebn Temym and his daughter tended with unremitting solicitude the couch of the son of Ahmed. Day after day he grew more sensible of the soothing attentions and sympathizing kindnesses of the beautiful Miriam, and gratitude and admiration operating upon his warm and enthusiastic feelings, he delivered himself up to all the impulses of the most intense and passionate adoration;—as his frame gathered strength, the weakness (if love be weakness) of his soul increased; and he lived but in the smiles of the gentle daughter of Ebn Temym. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to walk out, Miriam led him beneath the sycamore whose branches overshadowed the house and garden of the Dragoman. Seated by his side, she questioned him concerning the wars of his tribe, the revenge of the Wahydyahs upon the treacherous Djezzar Pacha, the condition of his family, and the customs and amusements of the wanderers of the Desert: whilst he, in return, ex-

pressed a wish to be instructed in her creed, and sought to know in what it differed from the belief of his fathers. Twilight frequently surprised them in these long and sweet discourses, and they were often only awakened to a sense of the reality of their existence by the evening chaunt of the Muezzin, who from the minarets of the splendid mosque of El Harem called the Mussulmans to prayer.

"Miriam," said the Arab, on one glorious evening when their delicious conference had been prolonged until the stars were beginning to begem the deep blue skies above them—"Miriam, you have taught me to forget my father, my prophet, and my tribe. You have rescued me from the overwhelming power of the Angel of Death only to deliver me over to all the agonizing anxieties of the most impassioned love. Either my ashes must become as dust to be scattered over the land by the lightest breezes of Yemen, or I must build for thee the bridal bower in the Desert. My parents will rejoice in such a daughter; all the Wahydyahs will kiss the hem of Ebn Temym's garment; and the fairest maidens of the Kabyla will contend for the honour of washing the dust from thy feet." Miriam, touched and troubled by the warmth and tenderness of this appeal, could only reply that she was a Christian, and that every thing in life separated them. "Alas!" added she mournfully, "Death will, perhaps, be less unjust to us than

fortune." A few short moons abundantly confirmed the melancholy presentiment which was contained in these few wild and simple words.

The Pacha of Damascus, jealous of the rapidly increasing treasures of the Molsallam of Jerusalem, convened a Divan, and, after having obtained its sanction, reproached him with his manifold acts of tyranny and injustice, and put him to death. His next step was to instal one of his own favourites in the government of Jerusalem, and this man sought to repay the kindness of his patron by an offering worthy the barbarian whose lust of rapine and cruelty it was intended to gratify. He sacked the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, and those of the Armenians and Greeks throughout Palestine. Twenty of the wealthiest Jews expired under the bastinado of the Chiaoux, and the whole city of Jerusalem became one scene of lamentation and despair.

"Listen, son of Ahmed," said the Dragoman to the young Sheik committed to his custody; "although bound by a sacred oath to the late Molsallam, to deliver thee into his hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal, I have promised nothing to his successor; if thy strength permits, profit by the confusion which now reigns in the city, depart at sunset by the gate of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Aceldama; the sepulchres will furnish thee a secure asylum until the hour of evening, when thou canst

shape thy steps with caution towards the Desert; and may that God who has already restored thee from the arms of death, protect thee in thy flight, and grant a long life to thee and to thy kindred. Peace be with thee!" The pale cheek of Miriam became crimsoned with emotion, and the cup of sherbet she was in the act of offering to her lover dropped from her trembling hand, on hearing this address. "O, my father," rejoined Ishmael with melancholy earnestness, "can you desire me to depart and leave my protector and my friend,—and one too who is dearer to me than life itself,—exposed to the various perils which now environ you? Abdallah, the savage minion of the unrelenting Pacha of Damascus, is now occupied in hunting to desperation and death the most noble families in Jerusalem; but when the new Molsallam shall have sacrificed the powerful and the strong, will he not then pounce upon his weaker and more defenceless prey, even upon thee and the trembling dove thou hast cherished in thy bosom? He will remember in his bitterness the battle of Tiberias; and when he shall be informed that Ishmael is a prisoner, no ransom will be deemed sufficiently large for my redemption; and thus will the feuds in which so much blood has been already causelessly expended, be perpetuated to our children's children. Abdallah will immediately demand of thee the captive confided to thy charge with such severe injunctions; and thy

lips of truth, what answer can they give? Rather let us fly together: or if thou wilt repose thy faith in my truth, I will go to my father, and having assembled the people of his tribe, who unite the gentleness of the gazelle with the boldness of the lion, I will send thee a docile camel and faithful servant of my tent who will guide its steps to the entrance of the valley of Gaza, where I and my father will await you, and shouts of joy shall be the welcome of Miriam and Ebn Temym to the haunts of the tribe of Wahydyah. On the last day of the month Sepher, shall we expect you, and we will watch incessantly for your arrival from the green heights of Eder."

"My father," exclaimed the agitated Miriam, clasping the knees of the Dragoman in an agony of supplication," my dear father, accept I beseech thee the offer of Ishmael, for it is indeed inspired by heaven. As I prostrated myself yesterday before the altar of the Virgin, I had a prophetic anticipation of all that he now proposes. Let us hasten our escape from the cruelties that are now perpetrating in this devoted city. The hand of the most high God will in time dissipate the storm, and avenge the murder of his people. We can then return. Meanwhile let us, I conjure thee, journey into a land of safety; where, if we find no one to sympathize with us in our creed, we may at least be permitted to offer up our prayers to Heaven without molestation."

Ebn Temym was struck with the force of this pathetic appeal, and could not choose but yield to the solicitations of his daughter. He accepted the proposal of Ishmael—the plan of their route was finally decided upon, and every precaution adopted to facilitate their escape, and ensure their safety. The young Sheik bade them a hasty farewell, and prepared to set out upon his expedition. "May your longing for a view of the camp of Amhed," said he, as he kissed the fair forehead of Miriam, "be as ardent as that of the desert-worn traveller for the green Oasis of the wilderness."

But the skies of this heaven of hope were soon overclouded, and a scene of horror and of blood obliged them speedily to relinquish their delightful project. The disturbances throughout the city were becoming every hour more and more alarming; so much so indeed that Ebn Temym would by no means consent to the departure of his youthful guest. The attempt at that moment would certainly have been attended with the most imminent danger. He therefore induced him to conceal himself in a subterranean retreat, with the labyrinths of which he alone was acquainted, in order to await a more favourable opportunity for carrying his plans into effect. Having conveyed Ishmael to this place of temporary refuge, the good Dragoman rejoined his daughter with his accustomed tranquillity; but scarcely had he ac-

quainted her with what he had done, than the Spahis of the newly elected Tyrant burst into the room, and rudely seizing him, bound him hand and foot before his daughter's eyes. They then plundered the house of what little treasure the Dragoman had amassed, and bore him away to the Molsallam, to whom he had been denounced as a traitor by the perfidious Greeks. His daughter saw him no more.

Miriam, in a state of mind little short of distraction, hastened to the Superior of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, to implore his assistance in procuring her father's freedom. She noticed, as she drew nearer, that its walls were closely beseiged by the murderous emissaries of the Molsallam, who were imprecating the most dreadful curses on the unoffending brotherhood. "My daughter," said the venerable father to Miriam, "our Saviour visits us with severe calamities, and thou art at this moment suffering the most poignant of human afflictions; but what are thy sorrows in comparison with his, who upon this very spot voluntarily, and for the redemption of the immortal souls of sinful men, drained to its last dregs the bitterest cup that ever was prepared for mortal taste! Handmaid of that serenest of sufferers, who when writhing under agony almost too powerful for the endurance of humanity, exclaimed, 'Not my will but thine be done,'—follower of the living Lord, thy father is no more. He has escaped the fearful anxieties to

which we must hourly be exposed, and has reached that kingdom in which the spirits of just men are made perfect."

The unhappy maiden, overwhelmed by the suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe, (for an hour had scarcely elapsed since her father was alive and in her presence,) fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself surrounded by Christian women, who, with tears in their eyes, were entreating the holy fathers not to deliver her into the hands of the governor. The barbarian had heard of her surpassing beauty, and considering her a prize worthy the harem of his patron, the Pacha of Damascus, had issued his commands that she should be brought before him. The prayers and presents of the holy brotherhood had, however, succeeded in obtaining for her a few hours respite. They had hoped to save her from the misery and degradation with which she was threatened, by sending her to Bethlehem, but they were informed the same evening, that that city was also abandoned to the fury of the Spahis, and that the convent of Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre would be plundered by these lawless bands in the course of the night. From the first moment of the arrival of this dreadful intelligence the greatest consternation prevailed, and every individual was occupied in preparing for a hasty flight to a place of safety. Some of the

women and children secreted themselves in the subterranean recesses of the Holy City. The more courageous among them, having first buried their precious reliques, their sacred vases, in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the deep caves of Siloah, scaled the walls and fled.

Worn and dejected, without either counsel or an asylum, Miriam sought the retreat of Ishmael, whom she found full of anxiety and fears for her safety. His voice was tremulous with rage: he vowed the deepest vengeance on the Molsallam for the murder of Ebn Temym, and the tears of his bereaved and unhappy daughter. "Let me employ the little energy that is left me," said Miriam, "in persuading thee to seek thy safety in flight. I have confided every thing to the superior of the convent. Yousef is one of the janissaries charged with the defence of the holy fathers, and I have interested him in thy behalf. He will favour thy escape. He has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethany, where the Arabs of Siloah will provide him with a camel. Night is fast approaching, make for the valley of Jeoshaphat; thou wilt find thy guide, he will wait patiently for thee until the ninth hour. God be with thee on thy perilous journey, and guide thy fugitive steps in safety over the burning sands of the Desert—less fatal and terrible than the cruel machinations of evil men. Farewell, dear Ishmael;

think sometimes of the martyred Ebn Temym, and his hapless daughter—the orphan Miriam."

"Oh! Miriam," rejoined the young Sheik, "you will not follow me, and yet you entreat me to fly! how is this?" "I am a Christian, Ishmael," responded the desolate girl, "it is not lawful for me to be thy bride; but, if thou lovest me, friend of my father, save thine own life, and be happy in the Desert. Miriam can never cease to find protection near the tomb of her blessed Redeemer." Then acquiring courage, she continued in a voice rendered tremulous by grief—"The only sorrow which I could not endure, would be that arising from a wilful neglect of my duty; or," pursued she with repressed anguish, "of witnessing thy destruction. I have borne much, I could bear any thing but this."

"Holy prophet," rejoined Ishmael, "she cannot suppose that I will leave her! Miriam," added he, with a mournful voice, laying down his arms and mantle, "you have no right to suspect the son of Ahmed of such base ingratitude and insensibility; you do but employ these words as the test of my truth. And what is life without her I love? I will stay; and I swear by Mahomet himself, that no power shall force me from your side." "Stay," said Miriam, "in despite of death?" "I scorn it," rejoined Ishmael, "and here will I remain to meet it." These

last words, uttered in a tone of deep emotion, were omnipotent; they decided the fate of Miriam.

"Oh, my God!" cried she, "the only father to whom I can now appeal for either succour or advice, what must I then do? Must I suffer Ishmael to perish? Were my dear father but alive, a sacred duty would detain me here; but an orphan in this thorny world, isolated, and without one friend to protect me from insult and degradation worse even than death, what course am I to follow? I belong to no one, have no one either to love or to regret me. A numerous family would mourn for Ishmael, and can I then consent to his death? Of what importance is the fate of Miriam? He shall live, he may even yet be happy. Ishmael, save thy life and mine: we will abandon these awful scenes together. It shall be even as thou wilt. Pardon us, Holy Virgin, if we have erred; or, at least, if we are guilty, let thy vengeance descend upon my head alone."

Not an instant was to be lost. Guided by the flames that were consuming the hospital of the Armenians, Miriam and Ishmael threaded with considerable difficulty the aloe hedges that divide the gardens of the suburbs. With the opportune aid of some fugitive Christians, whom they casually encountered in their flight, they passed the outer walls of the city. Their situation became every moment more and more critical. They could be both seen and heard,

and the slightest noise might have betrayed them into the hands of their enemies. For the first time in his life, Ishmael experienced a sensation of fear. They hurried on in silence; but Miriam, accustomed to the sedentary life of eastern women, found her strength beginning to fail her, and her companion was obliged to bear her onward in his arms. The minarets of Bethany now burst upon their sight, and Ishmael gaining resolution from the reflection that he was at length master of the fate of his beloved, hastened on to the ruins. Having reached them, he proceeded to give the appointed signal, and profound was their consternation at receiving no answer in return. The night, one of unusual darkness, had now closed in upon them, and neither guide nor camel was in attendance. In vain they repeated the signal, and listened with beating hearts for the reply. All was silent as the grave. They had greatly exceeded the ninth hour, and the janissary had, in all probability, given up the hope of seeing them, and returned to the city; or it might be for the purpose of betraying them into the hands of the revengeful Molsallam. Various and painful were the conjectures in which they successively indulged.

What was to be done? How were they to traverse sixty miles of a rough mountainous and desert track, without assistance, and without provision, to find at the end of their journey a wide expanse of moving

sands, burning beneath the scorching rays of a tropic sun, and treacherous and uncertain to the tread. Every thing, however, appears possible to love:—Ishmael easily convinced Miriam of the necessity of continuing their course: "I know," said he, "of a spring half-way between this and the part of the Desert inhabited by the tribe of Wahydyah; we shall find date-trees near this fountain, whose fruits will yield us nourishment. I will sustain you in my arms; two days will suffice for the journey: if your strength fails you we will rest, and you shall regain it on my bosom." Pure and unsophisticated innocence invested them with her panoply and tempered the warmth of their emotions, awakening between them a full and perfect confidence in each other, the tender and holy charm of earliest love. Miriam willingly believed the asseverations of Ishmael. Anxious to take advantage of the freshness of the night, that they might prosecute their arduous journey with as little fatigue as possible, they hastened to quit the ruins of Bethany:—vain hope! the strength of the fair Christian was already exhausted, and her tender feet were lacerated by the sharp stones that lay imbedded amidst the sands over which she had passed. Ishmael witnessed her forced exertions and her sufferings, and his heart bled within him at the sight. He guided her steps, and supported her in his arms, but still their progress was comparatively

slow. The rising sun now displayed to their view the Desert over which they had to pass, an immense plain of sands already reddening in his earliest beams, and unshaded by a single tree. But this prospect, so far from discouraging Ishmael, seemed only to animate him to fresh exertions. The Desert was to him a home and an emblem of independence; "O, Miriam!" said he "take courage, before sunset we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall approach my father's tents." Miriam, inspirited by these soothing words, endeavoured to conceal her weariness, and continued to press forward leaning on the arm of Ishmael. But the paleness of her countenance betrayed that she was in the last stage of exhaustion. Ishmael again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this fatiguing day the newly recovered invalid began himself to droop; his eyes grew dim, and he could scarcely discern in the horizon the top of the palm-trees of Engaddi. It seemed impossible that they should reach this resting place before dark, and Miriam lay already a fainting burthen in his arms, and, parched with thirst, was scarcely able to articulate a word. The thought that it was for his sake she had exposed herself to this intensity of suffering, invigorated the sinking Arab: he pressed on; rested; and again pursued his way. The fear of losing the object of his idolatry stimulated him al-

most beyond his strength, and still he struggled onward, pressing ever and anon his precious burthen to his panting and agitated bosom. A few steps more and they were by the side of the long-desired fountain, at which they had no sooner arrived than, utterly powerless and exhausted, they both fell prostrate on the sands.

Ishmael dragged himself with some difficulty to the edge of the fountain, and, filling the palms of his hands with the precious liquid, moistened the parched and bleeding lips of Miriam. She opened her languid eyes, and smiled her grateful thanks through the tears with which they were filled. Anxious only for Ishmael, she appeared indifferent to her own sufferings. "Alas!" said she, faintly, "had it not been for me, thou wouldst not have been reduced to this strengthless and debilitated condition;" thus making even her own sacrifice a subject of self accusation.

They rested one entire night and day beneath the date-trees of the fountain of Engaddi. As the evening advanced, Ishmael stationed himself at the feet of Miriam, and watched over her with intense and breathless anxiety,—a solicitude as deep and pure as that with which the young mother hangs over the waning beauty of her first-born child.

Ishmael's energies were in a great measure renewed, whilst the daughter of Ebn Temym awoke

feverish and unrested; but still anxious for the safety of her lover, she expressed the utmost eagerness to depart, and they once more set out on their journey, bearing with them dates and water for their future refreshment. They had not proceeded far, when they met some Arab shepherds, who, sympathizing with them in their distress, provided them with more solid nourishment than they had hitherto been able to obtain. It happened fortunately for the wearied fugitives, that an old man of the party was on terms of friendship with several of the tribe of Wahydyah, and he therefore tendered Ishmael and Miriam his services as a guide. They directed their course towards the vale of Harma; the shepherd assisted them to climb the heights of Tabor; to cross the torrent of Soeta, and the deep solitudes of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to Miriam, "trust in Allah; it was he who led you to us in the pastures of Edom. He has deprived me of a beloved child, the prop and support of my old age; you recall her to my memory; the mourner is doubly dear to one who is, like me, so well acquainted with grief; lean on me, damsel, frail reed that I am, lean on me. I am old, it is true, but the Prophet hath given me sufficient strength to succour thee in thy necessity; let us then press forward on our way together." But notwithstanding the additional assistance she received, Miriam was gradually growing more and more exhausted, and her eyes were over-

flowing with tears, when the keen and anxious sight of the young Sheik discerned towards dusk a company of horsemen on a distant height before them. The shepherd hastened towards the party, and recognized them as Arabs. "Sons of the Desert," exclaimed he, "are ye of the noble tribe of Wahydyah, sovereigns of Bosor and Eblator?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Bedouins with one voice, "we are, we are." Without waiting to reply, the old man hurried back to Ishmael, who, having confided to his care his precious charge, fled to his friends. As soon as he had despatched messengers to apprize his father of his approach, and secured the accommodation of which the sinking Miriam stood in such extreme need, he as speedily returned. "Take courage, sweet sister of my soul," said he, "the whole of my tribe await you; I will restore to you a father in Ahmed, the son of Bâhir."

The fair Christian was soon supported by her lover upon a sure-footed and gentle steed. She fainted several times before they arrived at the plain of Harma, whither the ancient Sheik and his family had repaired to meet them. Ishmael cried out to him afar off, "Sheik of the Wahydyahs, oh! my father, behold the angel who has preserved thy son; kill the new-born camel in her honour, and present to her the bread and salt." He then recounted to Ahmed all the sufferings they had undergone; and tears

bathed the venerable cheek of the son of Bâhir, as he listened to the sad recital.

Alas! the seeds of death were already sown in the fragile form of the gentle Miriam. The young sisters of Ishmael exerted themselves in vain to divert her. When they thought her somewhat recovered, they conducted her to the well of Laban, and, seated in the shade of its fig-tree, described to her the anxieties they had felt during their brother's painful absence, and related to her all that he had told them of the benevolence of Ebn Temym. On their return to the women's tent, their mother who was anxiously expecting them, received Miriam with open arms, addressed her as a daughter, and tended her with more than maternal solicitude. She despatched envoys to Gaza, for every thing she considered likely to minister either to her pleasure or restoration. "We are poor and ignorant," said the sympathizing matron, "but our hearts expand to the influences of friendship, even as the pomegranate to the rays of that sun from which it derives both its colour and its sweetness."

Miriam was sensibly affected by these proofs of the tender interest with which she was regarded: she loved the young Sheik, but her piety, her fears with regard to another life, so forcibly impressed upon the mind of a Christian born at the sacred foot of Calvary, all combined to agitate her

soul with wild and visionary apprehensions. She constantly fancied that she heard the voice of her martyred father calling upon her name, and in spite of the vigilant kindnesses of her Arab friends, was gradually wasting away like the wounded palm-tree of the Desert, 'cut by the Indian for its juicy balm.' Ishmael, with anguish he could ill conceal, beheld the beloved of his soul thus meekly descending into the valley of the shadow of death. He wandered round her tent groaning in the agony of his despair, like a young lion that has been smitten by the poisoned arrow of the hunter. His father endeavoured to soothe him under the pressure of his painful anticipations, "Allah, is good," he would say, "he allows the dove to shelter in my tent—to nestle in the bosom of my tribe.—Regard it, Ishmael, as a sign of happiness for the Wahydyahs, and let the thought that we ministered comfort and healing to the heart of the stricken daughter of the martyred Ebn Temym; be as the oil of peace on the troubled billows of thy soul."

The tender attentions lavished by this patriarchal family upon their dying guest were ineffectual. One morning, after a few moments of unusual cheerfulness, the head of Miriam declined upon her bosom, like a drooping rose of Sharon, the last sigh passed from her pale dissevered lips, and her spirit mounted at once into its native heaven. All the fibres that

had sustained the perishing form of this fragile flower were at length divided. The horrible death of her father, her religious scruples, (they might almost be called prejudices,) and the passionate depth of her affection, all united to blight a creature—once the very soul of beauty and of promise.

The lamentations of the women of the tribe of Wahydyah were loud and incessant; but Ishmael remained wrapped in a shroud of impenetrable gloom. He could not weep, for the fountain of his tears was dried up. The grief of his father was deep, but it was calmer than that of his kindred. He superintended the funeral of the hapless Miriam. She was interred in the sands under the majestic palm-trees, beneath which she had so frequently reposed, without disturbing the crucifix which the Christian virgin had never for one moment ceased to wear upon her breast.

The wretchedness of Ishmael was profound. It was in vain that his father offered him food—that he spoke to him of the interests of his tribe,—and of the wars with which it was threatened. He could never obtain from him a single syllable in reply. But the repose of this simple family was menaced soon after this sad catastrophe, by the Aga of Gaza; and a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Dead Sea, in the land of the Moabites, was decided upon by the elders of the tribe. They were all

occupied in preparing for their departure, when, towards the close of the day before that on which they were to have set out, the sun appeared surrounded by a crimson halo; the skies wild and overcast, yielded a lurid light; the birds flew towards the west, skimming, in continual circles, along the boundless plain; the heavens seemed luminous, while the air was gloomy and opaque. The palm-tree let fall its flexible branches to the earth, as if it too had partaken of the general blight; and the plaintive cries of animals in the vast solitudes around, announced, in language not to be misunderstood, the approach of the merciless Simoom,—the pestilential wind—the terror of the Desert.

Ishmael smiled in the anticipation of this awful visitation. He repaired to the grave of his beloved Miriam; removed the sand that covered her beautiful form; pressed the relic that reposed upon her bosom to his heart, in token that he had forsworn the creed of his tribe and embraced that of the daughter of Ebn Temym; and then removing the veil from her alabaster face, gazed once more upon it with the pure and delighted consciousness that he should soon be reunited to her for ever in that blissful land, in which thirst, weariness, and blight, are equally unknown. The features of his beloved were still unwasted by decay. She seemed to smile upon her Ishmael, and to rejoice that he had adopted the religious

belief of her people. " Come, my beloved," she appeared to say, " thou art now exclusively my own : leave thy vale of tears for those blissful habitations which are prepared for the devoted followers of the merciful and omnipotent God of Miriam and Ebn Temym." " I obey thy call," he replied, implanting a fervid kiss upon her marble brow—" I come. Take, adored of my soul, the chaste embrace of thy bridegroom of the tomb ;—the links that bind me to earth will soon be broken ; and we shall then, if I am not deceived by the impulses newly stirring within me, be reunited for ever !"

His voice was the voice of a prophecy, too speedily to be fulfilled. A dark red cloud rose in the east ; the whirlwind made a chaos of the tranquil Desert ; the date-trees were plucked up by the roots ; and sandy billows rolled over the plain. In this fearful inundation the son of Ahmed disappeared ; the surging sand swept over him as he bent to kiss the forehead of his Miriam. He sleeps the sleep of death with the daughter of Ebn Temym. " They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE art thou, Boy?—Heaven, heaven! the babe is playing
Even on the margin of the dizzy steep!
Haste—hush! a breath, my agony betraying,
And he is gone!—beneath him rolls the deep!
Could I but keep the bursting cry suppress'd,
And win him back in silence to my breast!

Thou 'rt safe!—Thou com'st, with smiles my fond arms meeting,
Blest, fearless child!—I, *I* have tasted death!
Nearer! that I may *feel* thy warm heart beating!
And see thy bright hair floating in my breath!
Nearer! to still my bosom's yearning pain,—
I clasp thee now, mine own! thou 'rt here again!

Painted by W. Brockedon.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD

CHRISTINE.

> Oh! Love can take
> What shape he pleases, and when once begun
> His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
> The after knowledge which his presence gives:
> We weep or rave, but still he lives,—he lives
> Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.
>
> *Barry Cornwall.*

I CANNOT, cannot change my tone,
My lute must breathe what is its own;
It is my own heart that has taught
My constancy of mournful thought.
Tell me not of Spring's sunshine hour,
I have but known its blight and shower;
And blame me not, that thus I dwell
On love's despair, and hope's farewell.
I know not what this life may be;
I feel but what it is to me.
My gift of song, let others claim
The golden violets of fame,
I would but have it breathe to thee
My deep and lone fidelity;

My unrequited tenderness
Living on its own sweet excess.
Oh! I have blushed to hear my song
Borne on the tide of praise along:
But deem not, dear one, only praise
The colour on my cheek could raise;
I blushed to think that thou might'st hear
My song of passion's timid fear;
That with the words a thought might steal
Of all I felt, of all I feel.

On to my tale: it tells of one
Who loved not more than I have done:
That deep and lonely faith which bears
With chance, and change, and lapse of years;
Turns like the floweret to the sun,
Content with being shone upon;
Although its gift of light and air
The meanest with itself may share.

The moon hath shed her gentlest light
On the Garonne's blue wave to-night,
No wind disturbs, no ripple jars
The mirror, over which the stars
Linger like beauties. O'er the tide,
But noiseless, all the white sails glide.
Around are the green hills, where cling
The Autumn's purple gathering;

The various grapes, some like the stone
On which an Indian sky has shone,
And others like the amber streak
Pale on the fading twilight's cheek;
And others glistening and green,
As yet by summer suns unseen.
And where the soft grass spreads, just meet
For the light tread of maiden's feet,
And where the chesnut's trunk seems made
For the musician's seat and shade,—
Are peasants dancing: one alone
Has stolen from the group, unknown,
To watch the hunter prince pass by:
Alas! love's fond idolatry!
She sat down by the cypress tree,
And well it might her shadow be,
With its dark leaves, and lonely weeping,
As if some lovelorn secret keeping.
Just there the thicker boughs gave way,
And dale, wood, heath, before her lay;
It came at last, the gallant train,
And hound, hawk, horseman, swept the plain.
There rode the leader of the band,
His hooded falcon on his hand;
Which held the broidered rein beside,
Curbing his foam-white courser's pride;
And carelessly on one side flung
The drooping heron feathers hung

Of the light cap, while the soft air
Ruffled the curls of raven hair,
And parted them enough to show
The forehead's height of mountain snow.
But he has left his train behind,—
A lover's step is on the wind;—
And he is by the maiden's side,
Whose eye is drooped, as if to hide
How joy has lighted it; she lent
Like one of those sweet visions sent
To the young bard, when tones that weep
From leaf to flower have lulled his sleep.
In that Italian gallery, where
The painter and the sculptor share
Their gift of beauty, stands a form
Just like hers, only not so warm
With blushes, but the same soft eye
Seeking the ground;—just such a sigh
Upon the parted lips;—so prest
The small hands on the throbbing breast.
The same bowed attitude, so meek!
Oh, misery, that love should seek
A temple made so pure, so fair,
To leave his wreck and ruin there!
"Christine, my own Christine;"—she felt
The words upon her flushed cheek melt:
She met his radiant eyes—to-night
Surely some cloud is on their light;—

And then she heard of his recall
From green woods to his father's hall.
But, not while yet still heart to heart,
Know we what pain it is to part!
Not while we list, the voice so dear,
Although it be Farewell we hear.
Not while on one fond breast reclining,—
Not while dear eyes are on us shining,—
Although we deem that hour must be
The depth of Fate's worst misery,—
Know we how much the heart can bear
Of lonely and of long despair.
And strove the royal youth to cheer
The sorrowing of his maiden's fear,
With all those gentle vows that prove
At least the eloquence of love.
But still she wept: Oh! not for me
To wish or hope fidelity!
Tell me not RAYMOND will recall
His peasant love in lighted hall:
When the rich Eastern gems look dim
By the bright eyes that smile for him.
Go share, as man will ever share,
In love's delight, but not love's care;
And leave me to my woman's part—
A rifled and a broken heart.
He took a gold chain from his neck,—
Such chains the fair Venetians deck,—

And threw it round her—" See how slight
The fragile links that here unite.
Yet try, CHRISTINE, and all in vain,—
You cannot break the slender chain;
This be our emblem, sweet, farewell!
He kissed the teardrops as they fell.
They parted—he for festival
And beauty's lighted coronal,
And all the meteor spells that try
The strength of absent constancy;
And even as all changed around,
The change in his own heart was found;
The dance's gayest cavalier,
Who soonest won a lady's ear
With soft words, wandering amid many,
And true to none, yet vowed to any.
'Tis ever thus;—alas! there clings
The curse of change to earthly things;—
The flower fades, the green leaf dies,
A cloud steals over April skies,—
Tides turn their course, stars fall, winds range,
But more than all these, love will change.
Not so CHRISTINE,—day after day,
She watched and wept o'er hope's decay:
At last hope died, she felt it vain
To hope or dream of hope again.
It was one noon she chanced to look
On the clear mirror of the brook,

Which ran beside the cypress tree,
Where their glad meetings wont to be.
She marked her eye's dim darkened blue,
The cheek which had forgot its hue
Of summer rose—the faded brow!
"Alas! he would not love me now!"
And hope departed from that hour—
But not with hope declined love's power;
It was changed to a mournful feeling,
The deeper from its deep concealing
Fond thoughts, and gentle prayers that strove
To make a piety of love.
And then there came a wish to die
Unknown, but still beneath his eye;—
At first 'twas but a fear, a thought—
A dream of thousand fancies wrought;
It haunted still—at last she gave
Her tresses to the wind and wave:
Then as a page she sought his train,
And looked on Raymond's face again.
There was a revel held that night
In honour of the lady bright,
Who was next day, by Raymond's side,
To wear the white veil of a bride;
And from the gallery, Christine
Gazed with the crowd on that gay scene.
There were high dames, with raven curls
Falling from the snow wreath of pearls;

Fair arms on which the emerald shone,
And silver robe and ruby zone;
And feet that seemed but made to tread
Imprintless on the lily's head;
Laughs like glad music, as their all
Of life had been a festival.
And CHRISTINE marvelled that such mirth
Could find a welcome upon earth.
She had been nursed 'mid forest trees,
And vineyards, birds, and flowers and bees;
And little had she learnt the task
To turn the false lip to a mask
Of sunshine and of smiles, to hide
The heart of bitterness and pride,
Like those gay coloured plants that wreath
Their blossoms on the snake beneath.

And suddenly the gorgeous room
Was filled with music, light, and bloom;
As the thrice fragrant air was filled
With waters from sweet leaves distilled;
As lighted up the perfumed flame
Of woods that from Arabia came.
And a rich sweep of music blent
From every mingled instrument;
And smile, and sigh, and bended brow,
Greeted the dame who entered now.

'Twas Raymond's love: her braided hair
Was bright, for gems and gold were there.
Christine had sometimes feared to guess
Her rival's wealth of loveliness.
But now—oh, thus had Raymond sold
His heart, his once fond heart, for gold!
Oh! all but this she could have borne—
But not to feel for Raymond scorn.
She left the gallery; next day
A pilgrim at an altar lay.—
The chapel hung with silk and flower,
Meet for Lord Raymond's bridal hour.—
A boy so wan, so delicate,
No marvel at his early fate!
A chain of gold lay on the shrine,
And underneath a faultering line:
"An offering for the happiness
Of him whom my love could not bless."
All felt it was a woman's prayer—
It was Christine had perished there!

L. E. L.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!

Burns.

I.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my
eyes,
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy
feeble cries;—
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me
down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud
of bliss!

II.

I turned to many a withered hope,—to years of grief
and pain,—
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er
my boding brain;—
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of per-
secuting foes,—
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these *must* mar thy
youth's repose!

III.

I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my
tears—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening
on my fears,—
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds
of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when mid-
night skies are 'round them.

IV.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is
o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no
more ;
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that blos-
somed at thy birth,—
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished
things of earth !

V.

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though
brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ,
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began
to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed ere
my hopes were wrapt in shade.

VI.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is
dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sick-
ness and in pain;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every
hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul—for all tha
thou hadst cost!

VII.

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee,
day by day,
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste
away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not
breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief to wait death's
coming cloud.

VIII.

It came at length;—o'er thy bright blue eye the film
was gathering fast,—
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest
and the last;—
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy
drooping head,— [the dead!
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of

IX.

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from
me,
And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss
attained by thee ;—
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so
blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as
wild as mine!

X.

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace
now,—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers—
not more fair and sweet—
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy
feet.

XI.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance
as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of the
brow,—
They never can replace the bud our early fondness
nurst,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not—like
thee—the first!

XII.

The First! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful spring;—
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this!

XIII.

My sweet one, my sweet one, my Fairest and my First!
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou *art!*

XIV.

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my Fairest and my First!

FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

FRIEND after friend departs;
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
  That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
  Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
  Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There *is* a world above
  Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
  Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

SONNET.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

Soiled, but with no inglorious dust, by tomes
Beseeming well the churchman to explore,
Of venerable Fathers, mid whose lore
From proof to proof the eye enraptured roams;
Or crimsoned with the blood, that spouts its foams
Where the frocked gladiators rave and roar—
How shall I my unworthy hand fling o'er
The gentle Lyre, or crop the muse's blooms?
Ill may the fingers, by polemic thorn
Festered, essay the magic shell to sweep,
Or (all unused) the glittering wreath entwine:
Yet will I, at thy bidding, brave the scorn
Of mightier bards, and climb proud Delphi's steep,
And lay my chaplet in loved Phœbus' shrine.

FIDELITY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

One eve of beauty, when the sun,
  Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
  The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
  A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
  A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
  Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
  I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
  What could Diana's motto be?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
  'Death, not inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes,
  So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
  And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived,
  With such an eye and such a hand ·
But one week more, and I believed
  As much the woman as the sand.

Βιων.

SONNET.

BY MRS. OPIE.

The world invites thee—go, Lorenzo, go;
Be thine the statesman's toil, or poet's song;
Charm with thy eloquence the listening throng;
Or bear thy country's lightnings on the foe!
Go; thou wert formed to shine such scenes among,
And gain the garlands that to wit belong:
Away; nor turn to heed my parting woe!
I shall remain in lonely shades apart—
Not blest, but patient; and my pleasure be
To catch the distant echoes of thy fame,
And pray thy proud preeminence to see!
Nor thou forget, the while there is a heart
That beats with pride and rapture at thy name,
And swells to bursting at one thought of thee!

TO MISS STEPHENS,

On first hearing her sing "Auld Robin Gray."

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

I.

Oh! when I hear thee sing of "Jamie far away,"
"Of Father and of Mither," and of "Auld Robin
Gray,"
I listen till I think it is Jeanie's self I hear,
"And I look in thy face" with a blessing and a tear.

II.

"I look in thy face," for my heart it is not cold,
Though Winter's frost is stealing on, and I am
growing old;
Those tones I shall remember as long as I live,
And the blessing and the tear, shall be the thanks
I'll give.

III.

The tear it is for summers that so blithesome have
been,
For the flowers that all are faded, and "the days
that I have seen;"—
The blessing is for thee, lassie, and mayst thou still
rejoice,
Though tenderness is in thy look, and pity in thy
voice.

IV.

The blessing is for thee, whose song so sadly sweet
Recalls the music of "Lang Syne," to which my
heart has beat;—
Oh! may the days that shine to thee still happiness
prolong,
And every sorrow of thy heart—be ended with thy
song!

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

And those who cannot write, and those who can,
Now write and scrawl and scribble to a man.

Pope.

The young gentleman to whose performances this paper will be devoted, had the misfortune, in very early life, to discover that he was a genius, (a piece of knowledge which most of us acquire *before*, and lose *after* we arrive at years of discretion;) and, in consequence of this discovery, he very soon began to *train* as a literary character. "Link by link the mail is made," appears to have been his governing motto; for he wisely determined to be great amongst little things and little people, before he made his *début* among great ones. He accordingly commenced his career by reading every new novel—sporting every new opinion—circulating the cant of the most common-place critics—and adopting the pet phrases of the worst periodicals. He wrote in all the Albums, far and near, original verses on those original subjects, "Forget me not," and "Remember me;"—recommended books to very young ladies, (kindly

aiding their judgments in the discovery of fine passages) ;—quoted whole lines of Moore and half lines of Byron during the interval of a ball supper;—spoke Italian, knew a little of Spanish, and played on the German flute;—was a regular lounger at circulating libraries;—could recognize authors by their style;—

Had seen Sir Walter's head, Lord Byron's hat,
And once with Southey's wife's third cousin sat;—

was the oracle of the tea-table on all tea-table subjects; and the arbitrator of all feminine disputes, respecting flowers and ribbons. The ladies (peculiarly happy in their efforts when any thing is to be spoiled) flattered him without mercy; some for his pretty face, and others for his pretty verses; whilst he, not to be outdone in folly and affectation, wrote acrostics for them, collected seals, invented mottos, drew patterns, cut out likenesses, made interest with his bookseller for the loan of the last new novel for them,—and proved himself, in all points, "a most inter*est*ing young man."

These, it is true, were follies, but follies nevertheless, which a youth of even *real* talent might give into for two years, and be none the worse, if at the end of those two years he discarded them for ever. But it was not so with our hero. Tired of the confined sphere in which he had hitherto moved, and the *little*

greatnesses by which he had hitherto distinguished himself—from the bud of his former insignificance he suddenly burst forth into the glories of full-blown authorship. In an evil hour (for his publisher) he favoured the world with a small volume of amatory poems, which by no means raised his fame with that large portion of society, who think that human life was intended for more important purposes than kissing and crying; and that rational beings have something else to do besides frisking like lambs, or cooing like doves. As a "young author" he would have considered it very wrong to have been reasonable, or, to use his mother's phrase, "like other people;" and he adopted, therefore, all those eccentricities and affectations by which *little* geniuses endeavour to make themselves appear *great*. He became possessed (as if by magic) of nerves and sensibilities, and "thoughts too deep for tears," and "feelings all too delicate for use," and, unable of course to endure any society but that of persons as refined and intellectual as himself. Then came "my study:"—a repository of litter and literature, studiously *dis*arranged for effect! Books, plays, pictures, newspapers, magazines, etc. covering the table and chairs, in most elaborate confusion! Then the large massy business-like looking desk, not merely loaded, but stuffed beyond the power of shutting, with MSS;—and "my proofs" so *accidentally* scattered about the floor;—and letters

from "my literary friends," left open on the table with so much *careless care;*—and the heaps of well-worn pens;—and the spattered inkstand;—and the busts of Milton and Shakespeare;—and the real skull stuck between bouquets of artificial flowers;—and the pea-green walls hung round with portraits of living poets;—and the chimney-piece covered with "contributions from my female friends;" and all the thousand theatrical affectations, by which the Tom Thumbs of literature strive to hide their native diminutiveness! And then the late hours,—(because Milton recommends lonely watching, and Schiller wrote his tragedies in the night,)—as our "young author" can do nothing in the day-time for "domestic annoyances," and he never joins the dinner-table, because the "children are so disgusting," but dines upon "one dry biscuit and a single glass of wine;" and drinks coffee for three hours afterwards, because it is "the only intellectual beverage;"—and "composes aloud in his own room," (when he has any neighbours in the next); and "prepares himself for conversation;" and dislikes "feminine babble;" and "endures mirth rather than enjoys it," as his "dancing days are over," etc. etc. etc. Then comes the climax:—the pale and languid looks in public;—the "melancholy smile;"—the little dry delicate cough, just to indicate "consumptive tendencies;"—the alarm of mothers

and matrons lest "his genius should kill him;" and the declarations of the young ladies, that he is "more interes*t*ing than ever!" Well! it is certainly a fine thing to be a "young author!" But he shall now speak for himself, in his own memoranda, a few of which are here transcribed from his pocket-book; and to those who may think this sketch of ineffable puppyism a caricature, we only say—*lisez et croyez!*

"Mem:—'Determined,' as Bub Doddington says, 'to make some sort of figure in life;' what it will be I cannot pretend to say; I must look 'round me a little and consult my friends, but some figure I am resolved to make.

"Mem:—Miserable thing for genius to be born either after or before the age capable of appreciating it, as the chances of distinction diminish in exact proportion to the numbers who have already acquired, and the numbers who are now seeking to acquire it.—Eminent dead authors ought decidedly to be forgotten, and eminent living ones to give over writing, to leave room for rising 'men.' Young authors generally treated with gross injustice by their elder contemporaries, who dread being eclipsed. Public a great tyrant—unable to discover the violets of promise for the leaves of obscurity (to introduce this figure in conversation to-night); determined

to distinguish myself in some way or other immediately.

"Mem :—To read over the Old Essayists, in order to see whether something may not be stolen from them and dressed up again—perfectly benevolent, since no one reads them now—have been dreadfully overpraised. Pray what are the 'Spectators,' the 'Tatlers,' the 'Idlers,' the 'Ramblers,' and all the rest of those old-world things, but collections—

Of tame trite truths, correct and common-place?

The present, decidedly, the golden age of intellect. Heard yesterday, there were six Poets in *****, besides myself; the eldest not twenty-one!

"Mem :—Agreed to contribute all the poetry for the *** Magazine; to write theatrical critiques for the New Whig Paper; and employ the odds and ends of my time on a Tragedy-subject, either the Burning of Rome, or the Siege of Gibraltar.—Z. says I have very tragical turn of thought.—Astonishing how Z. improves upon acquaintance!

"Mem :—Wrote yesterday six Sonnets in imitation of Wordsworth's best—found it very easy. Parodied 'Auld Robin Gray;' and gave the 'Improvisatrice' a regular cutting up—perfectly infamous for a woman to write, and write well; ought to be satisfied with reading what men write. Shall make a point of abusing every clever book written by a woman. - - -

> Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said,
> Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead!

Wearied and overwhelmed with interruptions. Alas! the pains and penalties of a literary life! Must positively make some regulations to prevent such encroachments. Like Alfieri, open no letters of which I do not know the handwriting. Write over my study door, 'Time is my estate;' forbid any morning callers; and make my sister answer all notes.

"Mem:—Luncheons, except of dry biscuits, fatal to intellectual exertions; bottled porter the best beverage for a literary man; roasted mutton, taken in small portions, the best food to compose after.

"Mem:—Pensive, a good epithet to apply to the evening star.

"Mem:—To beware of praising too much or too often: risked my character the other day by speaking well of B.'s poems. Must remember that it is more creditable to a person's taste to discover a fault than a beauty. Shenstone said, good taste and good-nature were always united—meant fastidiousness.

"Mem:—To appear at Monday's ball without a neckcloth; to order an amethyst-coloured waistcoat; wear my arm in a sling, and sport bad spirits.

"Mem:—To fall in love without loss of time: deep blue downcast-looking eyes, not vulgarly happy,—'fond faint smile,'—'brow of alabaster;'—must cele-

brate her under the name of Laura; my own (of course) Petrarch. - - - -

"Mem:—Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Italian,' vol. i. p. 173, contains a passage which may be turned into some touching Stanzas.

"Mem:—To get a 'Walker's Rhyming Dictionary;'—no degradation:—Byron used one constantly. His 'Dream,' by the way, strikingly resembles my 'Vision,' received with so much applause at our 'Juvenile Literary Society,' myself in the chair.

"Mem:—Determined to send Blackwood no more articles, particularly as he has inserted none of the last six; and told Z. it would be better to bind me to some good thriving *trade!* A trade! bind myself to some little, low, paltry, sordid, shilling-scraping, penny-saving occupation, which would be as a benumbing blight upon all the powers of my mind. There is madness in the thought! Suppose Shakespeare had taken his relations' advice, and continued a wool-comber, where had been the world's poet? No! fired by this glorious example, I will calmly and proudly pursue the bent of my genius and inclination; the morning sun, and the midnight lamp, shall find me at my studies! I will write, though none may read; I will print, though none may purchase; and if the world's neglect canker my young spirit, and studious days and sleepless nights 'sickly my brow with the pale cast of thought,'

till, like 'Chatterton, the marvellous boy,' I sink into an early and untimely grave!—how small the sacrifice! How glorious the reward! when the world for which I toiled becomes sensible of its injustice! and the marble monument and laurelled bust————

"Mem:—Prevented from finishing the above peroration by the forcible entrance of two villainous duns—a tailor and a washerwoman. May, nevertheless, introduce it as a soliloquy in my tragedy; for it possesses much of the sweep and swell of Burke."

But trusting that the reader is more than satisfied with the foregoing specimens of folly and foppery, I here close the Young Author's Memorandum-book.

M. J. J.

THE CONVICT-SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !
Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life · while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :—

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and
o'er!

TO

A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

IN NOVEMBER.

HARK ! 'tis the Robin's shrill yet mellow pipe,
That, in the voiceless calm of the young morn,
Commingles with my dreams :—lo ! as I draw
Aside the curtains of my couch, he sits,
Deep overbowered by broad geranium leaves,
Upon the dewy window-sill, and turns
His restless black eye here and there, in search
Of crumbs, or shelter from the icy breath
Of morning, rushing from the Polar sea.
For now November, with a brumal robe,
Mantles the moist and slowly-fading earth ;
Dim sullen clouds hang o'er the cheerless sky;
And yellow leaves lie thick beneath the groves.

'Tis earliest sunrise ; through the watery mass
Of vapour, moving on like shadowy isles,

Silently through the pale gray cope of heaven,
With what a feeble, inefficient glow
Looks out the day:—all things are still and calm;
Half-wreathed in azure mist the barren woods,
And as a picture quiet.
Little bird!
Why, with unnatural tameness, com'st thou thus
Offering in fealty thy sweet, simple songs
To the abodes of man? Doth the rude wind
Now chill thy woodland home, bare, and despoiled
Of all its summer greenery; and sigh
Through the bright sheltering bowers, where cheerily
Were heard thy notes the long warm summer through?
And do the unpropitious fields deny
Food for thy little wants; and Poverty,
With tiny grip, drive thee to hostile walls,
Though terrors flutter at thy little heart,
To ease the pangs which must be satisfied?
Alas! the dire sway of Necessity,
Queen of the iron rod, implacable,
Oft makes the darkest, most repugnant things
Familiar to us; links us to the feet
Of all we feared—or hated—or despised;—
Even to our subtlest and most tyrannous foe
May we be driven for shelter, and in him
May our sole refuge lie; when all the joys
That, iris-like, wantoned around the path
Of prosperous fortune, one by one have fled;

When day shuts in upon our hopes, and night
Ushers blank darkness only.
Therefore we
Should pity thee, and have compassion on
Thy helpless state, poor bird! whose loveliness
Is yet untouched, and whose melodious note,
Sweeter by melancholy rendered, steals
With a sweet supplication to the heart,
Telling that thou wert happy once, and yet,
Only were thy small, pressing wants supplied
By charity, couldst be most happy still;
Is it not so?
Out on unfeeling man!
Will he, who drives the beggar from his gate,
And to the cry of Penury shuts up
Each avenue of feeling, will he deign
To think that such as thou deserve his aid?
No! when the gust raves, and the floods descend,
Or the frost pinches, thou may'st, at dim eve,
With forced and fearful love approach his home;
What time through twilight gleams the earliest star,
And the bright blazing of his cheerful hearth
Flickers upon the lattice. but, in vain,
Thy chirp repeated earnestly; the flap
Against the opposing pane of thy small wing;
He hears thee not; he heeds not; but, at morn,
The ice-enamoured schoolboy, early afoot,
Finds thy small bulk beneath the alder stump,

Thy bright eyes closed, and tiny talons clenched,
Stiff in the gripe of death.
'Tis not in mighty things
That the benevolent heart is truly shown,
But in the tone and temper of the mind,
Ever forgiving, gentle, and alive
To pity, ready to forgive, intent
On all the little thousand charities,
Which day by day calls forth.
Oh! as we hope
Forgiveness of our earthly trespasses,
Of all our erring deeds and wayward thoughts,
When time's dread reckoning comes—oh! as we hope
Mercy, who need it much, let us, away
From pity never turning, mould our hearts
To charity; and, from all withering blight
Preserve them, and all deadening influences;
So 'twill be best for us:—the all-seeing Eye,
Which numbers each particular hair, and notes
From heaven the sparrow's fall, will pass not o'er,
Without reward, deeds unremarked by man;
Nor overlook the timely clemency,
Which soothed and stilled the murmurs of distress.

Δ.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS & CHATELAR.

MARY QUEEN OF [illegible] AND [illegible]

[illegible]

Twilight Musings [illegible]

[illegible]

It is not my intention to affect any singular exemption from this natural propensity; and I am ready to confess that the next best thing to being in love one's self, is to speculate on the hopes and fears [illegible] of others. How truly interesting are the [illegible] schemes and [illegible], the [illegible] and [illegible] telling of [illegible] and gentle-hearted [illegible] I have listened to a [illegible] tale [illegible] with [illegible]; and have [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] with [illegible]

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND CHATELAR;

OR

Twilight Musings in Holyrood.

THERE are no mysteries into which we are so fond of diving as the mysteries of the heart. The hero of the best novel in the world, if he could not condescend to fall in love, might march through his three volumes and excite no more sensation than his grandmother; and a newspaper without a breach of a promise of marriage, is a thing not to be endured.

It is not my intention to affect any singular exception from this natural propensity, and I am ready to confess that the next best thing to being in love one's self, is to speculate on the hopes and fears and fates of others. How truly interesting are the little schemes and subterfuges, the romancing and story-telling of our dove-eyed and gentle-hearted play-fellows! I have listened to a lame excuse for a stolen ride in a tilbury, or a duett in the woods, with wonderful sensibility; and have witnessed the ceremony of cross-questioning with as much trepidation as

I could have felt had I been the culprit myself. It is not, however, to be maintained that the love adventures of the present age can, in any way, compete with the enchantment of days agone; when tender souls were won by tough exploits, and Cupid's dart was a twenty-foot lance, ordained only to reach the lady's heart through the ribs of the rival. This was the golden age of love, albeit I am not one to lament it, thinking, as I do, that it is far more sensible to aid and abet my neighbour in toasting the beauty of his mistress, than to caper about with him in the lists, for contradiction's sake, to the imminent danger and discomfort of us both. After this came the middle or dark ages of love, when it had ceased to be a glory, but had lost nothing of its fervour as a passion. If there is here less of romance than in the tilting days, there is considerably more of interest, because there is more of mystery. In the one, the test of true love was to make boast, in the other it was to keep secret. Accordingly, for an immense space of time, we have nothing but such fragments of adventures as could be gathered by eavesdroppers, who leave us to put head and tail to them as best suits our fancy; and the loves of queen Elizabeth, who lived, as it were, only yesterday, are less known than the loves of queen Genevra, who perhaps never lived at all.

These amatory reflections occurred to me some little time ago, during a twilight reverie in the long,

gloomy banqueting-room of Holyrood. It was the very land of love and mystery, for there was scarcely one of the grim visages which glared upon the walls, but had obtained his share of celebrity in lady's bower, as well as in tented field; and of scarcely one of whom any certain and defined adventures have been handed down. I continued speculating through this line of kings, blessing the mark, and confounding the painter, who has given us so little of their history in their faces, till I grew quite warm upon the subject, and found myself uniting and reasoning upon the few facts of which we are in possession, till I fancied I could penetrate through two or three centuries at least, and had a pretty shrewd idea as to who and who had been together.

Scotland has, I think, in spite of its sober, money-making character, always excited a more romantic curiosity than England. This, perhaps, is more owing to its peculiar misfortunes than to any particular difference of disposition. Our own heroes have been as brave, and no doubt, as loving, but they do not walk under such a halo of pity; and whilst we pry with eagerness into the secrets of the gallant James's, we suffer those of their English contemporaries to be "interred with their bones." I have always felt this strongly, and at the time of which I speak, I felt it stronger than ever. I was treading upon the very boards which had bounded to their

manly steps, and was surrounded by the very walls which possessed the secret whisperings of their hearts.—From that identical window, perhaps, had the first James gazed upon the moon, which I saw rising, and fancied that he almost held commune with the eyes of his English beauty. There, perhaps, had the royal poet entwined her name with the choicest hopes of his bosom, and woven a tale of happiness which concealed but too securely the assassin and the dagger behind it. There, too, might the courteous and courageous victims of Flodden Field and Solway Moss, have planned the loves which characterized their lives, and the wars which concluded them, almost at the same moment. And there, might the hapless Mary have first listened to the poisonous passion of a Darnley, or a Bothwell, and afterwards shed the tears of bitterness and self-reproach.

I paced this sad-looking room of rejoicing quite unconscious of the hours that were passing; for I was alone and in a train of thought which nothing but a hearty shake could have interrupted. Mary, and all her beauty and talents and acquirements, continued floating before me. Her world of lovers and admirers, who, for the most part, were sleeping in a bloody bed, seemed rising one by one to my view, and I wandered with them through their hopes, and their ears, and their sorrows, even to the scaffold, as

though I had been the ghost of one of them myself, and were possessed of secrets of which there is no living record.

Many of these ill-fated hearts have, by their nobility or their exploits, or by the caprice of historians, received their full meed of applause and pity; many, no doubt, have sunk into oblivion; and some, in addition to their misfortunes, have left their memories to combat with the censure which has been thought due to their presumption;—of these last I have always considered the unfortunate Chatelar to have been the most hardly used, and in the course of my musings I endeavoured to puzzle out something satisfactory to myself upon his dark and distorted history.

The birth of Chatelar, if not noble, was in no common degree honourable, for he was great-nephew to the celebrated Bayard, *le Chevalier sans peur et sans tache*. It is said that he likewise bore a strong resemblance to him in person, possessing a handsome face and graceful figure; and equally in manly and elegant acquirements, being an expert soldier and an accomplished courtier. In addition to this, says Brantome, who knew him personally, he possessed a most elegant mind, and spoke and wrote, both in prose and poetry, as well as any man in France.

Dangerous indeed are these advantages; and Chatelar's first meeting with Mary was under circum-

stances calculated to render them doubly dangerous. Alone, as she conceived herself, cast off from the dearest ties of her heart, the land which she had learnt to consider her native land fading fast from her eyes, and the billows bearing her to the banishment of one, with which, as it contained none that she loved, she could feel no sympathy;—in this scene of wailing and tears, the first tones of the poet were stealing upon her ear with the spirit of kindred feelings and kindred pursuits. We are to consider that Mary at this time had obtained but little experience, and was, probably, not overstocked with prudence; having scarcely attained the age of nineteen years. Not only, are we told, did she listen with complacency and pleasure to Chatelar's warm and romantic praises of her beauty, but employed her poetic talent in approving and replying to them; putting herself upon a level with her gifted companion, a course which was morally certain to convert his veneration into feelings more nearly allied to his nature. Had he not been blamed for his presumption, it is probable that he would have been condemned for his stoicism; and his luckless passion is by no means a singular proof that where hearts are cast in kindred moulds it is difficult to recognize extrinsic disparities. Chatelar saw the woman, and forgot the queen; Mary felt the satisfaction, and was blind to the consequences.

It is much to be lamented by the lovers of truth,

that none of the poetical pieces which are said to have passed between Mary and Chatelar, have been handed down to us. One song would have been a more valuable document in the elucidation of their history, than all the annals we possess, and would have taught us, at once, the degree of encouragement and intimacy which was permitted. Whatever it was, it was such as to rivet the chains which had been so readily and unadvisedly put on ; and, from the period of their first meeting, we may consider him the most enthusiastic of her lovers.

How long he continued the admiration and the favourite of Holyrood does not, I believe, appear. It could not, however, be any considerable time ere he was compelled to return with his friend and patron, Damville, to France, with full reason to lament his voyage to Scotland, and with, probably, a firm determination to revisit it whenever opportunity should permit. This opportunity his evil stars were not long in bringing about. The projected war of faith between Damville's party and the Huguenots, afforded him a fair pretext for soliciting a dispensation of his services. Of the first he was a servant, of the last he was a disciple. It was therefore contrary to his honour and inclinations to fight against either of them, and, accordingly, in about fifteen months, we find him again at Holyrood.

Mary, it may reasonably be inferred, from her

extreme love of France, and unwillingness to leave it, was not very speedily to be reconciled to her change of scene and society; a face, therefore, from the adopted land of her affections, and a tongue capable of gratifying them with the minutest accounts of the beloved objects it contained, must, at this time, have been acquisitions of no small interest; Chatelar, too, had already worked a welcome on his own account.

Few of my readers need be reminded how insensibly and certainly the tongue which speaks of that which is dear to our hearts is stored up with it in the same treasury. The tale and the teller of it,—the leaf and the wave it falls upon—arrive at the same time at the same destination. Histories, for the most part, insinuate that Mary's carriage towards Chatelar was merely that of kindness and courtesy; but this, I think, is an inference not warranted by the various facts which they have been unable to repress, and not even the silence of the inveterate John Knox upon this head can convince me that Chatelar had not reason to believe himself beloved.

Let us then imagine, if we can, what was likely to be the intoxication produced in the brain as well as the bosom of a man of an enthusiastic temperament by a free and daily intercourse, during three months, with the fascinations of a creature like Mary. What tales could that old misshapen boudoir, famous only, in common estimation, for the murder of Rizzio and the

boot of Darnley, tell of smiles and tears over the fortunes of dear and distant companions of childhood, as narrated by the voice of one to whom, perhaps, they were equally dear. What tales could it tell of mingling music, and mingling poetry, and mingling looks, and vain regrets, and fearful anticipations. Here had the day been passed in listening to the praises of each other, from lips in which praise was a talent and a profession; and here had the twilight stolen upon them when none were by, and none could know how deeply the truth of those praises was acknowledged. Let us imagine all this, and, likewise, how Chatelar was likely to be wrought upon by the utter hopelessness of his case.

Had the object of his passion been upon any thing like a level with him, had there been the most remote possibility of a chance of its attainment, his subsequent conduct would, most likely, not have been such as to render him a subject for investigation. But Mary must have been as inaccessible to him as the being of another world. The devotion which he felt for her was looked upon by the heads of her Court as a species of sacrilege; and he was given to believe that each had a plan for undermining his happiness and removing him from her favour. If this could not be effected, it was a moral certainty that Mary, in the bloom of her youth and the plenitude of her power, must become to some one of her numerous suitors all

which it was impossible that she could ever become to him. Of these two cases, perhaps, the one was as bad as the other, and Chatelar was impelled to an act of desperation which, in these matter-of-fact days, can scarcely be conceived. On the night of the 12th of February, 1563, he was found concealed in the young Queen's bed-chamber.

It would, I fear, be a difficult undertaking in the eyes of dispassionate and reasoning persons, to throw a charitable doubt upon the motives of this unseasonable intrusion. The fair and obvious inference is, that he depended upon the impression he had made upon Mary's heart, and the impossibility of their lawful union. In some degree, too, he might have been influenced by the perilous consequences of a discovery, to which he possibly thought her love would not permit her to expose him. The propriety of this argument, if he made use of it, was not put to the test, for his discovery fell to the lot of Mary's female attendants before she retired.

There is, however, another class of readers who will give him credit for other thoughts : I mean those best of all possible judges of love affairs, in whom the common-places of life have not entirely destroyed that kindly feeling of romance which nature thought it necessary to implant in them, and which the usage of modern days renders it necessary for them to be ashamed of. The readers of whom I speak will de-

cide more from the heart than the head; and then what an interminable field of defence is laid open! What strange feelings and unaccountable exploits might be furnished from the catalogue of love's vagaries! Were Chatelar to be judged by other examples, the simple circumstance of his secreting himself for the mere purpose of being in the hallowed neighbourhood of his mistress, and without the most distant idea of making her acquainted with it, would appear a very common-place and very pardonable occurrence. And, if we keep in mind his poetical character and chivalrous education, this belief is materially strengthened.

On the following morning, the affair was made known to the Queen by her ladies. Had they been wise enough to hold their peace, it is odds but the lover's taste for adventure would have been satisfied by the first essay. Instead of this, being forbidden all future access to her presence, he became more desperate than ever. His motives had been misconstrued; his actions, he thought, had been misrepresented; he was bent on explanation, and he hoped for pardon. Thus it was that when Mary, on the same day, quitted Edinburgh, her disgraced admirer executed his determination of following her, and, on the night of the 14th, seized the only opportunity of an interview by committing the very same offence for which he was then suffering:—Mary had

no sooner entered her chamber than Chatelar stood before her.

Whatever her feelings may have been towards him, it is not surprising that this sudden apparition should have proved somewhat startling, and have produced an agitation not very favourable to his cause. It may be presumed that she was not mistress of her actions, for certain it is, that she did that which, if she possessed one half of the womanly tenderness for which she has credit, must have been a blight and a bitterness upon her after life. Chatelar comes, wounded to the quick, to supplicate a hearing; and the Queen, it is said, "was fain to cry for help," and desire Murray, who came at her call, "to put his dagger into him."

Thus, by dint of unnecessary terrors and unmeaning words, was Chatelar given over to an enemy who had always kept a jealous eye upon him, and to justice, which seemed determined to strain a point for his sake, and give him something more than his due. In a few days he was tried, and experienced the usual fate of favourites, by being condemned to death.

Alas, how bitter is the recollection of even trifling injuries towards those who loved and are lost to us! yet what had this been in counterpoise to the reflections of Mary? She had given over a fond and a fervent heart to death for no fault but too much love, and any attempt to recall the deed might have afforded

a colour to the aspersions which malignant persons were ever ready to cast upon her character, but could have availed no further.

For Chatelar there was little leisure for reflection. The fever of the first surprise,—the strange, the appalling conviction as to the hand which hurled him to his fate,—the shame, the humiliation, the indignation, had scarce time to cool in his forfeit blood, before he was brought out to die the death of a culprit upon the scaffold.

It has been the fashion for writers upon this subject, in the quiet and safety of their fire-sides, to exclaim against his want of preparation for his transit; but, under such circumstances, I cannot much wonder that he should rather rebel against the usual ceremonies of psalm-singing and last speeches. If he might have died more like a priest, it is certain that he could not have died more like a gallant cavalier; and if he chose to nerve himself for death by reading Ronsard's hymn upon it, it is no proof that he looked with irreverence upon what was to follow it. His last words are extremely touching; for they prove that, though he considered that Mary had remorselessly sacrificed his life, his sorrow was greater than his resentment, and his love went with him to the grave. "Adieu," he said, turning to the quarter in which he supposed her to be, "adieu, most beautiful and most cruel princess in the world!'

and then submitting himself to the executioner, he met the last stroke with a courage consistent with his character.

Of Mary's behaviour on this event, history, I believe, gives no account.

My ponderings upon this singular story had detained me long. The old pictures on the walls glistened and glimmered in the moonshine like a band of spectres; and, at last, I fairly fancied that I saw one grisly gentleman pointing at me with his truncheon, in the act of directing his furies to "seize on me and take me to their torments." It was almost time to be gone; but the thought of Chatelar seemed holding me by the skirts. I could not depart without taking another look at the scene of his happiest hours, and I stole, shadow-like, with as little noise as I could, through the narrow passages and staircases, till I stood in Mary's little private apartment. As I passed the antechamber the light was shining only on the stain of blood; the black shadows here and elsewhere, made the walls appear as though they had been hung with mourning; and the ghost of a tune was haunting my ears with—"*Adieu plaisant pays de France.*" I do not know that ever I felt so melancholy; and had not the owl just then given a most dismal whoop, there is no telling but that I might have had courage and sentiment enough to have stayed until I had been locked

up for the night. I passed by the low bed, under which Chatelar is said to have hidden himself. It must have cost him some trouble to get there! I glanced hastily at the faded tambour work, which, it is possible, he might have witnessed in its progress; and I shook my head with much satisfaction to think that I had a head to shake. "If," said I, "there is more interest attached to the old times of love, it is, after all, in some degree, counterbalanced by the safety of the present; and I know not whether it is not better to be born in the age when racks and torments are used metaphorically, than in those in which it is an even chance that I might have encountered the reality."

R. S.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
AND CHATELAR.

'Twas gentle eve, and from Queen Mary's bower
Sweet sounds were swelling to the purple skies,
Winged with the breath of many a weeping flower,
On which the sun laid its enamoured dyes;
And with the music murmured lowly sighs,
Telling a noble spirit all undone
By the consuming fire of Beauty's eyes—
Whose is the heart that music hath not won!
Thine, Mary, all was given to that wild witching tone.

How little deemedst thou, Mary, on that eve
When passion deepened on thy cheek the rose,
Of the dark web that traitorous art should weave,
The iron feud, the deadly dungeon-close!
Or of the minstrel's pang the dread repose,
When Frenzy came his matchless hand to mar!
Yet still in lovers' thoughts thy memory glows,
And Beauty sighs the strain, young Chatelar,
That witched Queen Mary's heart beneath the twilight star—

I.

Come, sweet lute, and sadly tell
  What my tongue dared never speak;
Like my heart with sorrow swell,
  Like it, then, be hushed, and break!
Tyrant Love! thy weary slave
Finds no refuge but the grave.

II.

List to me, thou fragrant wind!
  Thou my true-love tale shalt bear;
In my Lady's tresses twined,
  Fondly whisper in her ear,
That of all who round her rove,
None, like me, can die for love.

III.

Now the Christian cross I wear,
  Welcome now the angry sea;
Welcome Moslem shaft and spear;
  Welcome death in Galilee.
Death than scorn is dearer far—
Now farewell, love, lute, and star!

Βιων.

THE

GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword-song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful Oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited Verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The Monument erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *Lyre and Sword*, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his Works had been entitled. Near the grave of the Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his Portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—"*Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht.*"—*Forget not the faithful Dead.*—See Downes' Letters from Mecklenburgh, and Körner's Prosaische Aufsätze, &c. Von C. A. Tiedge.

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier !—By the Father's hand,
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard !—For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God ! *

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken !

Thou hast a hero's tomb !—A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave !
She pined to share thy grave.

* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his Country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
—*She* loved thee !—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not !
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she ?
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother ! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky !
Ye were but two !—and when that spirit passed,
Woe for the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long !—She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast ;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest !
Too sad a smile !—its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more !

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears !
Brother ! sweet Sister !—peace around ye dwell !
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

LINES

Addressed to the beautiful and accomplished Lady L. on her achievements both with the Pencil and the Pen.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON.

By nature formed at all points to excel,
All things to do ; write, speak, and all things well;
Transcendent with your pencil as your pen,
With this you've conquered women, that, the men ;
Both sexes thus your full dominion prove
O'er each,—by envy those, and these by love ;
Two several crowns you've won, then deign to wear;
We see a Venus, but a Pallas hear !

INVOCATION

TO THE

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

BY JAMES HOGG.

No Muse was ever invoked by me,
But a harp uncouth of olden key;
And with her have I ranged the border green,
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen;
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,
And my ragged coat with its waving wings.
But ay my heart beat quick and high,
When an air of heaven in passing by
Breathed on the mellow chords, and then
I knew it was no earthly strain;
But a rapt note borne upon the wind
From some blest land of unbodied kind;
But whence it flew, or whether it came
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,
Or the seraph choir, as passing away
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,
And the sunbeam kissed its watery breast;

In vain I looked to the cloud over head;
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread;
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aërial bow;
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme!
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,
Of everlasting new delight;
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee;
Of all that teases,
And all that pleases,
All that we fret at, yet love to see.
In petulance, pity, and passions refined,
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see
A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;
But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,
To assist in his last and lingering strain.
O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,
And ope to the light of the modest moon;
I long to hail the enchanting mien
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,
Her rokelay of green with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moonbeam and weft of the dew;

The smile where a thousand witcheries play,
And the eye that steals the soul away;
The strains that tell they were never mundane,
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;
Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,
And seen my Queen at the noon of the night
Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay
Above the strains of the olden day;
And waked the Bard of Avon's theme
To the visions of a midnight dream;
And even the harp that rang abroad
O'er all the paradise of God,
And the sons of the morning with it drew,
By her was remodelled and strung anew.
Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,—
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—
That land of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that Fancy roams!

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,
For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,
And the breeze of this world had rocked thee asleep.
Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye,
And trembled because the prickles were nigh,

And deemed the specks on the foliage green
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;
Then gazing, wondered if blood could be
In an immortal thing like thee!
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,
And sought in the lily's snowy breast;
At gloaming lain on the dewy lea
And looked to a twinkling star for thee,
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
Streaming with purple, and glowing with green,
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,
To the little air-springs of central birth
That bring low murmurs out of the earth;
And there would I listen in breathless way
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,
And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,
That little blackamoor pioneer;
Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,
For the children of darkness moved alone;
Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,
In heaven above nor in earth beneath,
In star nor moon nor midnight wind,
His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou vagrant thing,
Though where I neither may say nor sing;
But it was in a home so passing fair
That an angel of light might have lingered there;
It was in a place never wet by the dew,
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,
And never was kissed by the breeze of day;
As sweet as the woodland airs of even,
And pure as the star of the western heaven;
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,
Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,
Though the earth should quake when nature is still,
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill;
Though the moon should scowl thro' her pall of gray,
And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way;
Since now I have found thee I'll hold thee fast
Till thou garnish my song,—it is the last:
Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,
And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

Altrive Lake, Oct. 6, 1824.

THE GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX.

When fortune frowns and hope grows dark,
  Or warms my bosom but to mock it,
I think of thee, my golden ark,
  And, smiling, take thee from my pocket.

Pandora's was a box of sadness,
  And sure mankind but little owes it;
Thy lid 's the door to mines of gladness,
  And such it proves when I unclose it.

Old Song.

Oh! what a thrilling joy the snuff-box gives.

Southey.

The wild and feverish dominion of the marvellous, circumscribed and invaded as it has been by the increasing lights of civilization, and attacked by moralists and philosophers, still retains—in one of its regions at least—its ancient influence over the hearts and feelings of men. The appearance on earth of departed spirits continues even now to be a subject of fearful and anxious interest. In vain do many declare their scepticism; we all more or less, as circumstances affect us, evince some degree of practical belief; and no one listens to a narrative of this description without deep and concentrated attention.

What is the cause of this real faith breaking forth amid assumed incredulity? Whence this fear, we know not wherefore nor of what, that lays such firm hold upon our feelings? Does not an answer suggest itself—a reply, of which those who acknowledge the truth would fain stifle the expression? "The belief in preternatural appearances," says Dr. Johnson, "could have become universal only by its truth." Let infidelity then listen to the following adventure, of which the narrator is at the same time the hero.—

It was the first night after my departure from Frankfort that I arrived at Gottingen, weary with my journey, and low spirited at leaving a home (how much it costs to know the true force of that one word!) which was hallowed to me as the scene not only of past joy, but of past sorrow; for even grief lends a charm to its localities. My depression was augmented by the desolate appearance of my new habitation. The spaciousness of the rooms only served to render their bareness of furniture and the chilling nakedness of the walls the more obvious. How different from the snug neatness of the abode I had quitted! There, every thing was pleasant and delightful,—the inmates afforded me agreeable society when so inclined, and at other times never thought of interrupting the occupations of their lodger. But here every thing was different. The man of the house

and his wife were two of the common-places of creation, and on the strength of some alleged relationship to me—heaven knows whence derived—on the side of the latter, conceived that I must feel interested in whatever interested them. Their expectations, their disappointments, their squabbles, were therefore all so many inflictions on myself. Nor did I see any prospect of relief from the many vexations I was constrained to endure. I had changed my abode at the suggestion of an individual, to whom my friends, though not myself personally, were under some obligations, and I foresaw the reproaches I should provoke, if, in consulting my own comfort, I neglected to comply with their wishes. Thus circumstanced, I felt as a prisoner deprived of my free power of locomotion; and every thought in which I indulged upon the subject increased my inquietude. I escaped as soon as possible from the persecution of my host and hostess, and betaking myself to my miserable chamber, gave a free vent to my feelings;—I sat down "and wept when I thought of Babylon."

I threw open my window, and the free air rushed upon me in all its freshness. The moon was up, but the west was yet dyed with the lingering beams of the departed sun. Masses of silver-ridged clouds floated along, and caught a deeper tinge of beauty as some of the dying rays fell upon them. I thought how delightful it would have been, on such an evening, to

have sat in my little garden at Frankfort, with my book, refreshed with as pure a breeze, and haunted by no internal disquiet to subdue the glow of my delight. But now the luxuries of external nature seemed but a mockery of my regret. I should have hailed with satisfaction the tempest, whose clouded and lowering sky would have better accorded with my own dark and melancholy temperament.

My nearest kindred I had lost early in life, and, that outlet of the affections closed, I contracted a stronger attachment to places and inanimate objects. The soul ever seeks something to love, and, disappointed in its hopes, clings fondly to the places where they grew and perished. Of these even, I was now bereft; and unfriended and companionless, my cup seemed full of bitterness, and wild and dreary the waste that lay before me. At length I threw myself on my bed, and strove to seek in the forgetfulness of sleep, a temporary relief from the conflicting thoughts by which I was distracted. The attempt was fruitless: the same uneasiness pursued me—the same figures rose before me;—the cheerful fire-side of my residence at Frankfort, the smiling eyes and happy faces of its inmates, again presented themselves to my imagination, and were as suddenly and inexplicably changed into the dismal and soul-appalling desolation of my new abode, with its repulsive nakedness, its scant accommodations,—the one or two broken and

tattered daubs that were gibbeted upon its walls, and the sour and meagre visages of my host and hostess.

After a feverish dozing of two or three hours—an eternity of torment—I awoke, if I could be said to awake from what was not sleep, more weary and exhausted than ever. The moonbeams, intercepted by the mere remnant of a curtain, spread their broad white light on the floor: and every object in the chamber was distinctly visible: I arose, and descended into the sitting-room; from the dying embers that cast their flickering glimmer on the hearth, I contrived to light a lamp, and, rejecting any further ideas of sleep, sat down to look over the few torn volumes which lay in the room, my own books not having arrived from Frankfort. But had I expected much amusement from my researches, I should speedily have been undeceived. A work on Cookery, Jacob Behmen's book on Regeneration, and a fragment of the Life of Martin Luther, formed the most considerable part of the collection. I had no courage to inquire further, so, pushing the books from me, I stretched out my legs, and lolled on the table in a spirit of determined endurance.

Suddenly it became dark: it seemed that the moon was totally eclipsed, though from this room it was not previously visible. The wind rose, and whistled, and now and then puffed down the chimney, raising a momentary gleam from the expiring

ashes. At last, it sank into a low moaning that lulled me with its melancholy wildness. I fancied, at times, that the distant, sullen roll of the thunder mingled with the blast, and heavy drops of rain dashed faintly against the windows.

My meditations were too confused to admit of my calculating the progress of time, and I know not how long they had lasted, when I was interrupted in my reverie by a loud knock apparently at the outer door of the house. I started; the knock was repeated, and before it was possible for any one to have given admission to the applicant, the door of the room in which I sat, opened, and a stranger, to my perfect astonishment, walked deliberately in. If he took no notice of me, I was more inquisitive concerning him, and watched his motions with intense curiosity; though, as I have since recollected with surprise, without feeling the slightest inclination to address him, or to move from my seat.

The intruder was a man seemingly advanced in years, but remarkably tall and erect. An enormous great coat dripping with wet covered him, and the water poured also from a hat with a low crown and most exaggerated brims. A leathern belt was buckled around his waist, and a kind of gaiter of rough hide secured his legs. Such was his dress. He carried moreover in his hand a stout staff tipped with buckshorn.

After having advanced to the hearth, he unbuckled his belt, and, drawing a chair to the fire, which had suddenly blazed up and threw a wild glare over the apartment, he removed his upper coat. He then placed it on the chair as if to dry, took off his portentously brimmed hat, and dashing from it a shower of water, hung it upon a peg on the wall. All this was done in silence, and with a coolness that might have been natural in the master of the house, but seemed exceedingly odd in a stranger entering the Lord knows how in the middle of the night,—and one too who appeared to conceive it altogether superfluous to explain the cause of so extraordinary a visit.

The removal of the great coat and hat exhibited the wearer as apparently very old, but still firm, and, as I have said, of unusual stature. His countenance must once have been handsome, and wore even then a mild, dignified, and benevolent aspect, which was not diminished by the few venerable hairs that were strewed upon his forehead. There was a good deal of acuteness in his look, especially in his eyes, which were bright and dark. He did not sit down, but, standing before the fire with folded arms, gazed on the flames as they rose and fell, and was seemingly buried in deep meditation.

I had no power to remove my eyes from the object which was thus unexpectedly presented to my view. I continued to gaze, and my 'great unknown'

remained in his original attitude, until the flames once more drooped into their former waning and expiring state. He stood there, immoveable as a statue. I began to regard him with some degree of awe—perhaps of terror. My lamp emitted a faint and fitful glimmer around the apartment, and the light from the hearth was unsteady and precarious in the extreme. I could no longer trace the features of my companion; a sort of fearful and mysterious gloom pervaded the room—the house stood alone—I was the only inhabitant out of bed—the wind had ceased its low booming,—and the night was silent as death!

Suddenly the stranger turned towards me, and looked in my face with a wistful and melancholy gaze, expressive, as I fancied, of a feeling of compassion. My consternation redoubled. His bright eyes were fixed steadily upon me with a fascination as unavoidable as that of the serpent—it might be as fatal. My blood crept and curdled in my veins, and an icy chill thrilled through my frame. I wished and endeavoured in vain to address the old man. It was not so much that I seemed to myself to have lost the power, as that I wanted the courage, to speak. Matters remained in this state some time; at last, by a violent effort, like that by which one casts off an incipient nightmare, I sprang up—"In God's name!" I exclaimed, "who and what are you?"

I was astounded. Instead of answering me, he took out an antique gold box, highly chased, and taking from it a pinch of snuff, held it to me. I durst not refuse his civility, and therefore took a portion of the dust, though without any intention of applying it to my nostrils. He replaced the box in the pocket from which he had taken it; was silent a few minutes, and then addressed me:

"You have heard of Von Steivenhauss, your great grandfather?" His voice was firm, but hollow and deep.

I replied, "I have."

"You have heard, perhaps, of Carl Heiderflitcher, his friend?"

"Frequently."

"You know that they twice saved each other's lives?"

"I do;"—and as my courage was now on the increase, or, as I became more used to the presence of my companion, I ventured to continue:—"I know also, that they died together in battle, each striving as much for his fellow as himself."

"They did so. Your grandfather died first, and Carl fell, oppressed with numbers, upon his body.—I am he."

Notwithstanding my boasted courage, I confess, this direct acknowledgment of personal identity with a man who had been slain upwards of seventy years,

startled me not a little. However, he allowed me small time for meditation.

"Well," pursued he, "thus much do you know. But you do not know that before their death they entered into a compact, that each should, if permitted, watch over the descendants of the other, and assist them to the utmost when in danger or distress."

I professed my entire ignorance of such an arrangement.

"So it was," he continued; "we judged it better thus to decide, than that either should be the protector of his own race. Our reasons are immaterial."

There was no denying the likelihood of a ghost's reasons being immaterial; so I asked no questions, but suffered my informant to proceed with his narration.

"I was the last of my race. Your ancestor's covenant is therefore expired. He, however, yet survives in you. You will ere long be in danger. It is my business to protect you."

He again took out his snuff-box—"Let this," he said, "be your constant companion. In trifling difficulties open this box, and you will receive assistance. Should any serious evil overtake you, open it thrice and close it; but beware you part not with it—beware also that no criminality of your own brings upon your head the evil from which you seek to relieve yourself:—and now take your snuff."

From a personage to whom I laboured under such serious obligations, I could not refuse a proffered courtesy; I took one pinch, sneezed violently, and recovering with a start, found myself alone. The fire and the lamp were totally extinguished, and the gray light of the morning streamed through the windows. In vain did I look around; the old man was gone; the great coat and huge brimmed hat had likewise vanished. I began to think, despite of the strength of my impressions, that all that had passed was the progeny of a dream,—when resting my arm on the table, it encountered some hard substance. On turning my head, I found the golden snuff-box. There needed no further evidence of the correctness of my recollections.

Some months passed away without any appearance or intimation of the threatened evil. Meanwhile I diligently pursued my studies, and regularly attended old Bluffershwinkle, the cabbage-wigged lecturer on humanities. I lived frugally, read constantly, and had no occasion to resort to my box to deliver me from difficulties.

Returning, however, one day from the Professor's, deeply busied in meditating on a metaphysical query which he had just propounded for my consideration, my eyes accidentally encountered those of a young female who was passing accompanied by an elderly domestic. Either from the con-

fused haste with which she averted her looks, or from some inequality in the path, she half slipped, and in recovering herself dropped the delicately fashioned basket which she carried in her hand. My utmost alertness was in requisition to seize the basket sufficiently soon to prevent its contents from being scattered on the pavement; I succeeded, and on restoring it to the owner was rewarded with such a blushing smile and so sweet a murmur of thanks, that unused as I was to the society of any females, —except my hostess at Frankfort, who was much older, and her daughters who were much younger than myself,—I doubt whether I was not more confused by the loveliness and grace of this fair creature than by the appearance of my midnight visitor. So greatly was I disconcerted, that I suffered her to pass without making any reply to her acknowledgments, and stood stupidly gazing after her, until remembering that I was in the public street, I cursed my own folly, and half determined to follow her, but perceived on looking back that she had already disappeared. I continued my walk homeward; and went to the Professor in the morning, indifferently prepared to solve the problem he had desired me to study.

Time passed; yet at intervals the idea of the fair incognita would introduce itself, with a mingled sensation of pleasure and disappointment, and

I frequently detected myself casting inquisitive glances at females in whom I had traced, or imagined I had traced, a resemblance to the goddess of my idolatry. But on a nearer approach the delusion always vanished, and I sought in vain for the lovely features and inimitable smile I remembered so well.

It was my usual custom at the latter end of the day, to walk a mile or two into the environs of the town, and when one path grew familiar to me, to ramble in some different direction. In this manner I one evening explored a new track, which after various windings led me by the spacious garden of a handsome habitation, and was terminated by a small lake, the banks of which were clothed with various species of pines, and with willows whose pendulous branches kissed fondly and constantly the surface of the waters. The beauty of the spot detained me awhile in admiration, and I continued to gaze upon it and on the sky whose gorgeous and melting sunset radiance was unequalled save by the reflection of their splendour in the liquid mirror beneath.

Whilst thus occupied, the sound of two female voices saluted my ear, and speedily approached so near that I could distinctly hear the conversation of the speakers, one of whom, and as it seemed to me a very young girl, was soliciting her companion,

whom I guessed to be somewhat older than herself, to sing.

"Now do, dear Lisette, do pray sing for me," said the younger.

"You know I have a cold, and cannot sing, Margaret."

"Now that I wont believe, and so sing for me; do sing."

Apparently the entreaties of the little girl produced the desired effect, for presently I heard a very sweet voice singing: the words, as nearly as I can render them, were—

From flower to floweret winging
The lightsome busy bee—

I was unable to catch more, as the fair vocalist had proceeded to too great a distance. However, she returned with her companion, and I heard the conclusion of her song.

Would I were gaily ranging
With heart as free from cares.

"Thank you, dear Lisette," said the child, "thank you;—but can't you—wont you sing it again?"

"Why, you little unconscionable creature, do you think I can sing all night for you?"

"No, not all night,—only just sing that song again."

I listened, and the sweet voice again charmed my ear.

From flower to floweret winging
  The lightsome busy bee,
His hum of gladness singing,
  Sweet riches gathereth he;
Delights for ever changing,
  Whose breast no poison bears;—
Would I were gaily ranging
  With heart as free from cares.

In less than two minutes after the songstress had ceased, I heard a loud cry of distress, and clearing the enclosures of the garden, rushed forward, and had no occasion to inquire the cause. The little girl had, in her gambols, wandered too far from her companion, and, her foot slipping, had fallen into the lake, close by the margin of which stood the other female (in whom I instantly recognized the lady of my meditations) in the utmost agony, but unable, from the alarm of the moment, to speak,—scarcely to sustain herself. I was no swimmer, but I sprang into the water, and caught the child as she rose to the surface;—we both sank,—and again rising, I snatched at the branch of a huge willow which hung over the lake, and, thus supported, contrived to keep partially above the water. But a fresh cause of terror speedily arose. The bough by which I held, not strong enough to sustain the double weight thus suspended from it, strained and cracked, and seemed

every moment on the point of breaking. Lisette had fainted—my cries for assistance were vain;—I was beginning to despair, when my talisman, which I carried constantly about me, occurred to me. Seizing the child's clothes by my teeth, and clinging with one hand to our failing support, I grasped with the other the box, and opened and closed it as it lay within my pocket. Immediately the willow branch was lifted up, and a boat was rowed beneath us. We were not three yards from shore, and were instantly landed. I turned round to return my thanks to the rower, but the vessel had disappeared.

I ran with the child into the house, and committing her to the care of the domestics, hastened back to assist Lisette. I met her, however, recovered from her swoon, and flying with distracted looks towards the place I had just left. I loudly proclaimed the safety of her charge; the joy over came her, and had I not caught her, she would have fallen to the ground. It was a moment worth an existence. As she lay panting and trembling in my arms, she raised her beautiful and gentle eyes, and gave me a look—such a look of joy and of thankfulness, so deep, so rapturous, that in the many happy years I have since enjoyed, I have scarcely known one moment of bliss equally intense. The wind played among her light tresses, and one drifted to my cheek. If ever there was magic in a

touch it surely thrilled in that. I pass over the subsequent meetings, the warm vows and the gentle confessions which followed: we both loved, and our stolen interviews were as delightful as they were pure and holy. It is unnecessary to be more minute: love narratives, the readers of my own sex would not thank me for, and the ladies have imaginations to picture for themselves.

The next occasion on which I found it necesary to resort to my snuff-box, was of a very different complexion. In a public room a few weeks afterwards, I had the misfortune to be involved in a quarrel with a man of dashing appearance, who thought proper to make some observations, which, I conceived, reflected upon my character. In the course of the dispute, I said something implying a want of gentlemanlike conduct in my opponent. He asked, with an appearance of great indignation, whether I doubted his being a gentleman.

"Sir," replied I, in as marked a tone as I could assume, "I have no doubt."

The issue was an arrangement to settle the dispute next morning, in an unfrequented spot, about a mile from the town.

Without incurring the imputation of cowardice, I may confess that I returned home with a heavy heart. Whatever might be the event of the conflict, it could not fail of being productive of much injury, and

probably of much misery to me. The rank and reputation I had hitherto maintained in the university, my expectations in life, and that dearest one which twined around my heart with the strength of something more than mere worldly interest, the hope that my fond Lisette would be indeed mine, would, even if I escaped, be, if not wholly blighted, yet deeply affected by my share in the unfortunate affair in which I had become engaged. These and other reflections sufficiently painful, forced themselves upon my mind, until, defeated by their own vividness, they were succeeded by that stupor and heartless torpidity, which follows over-excited animation. In this state I rushed into the street, and ignorant of what I was doing, entered a tavern and called for wine, which I drank till my brain whirled round with frenzy under its influence.

How I got home, I know not. But in the morning I found myself in my bed, suddenly awakened by the rude grasp of men whom I had no recollection of having before seen,—hard, cold, villainous looking wretches, in whose countenances no trace of human feeling was visible. For a moment I gazed round unconsciously ; the next, the horrid remembrance of my engagement flashed upon me like a death-stroke. But what the occasion or meaning of the interruption I had experienced, I neither knew nor could learn from my unwelcome guests, who compelled me has-

tily to dress myself, and then hurried me away in silence. We arrived at the public gaol. Here I was incarcerated alone in a damp and miserable cell.

It would be useless to detail the examinations I underwent or the hardships I endured. I stood charged, I was informed, with murder,—with the murder of the very man with whom I had quarrelled the night previous. His body was found early in the morning in a retired street. I had been seen passing that way a short time before its discovery, with a violent and agitated demeanour, and my dispute with the deceased was so public, that suspicion immediately attached to me. What was worse, I had no means of rebutting the presumption of my guilt arising from these unhappy coincidences.

Remanded to my loathsome cell, my first impulse was to open and shut three times, according to the old man's directions, the box which was to preserve me in extremity. Once—twice—my heart palpitated violently as I closed it the third time. I looked around—some moments elapsed, and I despaired. There was no appearance of assistance; I remained alone, and the iron door of the prison continued inexorably closed.

Hours, days, and weeks passed, without any aid or comfort for the wretched captive. My mental torments increased every moment. I thought of my home on the pleasant banks of the Maine. I thought of the

bright eyes and fond heart of Lisette. Then darker dreams took possession of my bewildered soul. Was it possible that I was actually guilty of the crime alleged? that in my mad insensibility, and infuriated by wine, I had met and destroyed my victim? Of all my pangs, this supposition struck the deepest. The horrid phantom thus conjured up, hovered continually around me, and the thought of an ignominious and public death increased the misery of my situation.

My trial came on. I had no witnesses whose testimony might exculpate me. Presumption was against me. I stated my case; was heard with respect and attention, but with evident incredulity.

Nothing remained but for sentence to be pronounced. The judge had prepared himself—had opened his lips to fulfil this last part of his awful duty, when he was interrupted by a sudden disturbance; and a confused murmur arose in the court of "witnesses for the criminal." Deserted as I had been by the expectation of relief, the hope now given birth to was too strong for me. A mist darkened my vision—I heard nothing—I saw nothing, till aroused from my insensibility by the information that I was free.

A witness had appeared—had exculpated me by his testimony, from the suspicion of the alleged crime, and had pointed out the real murderer, who, on his apprehension, had confessed his guilt. I reeled away,

scarcely conscious of what had happened, to my lodgings, and was received with congratulations which I wanted not, mingled with admonitions as to my future conduct, which I despised.

I sought the privacy of my own apartment. The first object that met my sight was the figure of Carl Heiderflitcher, with his broad brimmed beaver. I was about to speak, but he motioned me to be silent.

"The threatened danger is past," said he, "I have saved your life, it yet remains to make your life worth enjoying. You love Lisette, the merchant's daughter, and are beloved by her; go to her father and make your proposals. I shall await your return."

I went, though with little hope of making any impression upon the purse-proud citizen. I saw him, and spoke of my love for his daughter; when he asked if I had 30,000 rix dollars.

A pretty question to a man who had never in his life been possessed at one time of fifty!

"I am not at present able to command that sum, but—"

"Then you may go about your business."

"Supposing," I said, "I should be able to raise that sum?"

"Why, then, and supposing also that my daughter liked you, I might, perhaps, on inquiry respecting you, have no great objection to the match.

But in the mean time I wish you a very good morning."

I returned, cursing the avarice of the man, and the wantonness which had occasioned me to be sent upon this fool's errand. Carl Heiderflitcher was waiting for me. I recounted to him all that had passed.

"Humph—give me the box I lent you; you will have now no further occasion for it."

I took out the box.

"Empty it before you give it me."

I opened it to shake out the snuff, and there followed a shower of gold pieces, which lasted some seconds. I turned in amazement to the stranger; he was gone, having taken with him his box, which had dropped from my hand in my excessive and delighted surprise.

I gathered up the money and counted it. There was gold to the amount of 40,000 rix dollars.

I was married a fortnight afterwards.

LINES

On leaving a Scene in Bavaria.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Adieu the woods and waters' side,
  Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
  The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain!
  For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill;
  Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
  And watery winds that sweep the vale,
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
  Yon monarch oak of massy pile;
Nor river roaring to the blast
  Around its dark and desert isle;
  Nor curfew tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
  Can sound in discord to my soul:
  Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll!
And rage, thou darkened sky!

Thy blossoms though no longer bright;
  Thy withered woods no longer green;
Yet, Eldun shore, with dark delight
  I visit thy unlovely scene!
  For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew;
  When his green light the fire-fly gave,
  When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
  The billowy clouds and starry sea:
Then while thy hermit nightingale
  Sang on her fragrant apple-tree,—
  Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldun's shore,
  On such a moonlight mountain strayed
  As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
  Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
  No dying shriek thine echo knew;
  But safe, sweet Eldun woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
  Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
  Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

Oh heart effusions, that arose
  From nightly wanderings cherished here;
To him who flies from many woes,
  Even homeless deserts can be dear!
  The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
  Say—is it not, ye banished race,
  In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
  Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce a woodman finds a road,
  And scarce a fisher plies an oar:
  For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
  To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
  Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
  Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
  Thy desolate and aged tree.
  Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth!
  Like thine her fruit dishonoured falls;
  Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O! silent spirit of the place,
  If lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
  I yet might watch and worship here!
  Thy storm were music to my ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
  Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
  And share, with no unhallowed mind,
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
  Prosperity's unwearied brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
  O self-dependent solitude!
  Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darkened by the clouds of Care,
  To worship thy congenial gloom,
  A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
Misfortune shall repair.

On her the world hath never smiled
  Or looked but with accusing eye;—
All-silent goddess of the wild,
  To thee that misanthrope shall fly!
  I hear her deep soliloquy,
I mark her proud but ravaged form,
  As stern she wraps her mantle round,
  And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to her banished heart, at last,
  In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
  Her spirit shall refuse to bend;
  Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
  Thy votary shall bear elate,
  And triumph o'er opposing Fate,
Her dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
  A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor wooes
  The vulture cover of its wing?
  Then fly, thou towering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
  To waste in self-consuming strife
  The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled!

Away, thou lover of the race
  That hither chased yon weeping deer!
If nature's all majestic face
  More pitiless than man's appear;
  Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
  Behold around his peopled plains,
  Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe!

His art and honours wouldst thou seek
  Embossed on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
  Where senates light their airy halls,
  Where man his brother man enthralls;
Or sends his whirlwind warrants forth
  To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
  To dye the blood-worn waves afar,
And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
  And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
  There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
  In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
  Where only anchorites have trod,
  Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale,—
  And such sweet Eldun vale is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
  Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine;
  No longer wish, no more repine
For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
  Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
  For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

LONG years have passed since last I strayed,
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon,
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!

Kirkstall Abbey Revisited.

DRAWN BY C. COPE. ENGRAVED BY E. FINDEN.
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KIRKSTALL-ABBEY REVISITED.

> The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!
> The stones have voices, and the walls do live:
> It is the house of Memory!—
>
> *Maturin.*

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

LONG years have passed since last I strayed,
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;—
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!

The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river streamed away,—
Devious as Error, deep as Love,
And blue and bright as heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of glorious light,—
  Type of that hour of deep repose,—
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,
  Thy time-worn tower arose,—
Brightening above the wreck of years,
Like Faith amid a world of fears!

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,
  And gained its ivy-mantled brow;
But broken—ruined—who may dare
  Ascend that pathway now?
Life was an upward journey then;—
When shall my spirit mount again?

The steps in youth I loved to tread,
  Have sunk beneath the foot of Time;
Like them, the daring hopes that led
  Me, once, to heights sublime,
Ambition's dazzling dreams, are o'er,
And I may scale those heights no more!

And years have fled, and now I stand
  Once more by thy deserted fane,
Nerveless alike in heart and hand!
  How changed by grief and pain,
Since last I loitered here, and deemed
Life was the fairy thing it seemed!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,
  What visions meet my mental eye!
For every stone of thine recalls
  Some trace of years gone by,—
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,
Some hope decayed,—or passion past!

Ay, thoughts come thronging on my soul
  Of sunny youth's delightful morn;
When free from sorrow's dark control,
  By pining cares unworn,—
Dreaming of Fame, and Fortune's smile,
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe
  Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight, consuming slow
  The springs that life sustain,—
Have 'er my world-vexed spirit past,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!

How bright is every scene beheld
  In youth and hope's unclouded hours!
How darkly—youth and hope dispelled—
  The loveliest prospect lours.
Thou wert a splendid vision then;—
When wilt thou seem so bright again?

Yet still thy turrets drink the light
  Of summer-evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
  Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous, as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold!

But life's gay morn of ecstacy,
  That made thee seem so more than fair,—
The aspirations wild and high,
  The soul to nobly dare,—
Oh where are they, stern ruin, say?—
Thou dost but echo—WHERE ARE THEY?

Farewell!—Be still to other hearts
  What thou wert long ago to mine;
And when the blissful dream departs,
  Do thou a beacon shine,
To guide the mourner through his tears,
To the blest scenes of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no richer boon,
  Than that my parting hour may be
Bright as the evening skies of June!
  Thus—thus to fade like thee,
With heavenly FAITH's soul-cheering ray
To gild with glory my decay!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE OMENS.

And coming events cast their shadows before.
Campbell.

"Hark! the clock strikes eleven," said the Baron Rosenthăl to his assembled smiling guests; "let us drink a glass to the parting year, and the memory of all the happy hours which it has brought us."

His wish was immediately complied with; the glasses were cheerfully brought into contact with each other, and the kindly recollection of past happiness glistened in every eye.

"It is, however, a strange though serenely serious thing, to watch the death of the old and the birth of the new year," said Hermann: "properly speaking, each instant is the commencement or end of a year; or if you please, of a century, or a millennium; and it is custom merely which gives solemnity to the midnight hour betwixt the last of December and the first

of January."—" Just so," replied Falk, " the consent of whole nations, founded perhaps upon religious uses, has given solemnity to the festival, and what do we require more? I am delighted that we are all seated together again, in pursuit of the same object, n the same manner as last year, and that the old year smiles upon us in its dying hour, as if it had to accuse itself of nothing evil against us. But the circumstance that gives solemnity to its departure, is not our gaiety, but rather something more exalted, —the consciousness of a universal sympathy,—for, on these occasions, each individual celebrates his neighbour's festival no less than his own. The old year exhibits itself to our imaginations as a placid, smiling, dying mother, and the new one as a gay laughing babe; and between the coffin of the one, and the cradle of the other, prophetic feelings overshadow our souls, which in the mouths of human beings become either wishes or apprehensions."

" Let wishes rest till midnight," said the Baron, interrupting the speaker, " though no doubt we shall be glad to be convinced that new year's wishes are prophetic feelings—for as we all intend to wish for good things, it will be worth while to believe that those wishes will be realized, and our anticipations fulfilled: but alas! dear Falk, experience overturns your delightful theory, as it does too many others equally attractive."

"We ladies, at least," said the Baroness, "shall be happy to agree with you in the magic of new year's anticipations—explain therefore, to us, why so many of our wishes remain ungratified."

"It is because we are apt to form them too frequently and too idly," replied Falk, "and thus the new year's wishes become an empty ceremony, of which even you yourselves do not expect the fulfilment. I must observe, too, that I have only endowed with magical power those wishes which are pronounced from some overmastering feeling or irresistible impulse at the moment of the new year's birth; and I have thus lessened by a considerable number the amount of unfulfilled anticipations.

"In some countries, especially in Germany, great stress is laid upon words involuntarily spoken at certain seasons, and under certain circumstances. People shun words of evil purport with the greatest circumspection; but more particularly those which are ambiguous, and which, though pronounced with a good intention, are applied by the demons of Fate in an opposite sense, and may, perhaps, be accomplished in a destructive manner."

"Falk," cried Hermann laughing, "I believe there is not a miraculous tradition nor a popular superstition, but you are able to produce examples in illustration of it; do, therefore, let us have a receipt for the magical power of words."

"To invent an interesting little tale of this kind," replied Falk, "would perhaps not be a very difficult task, but I will only request your attention to a simple fact which I am going to relate, and of which I was myself a witness.

"Many years ago, I was acquainted at Karlsbad with the widow of a privy counsellor, Madame Amelia de Kulm; she had visited the baths with her little daughter for the sole purpose of accompanying thither a sick uncle, who did not however experience the benefit which he had anticipated from them. In consequence of his disappointment he was advised by his physicians to return home; and as the period fixed for my residence at Karlsbad had also expired, I acceded to the proposal of Madame de Kulm to depart at the same time with her, and to take the more distant route over the estate of her uncle. She had a singular motive for making this proposal; she entertained a positive conviction that her uncle would die on the road; for the mistress of the house where she lodged, who passed for a kind of visionary, had several times hinted her suspicion that one of the family would never arrive at the place of his destination alive.

"The weakness of the old gentleman did not admit of our continuing our journey without interruption; we therefore determined to have a day of rest in a pleasant village, the appearance of which had attracted our

notice. The landlady of the inn at which we put up, undertook the care of the invalid; and as he received the greatest attention from her, and was amused with her lively chat, his niece and myself indulged ourselves with a walk round the gardens of the village. The tranquil night which her uncle had enjoyed, had enlivened the spirits of Madame de Kulm, and she related to me with much humour several scenes of her past life, and anecdotes of her acquaintances. Suddenly we heard the tolling of a bell from the village. 'It is a funeral,' said she, 'let us meet it; it is long since I have beheld any interment in the country: during my childhood I would not have missed a funeral upon any account.' The little Minna wept at this observation, and prayed her mamma not to go into the churchyard among the cold dead; but we laughed at her childish fear, and walked quietly into the cemetery. As is usual in villages, the coffin was placed by the side of the grave, and opened once more to afford the relatives a farewell glance. When the lid was removed we beheld a beautiful and youthful corpse reposing within its narrow home. Soon afterwards an aged peasant approached with a little girl, both dressed in mourning; they gazed long and sorrowfully upon the beautiful deceased, and then placed flowers of death in her folded hands. 'Sleep tranquilly,' said the old man; 'I hoped that thou wouldst have rendered me this service; but it has

been ordained otherwise.' The clergyman then approached, and delivered a sublime and consoling oration, to which Madame de Kulm payed the deepest and most delighted attention. Shortly before its conclusion, her uncle appeared; who had allowed himself to be supported by the hostess to the church-yard. 'Oh, how I wish that you had heard this delightful oration from the commencement,' said she, springing towards him: and when the clergyman approached them, after the solemnity, in order to pay his respects to the strangers, she said, 'I should wish for no other than you, Sir, to pronounce the funeral oration for me; accept of my thanks for the delight your eloquent discourse has afforded me.' The little Minna was terrified. 'Mamma,' said she, half weeping, 'do not speak thus, I beseech you.' 'No, it is for me rather to indulge in such a wish, my dear niece,' said the uncle; but the child now again cried out more vehemently than before. The clergyman and I looked at each other with surprise; but Madame de Kulm said, smiling, 'I am unable just at this moment to furnish you with an explanation of my precipitate speech; but I request that you will favour us with your company to dinner at the inn. The clergyman consented, and the explanation was then given; namely, that she intended to offer him a very valuable benefice upon her estate. The old man requested time for consideration; for

although his present income was small, he loved his congregation, and could not easily resolve to part from it; it was therefore determined that the affair should be settled by letter.

"But the proposed correspondence never took place. The following morning Madame de Kulm complained of indisposition, and requested that our departure should be delayed. Her sufferings increased in a short time to a dangerous illness, which baffled the science of the physicians: the result was death; and eight days after the former funeral, the clergyman delivered a funeral oration over the corse of the hapless Amelia de Kulm. It agonized us deeply, to stand by the side of the open coffin, and to behold thus the former ceremony (which we now felt had been but a prophecy of this,) so sadly repeated before us. Her uncle lived some years after this occurrence, and we often recalled to our minds the singular fulfilment of his niece's wish."

"It would have been still more singular," said Hermann, "if her death had happened accidentally—sickness always allows of a natural explanation; perhaps Madame de Kulm was herself alarmed at her precipitate words, and still more so at the observation of her uncle; in that case her own fears were probably the sole cause of her illness and death."

"I beg you will pardon me," said Falk, gravely; "but I am always vexed when I hear people talk of

natural explanation; as if any thing in nature could happen unnaturally—all that occurs is natural of course, otherwise it could not occur."

"But we are not speaking of what is natural or unnatural," said the Baroness, "your story, Falk, has nothing to do with the question, because you leave it doubtful whether the sickness was not occasioned less through the words themselves, than through the observation occasioned by the words."

"Certainly through neither," replied Falk; "I observed, I believe, that Amelia was in an excited state of mind before the words were spoken. The unlimited praise which she bestowed upon the funeral oration, which, although clever, was by no means so uncommonly excellent, proved that this excitement existed in a most unusual degree; her words, therefore, which might have been caused by her approaching sickness, received a prophetic appearance from the singular coincidence of circumstances."

"Then you acknowledge," rejoined the Baroness, "that there was nothing wonderful or supernatural in the case?"

"Supernatural, certainly not," returned Anselm; "I am of Falk's opinion, that throughout nature, which occasions every thing we see, nothing can happen unnaturally."

"I am going to request of you," said Gertrude, "to

tell me the meaning of that which is called the supernatural:—may there not be appearances which you are obliged to call supernatural, which, if I may be allowed the expression, only pervert nature, and are unwillingly made use of by her, like authoritative sentences of a foreign power?"

"Undoubtedly there are," replied Falk; "but, in the mean time, tell us of some such appearances, as we can then argue upon them with more certainty."

"Thus we shall at length fall upon stories of ghosts," returned Gertrude, smiling.

"I am glad of it, with all my heart," said Hermann, "every body likes to hear them—only observe in what a proper attitude for listening Anselm is already seating himself."

But Gertrude declined the narration of the story to which she had referred; she declared, that, fond as she was of listening to ghost stories, she yet felt a kind of dread at relating them. Her affianced lover smiled, and said, that as he could guess the occurrence alluded to, he would undertake its narration for her. To this she consented, and he thus proceeded:—

"A very near relation of my Gertrude, but a little visionary like herself—we will, if you please, call her Caroline—had formed with her young neighbour, Angelica, the closest and most affectionate intimacy. The father of the latter had, in

his early years, exchanged some intercourse with the well-known Cagliostro, and still retained a great fondness for the mystical and wonderful, notwithstanding the exposure of that worker of miracles. His collection of books therefore contained, besides the best literary works, a great number of tales of wonder, legends, and ancient chronicles, which Angelica had, from her childhood, perused with the greatest avidity. The friends often sat until late in the night, inflaming their imaginations with stories of spectres and apparitions. During one of these paroxysms of mental excitement, they made each other a solemn promise, that she who departed first from this life should appear to her who remained. They had just been reading some instances of these kind of promises; and, in order to bind each other the more firmly, they mutually agreed that even a remission of their pledge should not release them from their engagement. Whilst they still held their hands solemnly clasped in each other the clock struck midnight. 'The sound of the hour of my death!' exclaimed Angelica suddenly, as if inspired—'in this hour the promise will be fulfilled.' Caroline sprang up, alarmed at this ill-boding observation. 'Be not so terrified at my mistake,' said Angelica, smiling; 'I meant to say it is the hour of my birth that strikes—sixteen years since at midnight I was born—doubly dear to me therefore is the promise given, and I am

probably destined to fulfil it.' The girls continued plunged in their romantic reveries till the lights burning down to the sockets warned them to retire to rest.

" Some time after this precipitate vow, Caroline was attacked by a malignant and infectious fever, and Angelica, contrary to her inclination, was compelled by her parents to avoid going to the house of her friend. As long as there was no danger to the life of Caroline, Angelica obeyed; but when the messages in reply to her inquiries seemed more desponding, no prohibition could prevent her from hastening to the couch of her sick friend. Her promise had begun to make a painful impression on her mind, and she hastened to Caroline, determined rather to hazard her life from the infection than any longer to suffer under the influence of so much terror. She implored her to retract her vow; and Caroline, who felt herself the less bound by it, as it had occasioned so much uneasiness to Angelica, willingly complied, when she observed the painful and distressing effect it had produced upon her friend. This interview, from which the relations of both parties had anticipated the greatest danger to the invalid, was attended with the most favourable results. The exertion had a beneficial effect, and Caroline recovered rapidly, to the astonishment of the physicians. From that moment she regarded Angelica as her preserver, and both the friends declared that they would never

again hazard a wish or a question respecting the mysteries of the unknown world. Sickness and the vow were forgotten by degrees, and they from this time became more attached to each other than ever. Angelica had one day accompanied her parents to a ball in the neighbouring town. Caroline had excused herself on some trivial pretence, but in reality because she wished to surprise Angelica, with a festival which she had arranged against the anniversary of her friend's birth-day, which was to happen on the following day. She sat until late at night at work with her attendant, and was just on the point of retiring when she heard the clock strike the hour of midnight. At that moment a singular current of air wafted around her, so that her working materials which lay upon the table were thrown down and strewed upon the ground. Starting at the circumstance, Caroline looked up, and beheld the shadow of Angelica standing before her; she saw it turn itself slowly round, then sink down upon the floor, and suddenly disappear. Her shriek of terror summoned her attendant, but Caroline had become insensible before she could enter. The servant had observed nothing but the singular current of air; but a few hours brought the melancholy intelligence that Angelica had actually been overtaken by sudden death that night as the clock struck twelve."

"This is horrible," exclaimed the Baroness.

"What appears the most horrible to me," added Falk, "is the mysterious power of the words which Angelica had pronounced—'the sound of the hour of my death,'—thus, against her will, uttering her own death prophecy."

"How can you explain this to be natural?" demanded Gertrude.

"I beseech you do not give me the character of a general interpreter of mysteries," replied Falk; "I cannot explain these singular occurrences—but if they have really happened, they are certainly according to the order and law of nature, although this law is unknown to us. I know of nothing more presumptuous than to say, 'this I cannot understand, therefore it cannot be true;'—nevertheless, such a conclusion is the basis of all the criticisms on these kind of occurrences. The popular belief in what is called superstition, is, in reality, a fund of inquiry for the naturalist:—the truth, indeed, is not immediately to be discovered; but does a man of experience assert that in a mine nothing but rock is to be found, because the ore must be first worked out by art?"

"Have you not observed," interrupted the Baron, "that the will has much influence upon the success of the thing?—at least, this objection is made to the inferences."

"No doubt the will has influence upon the suc-

cess, or failure, of experiments," replied Anselm, "and must have it; for the experiment itself is to prove nothing else but that physical phenomenon—the direction of the will in physical phenomena; only you must distinguish that kind of will which imparts itself intentionally to the body, and directs its motions to the expected result, from the will which acts, not voluntarily, but according to an inward law of nature upon the body.

"Well, well," observed the Baron, "let us adjust our differences of opinion thus—touch glasses friends."

They all obeyed—the clear glasses rung, and the large drinking cups, in which the host had presented his oldest and most fragrant wine, sent out a tone like the solemn sound of bells. "Hark! the sound of a clock!" said Hermann, softly.—"Hush!" exclaimed the Baron, opening the window. From the steeple of the tower resounded the stroke of the last quarter. Deeper and louder the knell of the midnight hour immediately followed. The assembled company sat in silence, and listened with solemn earnestness to the last tones of the departing year.

Still louder, deeper, and more solemnly, the clock from the high church-steeple repeated the melancholy sounds. Gertrude looked towards her affianced husband. Her eyes spoke a thousand happy hopes and wishes. The Baroness tenderly kissed her white forehead, surrounded with clustering curls, but no one

uttered a single word, in order not to interrupt the deep and awful solemnity of the moment. Still more powerfully, then, the colossal bell of the second church-steeple sounded also the midnight hour, and they looked towards Falk, who slowly unfolded a paper, and began in a solemn tone of voice to read some verses which he had recently composed.

INVOCATION.

" Oh mother year ! into thy viewless tomb
Now art thou sinking, and thy friends forsaking.
We weep, oh mother ! o'er thy coming doom,
As slow we mark it thy loved steps o'ertaking.
Thou faintest ! o'er thy brow we see it linger—
The shadow of Decay's pale wasting finger;
Yet o'er thy viewless grave fair angels sit—
The joys thy fondness gave, like guardians watching it.
Mother, farewell !

" And if, oh mother ! all thou couldst not bless,
If still some downcast eye is stained by weeping—
Dying thou leav'st unto our fond caress
Thy babe alive, each cherished hope still keeping.
Soon shall the music of the solemn bell
Thy infant's birth and thy departure tell;
And in thy dying hour thy brow is bright,
For thy consoling child comes smiling into light.
Mother, farewell !"

Scarcely had he concluded, when a piercing shriek resounded through the apartment;—Gertrude looked up, and, in the next instant uttered a cry of horror, and sank upon the floor insensible.

"What was that?" was the general exclamation; —they had all heard the scream, but some insisted that it was Gertrude's voice, whose shuddering had been just before remarked; others, that it had come from a distance, and that her cry of horror had been the result of it. Whilst they were still conversing, Gertrude, relieved by the restoratives which had been administered to her, recovered her senses;—she declared that on looking up in the direction of the scream which had so terrified her, she had beheld a wild and ghastly apparition — the face of the beautiful Madonna which hung opposite to her, was changed into the distorted visage of a corpse, and gazed downward upon her, with a fixed and threatening look; and this sight it was, which had occasioned her subsequent fit of fainting.

"Respecting the phantom," said the Baron, "I can tranquillize your mind immediately—the Madonna seen from various parts of the room has a totally different appearance, and when the lights are placed in a particular direction, she acquires so ghastly an expression, that I have more than once determined to conceal her by night with a curtain: but you shall convince yourself." He conducted Gertrude to her for-

mer seat, and she really observed the change in the appearance of the painting. The holy mother was entirely without colour, and, contrasted with the child, appeared like a shadow;—the threatening expression in the face, Gertrude now acknowledged to have sprung from her own excited imagination.

"We must next inquire into the cause of the scream," said the Baroness, and summoned the domestics.

"It was nothing of consequence," said the nurse, "the night light went out, and little Emilius shrieked because he was afraid of being in the dark,—but he is once more quietly asleep."

The usual new year's wishes, which were now introduced, enlivened the spirits of the party, and banished the remembrance of this unpleasant occurrence from their minds. They sung, laughed, and told stories for some time longer; and, when on the point of separating, the Baron invited the whole company to pass the next New Year's Eve together with him at his Castle of Hartenstein in the country. They all promised to attend, and gaily filled their goblets to the next happy meeting. "Keep your promise,"—exclaimed Gertrude, at parting—"none of us must be absent next New Year's Eve—remember all, that the first promise of the year will not admit of an excuse—it must absolutely be kept."

L. D.

TO A LADY,

With a leaf gathered from the Mulberry-tree planted by Milton, in the Gardens of Christ's College, Cambridge.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

THIS from the tree, which Milton's gracious hand
Planted in morning of his years, receive,
The holiest relique Granta has to give;
No British Queen, no Princess of the land
Could, for her temples, wish a crown more grand
Than these green leaves might shape—they have look
As though they had o'erhung Castalia's brook,
And by the airs of Thessaly been fanned.
We might expect, were antique fables true,
To see Apollo from the sky descend,
Tearing the laurel from his brows divine
For this terrestrial plant; ah, then adieu
To songs Pierian!—He must lose, sweet friend,
Memory of Daphne's eyes in chaunting thine!

TO ROSA.

With a Poem.

BY WILLIAM READ, ESQ.

Rosa! 'twas one of those autumnal eves
When Heaven vouchsafes to Earth her loveliest looks;—
The still wood's sun-touched wilderness of leaves,
And cloud, and mountain-scalp, and castle took
Their colour from the west—bright gold! the brook
Rippled in gold;—the great oak, branching o'er,
Was golden barked;—'twas gold the cygnet shook
From her white wing;—and Strangford's blue lake wore
A belt of quivering gold from shore to placid shore.

Yet—yet the broad sun loitered on the gaze
Dilated—slanting, ever as he went,
Intenser glory from his throne of rays,
Till, like some warrior-king, he won his tent,—
A purple cloud that warped the Occident.

Earth faded now, though heaven still was bright
With hues that blushed until the young moon bent
Her pointed crescent on the brow of night,
Which wore a dusky smile beneath that chrysolite.

Such was the scene, sweet girl! we gazed upon,
While thou recountedst o'er that tale of woe
Which oft, in other lands, a setting sun
Hath summoned like a talisman—although
Gone hope, and griefs that bade the heart o'erflow,
Be since forgot, and tears that fell in vain;—
And with it rose thine image like the bow
That bathes its colours in the summer-rain,
Thou Iris of my heart, whose smiles wake hope again!

At length, one bright eve in a foreign bower,
I snatched my lute that on a laurel tree
Had idly hung—for, O! I knew the power
Of slighted song was hovering over me,
And felt its pulse in every artery!
I snatched my lute, and to its preluding
Unrolled the pictured scroll of Memory;
And found, 'mid many a far and favourite thing,
That unforgotten tale of love and sorrowing.

A spell was on me!—No! I could not choose
But weave that simple story into song!
And if its wild and plaintive beauty lose
Much of the grace it borrowed from thy tongue,—
And if sometimes a careless hand be flung

Where Passion listened for her holiest tone—
Star of my path ! forgive, forgive the wrong !
Whatever is of beauty is thine own :
Thy fair hand culled the flowers—I twined the wreath
alone.

TO MARY.

Mary—my friend, when I forswore the lyre,
In sooth I dreamt not of a soul like thine,
Or from the altars of Apollo's shrine
I should have yet reserved the enkindling fire
Of poesy for thee—but now the wire
Of my wild harp is severed—I resign
The chaplet which I once for thee could twine,
And all the warmer feelings of desire.
But though such morn be passed of visions bright,
And my day may be clouded with deep thought,
Those clouds may yet be parted, and the light
Of sober-tinted evening may be brought
O'er hopes of youth—when I did idly deem
Love was a powerful spell, and Friendship but
dream !

O.

STANZAS.

I STOOD upon the shore
  Of the dark and boundless sea,
The waves, with fitful roar,
  Were lashing loudly free :
Winds swept along the sky,
  Where not a cloud was seen,
And the star of evening's eye
  Shot through the blue serene

I gazed on that wild tide,
  With sorrow overcast;
I stood alone, and sighed—
  My thoughts were of the past;—
The memory bright of youth
  Upon my musings broke;
Touched by the wand of Truth,
  Long slumbering thoughts awoke.

How oft—how oft—how oft—
  In moonlight and in shade,
When the heart was young and soft,
  With Inez I had strayed

These yellow sands along,
  When all was silent nigh,
Save the blackbird's vesper song,
  Or plover's wailing cry.

Oh! my heart did bound and beat,
  As I thought of what had been,
When, at eve, my youthful feet
  Did traverse that wild scene!
How Earth was Eden then,
  A realm of hope for me,
Bright as the young sun, when
  His first rays kiss the sea.

Changed—darkly changed were all
  My thoughts—my hopes—and earth;—
Joy slept beneath its pall,
  Cares long had stifled mirth;—
Love, with a meteor ray,
  Had sunk within its west,
To leave me on life's way,
  Chilled—cheerless—and deprest!

Before my mind, what views
  Of beauty were unfurled!
Deep dyed in memory's hues,
  How changed was all the world:

A cloud had dimmed its light;
  Its joys had fled away;
Around me there were blight—
  Death—sorrow—and decay!

I listened to the wind,—
  I listened to the sea;—
Peace seemed as left behind,
  And all looked changed like me!
Then, turning from the wave
  To the cloudless, starry sky,
I said—"Beyond the grave
  There are joys that cannot die!"

Δ.

PALMYRA.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

O SIGHT of glory—City of the Great!
Majestic Tadmor! What must thou have been
When first the Prince of Magians * did create
Thee in thy marble pomp! O more than queen,
Wonder of nations—the beloved of Time!
He spares thee, though the Arab, in his hate,
Hath burnt thy shrines and rent thy towers sublime!†
What wert thou then, when even thus desolate,
Thou mak'st us kneel unto thee? What wert thou—
Temple of temples, glorious ark of glory?—
The Sun which saw thee rise, the boast of story,
Writ his own splendid legend on thy brow,
And left thee thus for ages. Arch on arch
Interminable! Armies in their march
Through thee, but shrink to atoms! Round and round
Thy pillars *point* a worship, without sound;
And heaven is all thy cupola—a dome
Of stars, whose spheres may be the soul's bright home.

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* Solomon; to whose talismans and the assistance of Genii the Arabs ascribe the erection of Palmyra.

† Although there is no authority for ascribing the ruin of the Palmyrene Temple to the Arabs, it is extremely probable that such was the case, at the time when their zeal for Mahometanism led to the extinction of fire-worship among the Persians.

Not vainly was it fabled that the Spirits
Of the great Magian called thee from the abyss;
Where is the mortal who his ring inherits?
What other hand could raise a pile like this?
A fairy fable art thou—a romance,
Yet brilliant with the jewelry of Truth;
And it was here, with melody and dance,
Wit, wisdom, beauty, pressed the grape of youth,
Till the soul reeled, and the heart gushed with wine,
And paid its orisons at Passion's shrine!

Where stood the Palace—the Seraglio where?
Gaze near and nearer, thou wilt find them not;
Thy finger is the pointing of Despair,
Insulting the pale Genius of the spot.
He saw of yesterday a thousand fires
Lit with the blaze of odorous cinnamon,
A thousand priests with cymbals and with lyres
Hymning the praise of the eternal Sun,
Through echoing aisles unutterably splendid.
But now—the altars quenched—the worship ended!
A giant mass of ruins without ruin—
Arch, column, portico, frieze, capital,
And sculptured peristyle, in fragments strewing
Each avenue, or tottering to their fall!
Yet still, as to the stars thy columns soar,
Heedless if man uproot thee or adore,
Proud revelation of the proud of yore!

THE MAGDALEN.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

THE cold hand of death presses harshly upon me,
  The last fearful conflict draws rapidly nigh ;
But shame and disgrace lie more heavily on me,
  I wish not to live, while I tremble to die.
Yet deem not, though friendless—degraded—forsaken,
  I write to upbraid thee in bitterness wild;
Reproaches are vain : and I seek but to waken
  Thy latent remorse for my innocent child.

I once had a father, whose fond heart delighted
  To cherish, indulgent, the child of his love ;—
Ah ! how was that partial indulgence requited !
  How weak did the thought of that tenderness prove !
Yet still, though with curses indignant he spurns me,
  His heart may relent, ere my rest shall arrive ;
For Hope whispers soft, 'mid the fever that burns me :
  Where God stoops to pardon, there man *must* forgive.

I once had a mother—I mean not to wound thee,
Though conscience must startle appalled at her name;
Thou know'st with what virtue her confidence crowned thee,
How she sank in despair at the breath of my shame.
Alas ! she is fled—yet, in darkest dishonour,
Her bosom was still firm and tender to me;
Her last feeble accents, when death was upon her,
Spoke peace to her daughter and pardon to thee.

And soon shall I follow, where anguish and weeping
To silence are hushed in the rest of the tomb;
But the babe at my bosom unconsciously sleeping—
He shared not my guilt—must he share in my doom ?
I charge thee in death, by each once-cherished token
Of love,—by the young days when innocence smiled;
By the woes thou hast wrought,—by the hearts thou hast broken;
By the God who shall judge thee—watch over my child !

Engraved by E. Finden

FRANCE.— LYONS.

LYONS.

It was in the autumn of [illegible] that, after traversing [illegible], I first entered the ancient city of Lyons. I [illegible] young [illegible] for its object the [illegible] still left [illegible] upon my [illegible] of my life, was [illegible] strictly [illegible] servant, I had [illegible] by way of [illegible] and, visiting the [illegible] of [illegible], had [illegible] my course to be [illegible], to the [illegible] gigantic [illegible] by which [illegible] to the sky. [illegible] after [illegible] I had extended my route as far as the [illegible] Gulf, and, returning through Tuscany, [illegible] for Marseilles, with the view of exploring the [illegible] valleys of Provence and Languedoc.

I have no recollections connected with Lyons, on which I do not linger with an [illegible] and delight. Amid that dim and [illegible] ness which [illegible] all the objects of my memory, I [illegible] as vivid as it was [illegible]

LYONS.

It was in the autumn of the year 1788 that, after traversing Italy from north to south, I first entered the ancient town of Lyons. I had quitted England young and unhappy; and my journey, which had for its object the diversion of those sorrows that have still left their blight upon my heart, and flung a cloud over all my life, was as excursive in its plan as it was utterly lonely. Accompanied only by a single servant, I had entered Italy by way of Switzerland; and, visiting the plains of Piedmont, had suffered my course to be bounded, to the westward, by that gigantic barrier by which nature has linked them to the sky. Hence, after turning eastward to Venice, I had extended my route as far as the Tarentine Gulf; and, returning through Tuscany, embarked for Marseilles, with the view of exploring the rich valleys of Provence and Languedoc.

I have no recollections connected with Lyons, on which I do not linger with an indescribable fondness and delight. Amid that dim and shadowy indistinctness which shrouds almost all the objects of my memory, I have an impression, as vivid as it was twenty

years ago, of the evening when, like the dawning of a new hope, its white walls and stately temples first rose upon my eye, from the blue waters of the Rhone. Those pangs with which I had gazed on the receding cliffs of my own England, had lost their first bitterness, beneath the blue skies and sweet influences of sunny Italy; and the agonies of that wound which has never healed, had been softened and subdued by time and travel. I had been many days sailing up the Rhone, or wandering upon its picturesque banks; and I remember, with an exactness which is almost magical, every feature of its shifting panorama. Every castellated tower and lordly chateau; every cliff which rose abruptly from the water, darkened by the tendrils of the wilding vine, and spangled with the silver stars of the clematis; every smooth slope which swelled away, in gentle acclivity, crowned with its tuft of lofty pines and chesnuts, and garlanded with the mountain ash and golden laburnum; and every vista through which the eye wandered over the luxuriant plains of Dauphiné, with their Alpine back-ground, or caught glimpses of peasant groups, dancing in the moonlight;—all these are still present to my mind, with a clearness which partakes of reality. I sometimes think I should know again, wherever I met them, the long dark tresses of the village girls who crossed my path in that journey; and I have dreaming moments, when I am

haunted by every bright face which looked out upon me from the clustering vines, and every wild snatch of melody that reached my ear from the valleys of Languedoc.

It was in the deep and sabbath stillness of an autumnal sunset, that the little barge which I had hired at Tournon approached Lyons. The stealing motion with which we glided along, impelled by a single long oar, plied from the roof of the canopy under which I sat, suited well with the mood of mind in which I found myself. My boatman was a native of Crussol, and relieved the languor and monotony of his employment by the vintage music of his own Languedoc. It was in fine keeping with the hour and the scene; and I lay back in the boat, and yielded to their mingled influences. The sky, overhead, was still bright and blue; but, far to the east, the giant Alps, which had, all day long, formed a boundary-line of fantastic and ever-varying forms, began to lie like shapeless and indistinct masses upon the horizon. Groups of wandering Savoyards were occasionally seen, through some opening on the right bank of the river, dancing their sarabands beneath groves of limes and chesnuts, or threading their way to the magnificent towers of Lyons; and, not unfrequently, the sunburnt visage and gazelle eye of Arragon or Castile gazed upon us, from its rude bivouac upon some green slope, as we stole along

shore. To the left, the eye stretched over the rich Lionois, and rested upon the mountains of Auvergne, with their hundred peaks defined and brightened in the gorgeous glories of a splendid sunset. In front rose the heights of Saint Sebastian, with their hanging thickets of vines and olives, and their white chateaux and villages gleaming in the evening sun.

I was inexpressibly soothed, and already gazed, with a feeling nearer to happiness than any which I had long experienced, on those lofty summits, dark beneath their purple harvest; at whose feet, my heart told me, Lyons lay, like a home of repose. The sound of its many bells came wafted distinctly, but distantly, on the still air; and their lively chimes, as they rang out for vespers, were finely contrasted with the deep and solemn tolling from its old cathedral. At every vista, the eye ranged over the plains of Dauphiné, or the distant champaigns of Burgundy; and rested, for relief from the almost oppressive feeling of richness which the warm flush of the departing daylight gave to their yellow harvests, on the white walls, peeping forth from their sheltering groves, which dotted every rising ground; or on the luxuriant clusters which dark-eyed girls were training, in festoons, along the branches of the stately elms. Amid this scenery the river wound its meandering way; with the shadows projected far into its blue waters, from the western bank; and, here and

there, a single lazy sail reflected on its glowing mirror, or a solitary barge gliding along the eastern shore, where it lay, like a line of light, pointing to Lyons. There was that still and breathless hush which, if not so deep, is more deeply felt than at twilight; broken only by those sounds which add to silence, by marking it more strongly. The song of the boatman had died away; and the dull plash of his oar would have been startling in the stillness, had it been less frequent. The gush of music which had been poured, all day, upon our path, in a flood of rich and complicated harmony, was exchanged for the chirping and interrupted note of some solitary bird; and the faint sound of laughter, borne at intervals through the calm air, from some scene of the vintage, with the chiming of the far-off bells, spoke of life—but of life in the distance—and threw into strong relief the silence which reigned around.

I was in a dreaming mood; yet do I remember, without any of the indistinctness of a dream, all which passed in my mind, and before my eyes, as I lay, and looked up into the evening sky. That bright blue which is so intense and beautiful in Italy and the southern provinces of France, was now beginning to deepen, before the influence of the approaching twilight. Eastward, the eye followed its gradually darkening hues, till it crossed a single line of faint light, reflected from the opposite splendours, and then

lost itself amid the shadows that were mysteriously gathering above the huge and distant Alps. Over the western horizon, the clouds lay piled up in golden masses, forming combinations, and revealing depths of unimaginable splendour and incomprehensible intricacy. Yet are they distinctly present to me now, in all their gorgeousness of glory, and mystery of detail: I remember watching a fleet of light, fleecy clouds, slowly sailing in the blue depths above me, before an eastern breeze, unfelt on earth; and turning into gold, as they severally approached the west. I could, at this moment, draw the whole of them, in all their shifting varieties of form; for I traced them, one by one, till they anchored in the flood of western light, and formed, in marshalled glory, around the sun.

It was with something like a start, that I was awakened from these contemplations, by the voice of my boatman, once more falling upon my ear, in one of the songs of his country; and I became, at once, sensible of the progress which I had made. I had been so utterly lost in thought, that I had not perceived, till thus aroused, that I was in the midst of sights and sounds. The river, now lying in broad and deepening shade, was studded with sails and covered with barges; many of them carrying lanterns at their sterns, in anticipation of the descending twilight. There lingered just light sufficient to show that the stream swept away in a magnificent reach,

without disclosing the mystery which hung over its further course. A grove of limes and acacias, which skirted the left bank, revealed enough, however, to indicate its direction; for over their dark tops, and in their intervals, the eye caught glimpses of domes and towers, gleaming in the last flash of daylight. The lights were beginning to glance along the heights of Saint Sebastian; and the spire of its chapel shone like a star, above the loftiest summit, in the departing glory. The vesper chimes had ceased, but the great bell of the cathedral boomed slowly and heavily on the ear. A short interval—one little hour (for we paused to enjoy the scene, ere we turned the point), and Lyons—my own adopted Lyons—the beauty of Southern France,—lay before me; with her old Roman amphitheatre, and all her princely palaces and splendid temples revealed in the brightening moonlight;—stretching her arms across the waters to her suburban subjects; and watching, like a presiding genius, the union of "the arrowy Rhone" with his river-bride!

Lyons is fallen now!—changed indeed, since the day when she was to me a "city of the heart!" Yet I dwell upon these recollections, and upon all connected with her, as upon the one bright vision of my youth—a dream of most pervading beauty. It is painful to think how long and lingeringly such dreams haunt us, from their very infrequency. I have

at times thought that there was something in the soft and soothed feelings with which, as a stranger, I approached Lyons, prophetic of all that she was destined to be to me. But I believe I mistake, as we are often fond to do, causes for effects; and that to the tranquillity which had taken place of the long tempest of passion in my breast, before I reached this home, is to be ascribed much of that influence which it gained over me, as immediately associated with such a change:—the young heart has a power of investing all around it with its own inward charm, and transferring to outward objects that beauty and harmony which it finds within itself!

I spent three years in Lyons. There, first, did I seek a resting-place, after months of painful wandering; and there, first, did I find friends, and gaze on "sweet familiar faces," after I had been led, in the feverish and festering agony of a bruised spirit, to abjure the one and the other. It was there that I first learnt to look calmly back upon the past, and to think, without madness, on the loss of the dead, and—bitterer far—the coldness of the living! From a life that has been darkened by many sorrows, and shaken by many storms, I am fond of singling out these three years, as my little era of peace. I turn to Lyons, as it then was,—and as it is no more,—as to a spring in the long desert of my existence; beside which I lingered a little while, and left it, to find,

in all my journey, no fountain of equal freshness, and no spot of such soft repose. Hence it is that every thing belonging to my residence there is so distinctly traced in a memory, dim and uncertain on all other subjects, and apt to lose the detail of its sorrows, in one gloomy generalization. There were many things, besides, in the situation and circumstances of Lyons, at that time, which my imagination is ever resting upon, and using for its own purposes. That dreadful tempest which had visited France, in the preceding summer, with a violence which has no parallel in the annals of Europe, and that utter blight of the husbandman's hopes which attended it, had been less severely felt in the Lionois than in most other parts of France; and her many sources of wealth, by means of her extended commerce, had left her less exposed to its more melancholy consequences. Those principles, too, which were beginning to spread from the capital, over all the northern departments, and which ultimately led to the bloodiest scene in the whole drama of civilized existence, had not yet spread their dark shade over the sunny south. All was peace, and tranquillity, and joy. There were no signs betokening that time, so near at hand, when the squares of Lyons, filled with her bravest and her best, were to be swept with grape-shot; and her blue river with its bright shores, to echo the cries of the thousands

who were launched upon their mysterious journey, along its waters. This exemption from ill, in troubled seasons, acting upon a heart which had already found peace within its walls, had taught me to look upon the town of my adoption, as some fairy-land of repose, far removed from the tempests of the world. The very fate which awaited it, though directly calculated to destroy such dreaming impressions, has, by that strange inconsistency with which ardent temperaments cherish their favourite theories, increased and perpetuated the impression of love with which I look back on this second home. I have visited it in its widowhood;—visited it since its walls were torn down, and its lofty structures laid in the dust; and I could not know it, in its mourning. I have sought the place which I loved in youth, and —I found it not! This is the stratagem by which my heart contrives to escape, from the contemplation of its decay. I look back upon Lyons, as upon a mere dream, which belonged only to my youth;—as upon something utterly vanished and gone. There are hours when I sit and picture it to myself as a little magical world, to which I have lost the clue; when I think it may still be existing—bright as in my brain—like another Ambaran valley, in some spot apart from the realities of life;—shut out, like a lost paradise, from mortal reach. These are day-dreams, indeed; but I have learnt to love

day-dreams; and, as I am not fond of having my illusions broken, I have never since revisited Lyons. I will see it no more. Such was my determination, the last time I ever gazed on the lovely and lonely town, from the overhanging heights of St. Sebastian; and with this resolution, I sought, once more, all its scenes of early association, which the spoiler had left untouched. My first and last visits were to the grave of Aline Lorraine.*

T. K. H.

* Her story will be found in a subsequent portion of this volume.

A POET'S BENEDICTION.

Transmitted to a Young Lady, in a distant county, who had desired " a few lines" in the Author's own hand-writing.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

SPIRITS in heaven may interchange
  Thoughts, without voice or sound;
Spirits on earth at will can range
  Wherever man is found;—
Their thoughts (as silent and as fleet
  As summer-lightnings in the west,
  When evening sinks to glorious rest,)
In written symbols meet.

The motion of a feather darts
The secrets of sequestered hearts
  To kindred hearts afar,
As in the stillness of the night,
Quick rays of intermingling light
  Sparkle from star to star.

A spirit to a spirit speaks
  Where these few letters stand;
Strangers alike,—the younger seeks
  A token from the hand
That traced an unpretending song,
  Whose numbers won her gentle soul,
  While, like a mountain-rill, they stole
In trembling harmony along:—

What shall the Poet's spirit send
To his unseen, unseeing friend?
—A wish as pure as e'er had birth
In thought or language of this earth.
CYNTHIA is young,—may she be old;
  And fair, no doubt,—may she grow wrinkled;
Her locks, in verse at least, are gold,—
  May they turn silver, thinly sprinkled;
The rose her cheek, the fire her eye,
Youth, health, and strength successive fly,
And in the end—may CYNTHIA die!

"Unkind!—Inhuman!"—Stay your tears,
I only wish you *length of years*;
And wish them still, with all their woes
And all their blessings, till the close:
For Hope and Fear, with anxious strife,
Are wrestlers in the ring of life;
And yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,—
Are but alternate joy and sorrow.

Now mark the sequel;—may your mind
In wisdom's ways true pleasure find,
Grow strong in virtue, rich in truth,
And year by year renew its youth;
Till, in the last triumphant hour,
The spirit shall the flesh o'erpower,
This from its sufferings gain release,
And *that* take wing, and part in peace!

Sheffield.

LOVE.

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

Thy stream, oh Love divine! rolls on,
The sweeter for the waste around;
'Tis when all other joys are gone,
Thy joys are most refreshing found.

So, down dread Etna's burning side,
A wondrous rill for ever flows;
As pure, as cool, as those which glide
Through regions of unmelting snows.

THE THREE KATES.

BY W. JERDAN, ESQ.

When first I saw sweet Katherine,
  What fond ambition filled my soul!
Could I but make that creature mine,
  How happily my years would roll!
Hers were the limbs so finely formed,—
  Round, polished, soft, and feminine;
To life the marble Venus warmed—
  Oh, could I make that creature mine!

Hers was the shape's luxuriant swell;
  The bosom full, and full of truth;
Hair that in raven ringlets fell
  O'er the clear careless eye of youth.
Hers music's voice,—hers beauty's smiles,
  The small white hand, the grace divine;
All Nature's charms—all Love's dear wiles:—
  Oh, could I make that creature mine!

Sweet Katherine's mother next I saw,
  Plump, fair, and forty—pleasing still:
Her time *had been* men's hearts to draw,
  And hold them captive at her will.

And recollected joys might yet
  In images less passionate move;
Repeating, till taught to forget
  What ecstacies were thine, young Love!

Still buxom was the cheerful dame,
  Still bright her eye, still fresh her face;
Age nor had curbed her spirit tame,
  Nor ploughed her brow with furrowy trace.
Pondering, methought when I might see
  Some Springs o'er Hope's fruition passed,—
And to my throbbing heart would she,
  My KATE, as stirless be at last.

But higher up the stream of life,
  KATE's mother had a mother too:
She had been wooed, had been a wife,
  And Love's and Wedlock's feelings knew.
Now dim her eye and moist, but ah!
  Youth's liquid lustre was not there;
Her once soft hand a bony claw,
  And gray and thin her ebon hair.

Faded the rose upon her cheek;
  Shrivelled her limbs, as if in scorn;
Her voice, once music, harsh though weak;
  Palsied her head, once stately borne.

Alas ! Alas ! blithe gamesome Kate,—
  I groaned as viewed the upward line,—
Is this the certain law of Fate ?
  Wouldst *thou* be changed so, wert thou mine ?

Yes, onward, onward flows the tide :
  Love's raptures bless Youth's revel day ;
The matron staid succeeds the bride,
  And follows fast Eld's sad decay.
Why then rebel at the decree ?
  Come, ripe and bursting bud, be mine !
Three Kates, and thou the third, I see—
  To see a fourth I'll not repine.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Fare thee well! 'Tis meet we part,
  Since other ties and hopes are thine;
Pride that can nerve the lowliest heart,
  Will surely strengthen mine!
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
  Repress each struggling sigh,
Call back the thoughts thou led'st astray,
  Then lay me down and die!

Fare thee well!—I'll not upbraid
  Thy fickleness or falsehood now:—
Can the wild taunts of love betrayed
  Repair one broken vow?
But if reproach may wake regret
  In one so false or weak,
Think what I *was*—when first we met,
  And read it—on my cheek!

Fare thee well! On yonder tree
  One leaf is fluttering in the blast,
Withered and sere—a type of me—
  For I shall fade as fast!
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou,
  Thy wandering heart to save
From the keen pangs that wring mine now;
  I have but one—the grave!

SONG

OF

THE HINDOO WOMEN,

While accompanying a widow to the funeral pile of her husband.

On the decease of the husband, if his widow resolves to accompany him to the world of Spirits, a funeral pile is erected, covered with an arbour of dry boughs, where the dead body is placed: the living victim follows dressed in her bridal jewels, surrounded by relations, priests, and musicians. After certain prayers and ceremonies, she takes off her jewels, and presenting them with her last blessing to her nearest relative, she ascends the funeral pile, enters the awful bower, and placing herself near the body of her husband, with her own hand generally sets fire to the pile, which being constantly supplied with aromatic oils, the mortal frames are soon consumed; and the Hindoos entertain no doubt of the souls' reunion in purer realms. During the cremation, the noise of the trumpets and other musical instruments, overpowers the cries of the self-devoted victim, should her resolution fail her: but those who have attended this solemn sacrifice, assure us, that they always observed even the youngest widows manifest the greatest composure and dignity throughout the awful scene.

Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.

She who follows her husband to another world, shall dwell in a region of joy for so many years as there are hairs on the human body, or thirty-five millions.

The Laws of Unggira and Heerut.

Not in grief to the pile we go
With looks of fear, or sounds of woe,

But timing our steps to the eager swell
Of Citarr and Vin *—while each silver bell
That hangs on our dancers' feet resembles
The Lotos white when the dark wave trembles.

Proudly falls the raptured beam
Of the setting sun on our goddess' stream;
And there the tall ship meets his ray—
The gaudy Bolio's streamer gay—
The fabric slight—and the sail of snow
Of native boat, or Arab Dow;
And he smiles, as the offerers fondly tell,
On each floating wreath and gilded shell
That brightly on the waters swell.

The groves that hang o'er the river's bank,
Each sculptured temple, and shaded tank, †
With Ganga's ‡ festal lights are gleaming,
Through porch and lofty column streaming:—

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* Musical Instruments.

† A lake or reservoir of water, often surrounded with strong masonry, and the banks adorned by mango, banian, and tamarind trees.

‡ Ganga is the goddess of the Ganges. During the festivals which commemorate her descent to earth, crowds of people assemble near the river, bringing offerings of fruit, rice, flour, sweetmeats, &c. and hang garlands across the river, even where it is very wide. At some of these festivals the banks of the Ganges are in many places gaily illuminated.

Haste, Lillah, haste, the rites are done,
Thy last bright thread of life is spun;—
A moment, and its limit breaks—
A moment, and thy spirit wakes
From its earthly dream, in a land afar,
Higher and brighter than sun or star!
Each golden gate and ruby key,
And curtain of light, shall ope' for thee,
Till last and brightest of the seven, *
Where Brahma dwells, shall be thy heaven!

We have wreathed thine arms with bracelets bright,
With chains of gold thine ancles light;
Thy limbs are dewed with fragrant ghee,
With many a balm from many a tree,
And o'er them falls thy light shalie.†
Thy dark and root-stained locks confined,
No longer float upon the wind;
O'er them each bright flower sheds its bloom—
The precious ottar its perfume;

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* Some of the Hindoos (like the Mahomedans) believe their heaven and hell divided into different stages, which are peopled by different kinds of angels and gods, and in which exists various degrees of happiness and misery.

† The shalie is a light upper garment, generally composed of silk or cotton, and forms a very graceful drapery round the figure.

Thy hand the sacred grass * is bearing—
Thy head the bridal veil is wearing;
And every jewel on thy breast,
And every wreath upon thy vest,
Glows in that sunset-light afar,
Each flower a gem—each gem a star.

The Gooroo † and the wild Fakeer, ‡
Pilgrim and Parsee,§ crowd thy bier;
And there the Brahmin, nobler far,
With flowing robe and white zennaar, ||
Is waiting with the sacred fire,—
Lillah the phœnix of the pyre!
Each precious gum and odorous bough
Have grove and forest yielded now,
To rear a costlier shrine for thee
Than blessed the bird of Araby.

Haste, then, with glittering fingers dress
The couch thy faithful limbs must press,

---

* The Cusha grass is esteemed sacred: the hands of the bride and bridegroom are bound together with it when they are married; and the widow generally carries some of it in her hand when she walks to the funeral pile.

† A spiritual teacher.

‡ A religious mendicant.

§ The Parsees are descendants of the Persian fire-worshippers.

|| The sacred thread, composed of twisted cotton, worn by the Brahmins over the left shoulder.

And scatter, with a tearless eye,
Thy flowers upon each passer by;
While shouts of triumph to thy fame
Shall mingle with the mounting flame
That bears thee, as a chariot bright,
To Vishnoo's thousand halls of light:—
Haste, Lillah, haste, the rites are done,
Thy last bright thread of life is spun.

M. J. J.

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

Forgive thy foes;—nor that alone,
  Their evil deeds with good repay,
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
  And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant Sandal bow
  In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
  Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

LINES

BY THE LATE ISMAEL FITZADAM,

(The Sailor Poet.)

Written a short time previous to his death.

Lady, look not thus mildly soft on me—
It melts deep memory into fruitless tears;
Blue glance, and glow of rose, but ill agree
With tyrant pain's anticipated years.
No: gloomier themes befit my waning hour:
The ocean-wreck—the ruin's crumbling wall—
The blasted heath—the blighted valley flower,
With not one tear of dew to weep its fall;—
Scathed by the arm of heaven, the desert pine—
The brook's white channel bare, without a wave;
These suit the fallen wretch—these then be mine,
Announcers of no deprecated grave.
Yet might one wild devotion—sole but strong—
Indulgence from the good, the lovely prove,
This breast would breathe, in unforbidden song,
Its latest weakness—lady is it love?
Yes, let thy love's pure light still smile for me,
Like silent moonlight 'round a leafless tree.

LEIXLIP CASTLE.

An Irish Family Legend.

BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The incidents of the following tale are not merely *founded* on fact, they are facts themselves, which occurred at no very distant period in my own family. The marriage of the parties, their sudden and mysterious separation, and their total alienation from each other until the last period of their mortal existence, are all *facts*. I cannot vouch for the truth of the supernatural solution given to all these mysteries; but I must still consider the story as a fine specimen of Gothic horrors, and can never forget the impression it made on me when I heard it related for the first time among many other thrilling traditions of the same description.

The tranquillity of the Catholics of Ireland during the disturbed periods of 1715 and 1745, was most commendable, and somewhat extraordinary; to enter

into an analysis of their probable motives, is not at all the object of the writer of this tale, as it is pleasanter to state the fact to their honour, than at this distance of time to assign dubious and unsatisfactory reasons for it. Many of them, however, showed a kind of secret disgust at the existing state of affairs, by quitting their family residences, and wandering about like persons who were uncertain of their homes, or possibly expecting better from some near and fortunate contingency.

Among the rest was a Jacobite Baronet, who, sick of his uncongenial situation in a Whig neighbourhood, in the north—where he heard of nothing but the heroic defence of Londonderry; the barbarities of the French generals; and the resistless exhortations of the godly Mr. Walker, a Presbyterian clergyman, to whom the citizens gave the title of "Evangelist;"—quitted his paternal residence, and about the year 1720 hired the Castle of Leixlip for three years, (it was then the property of the Conollys, who let it to triennial tenants); and removed thither with his family, which consisted of three daughters—their mother having long been dead.

The Castle of Leixlip, at that period, possessed a character of romantic beauty and feudal grandeur, such as few buildings in Ireland can claim, and which is now, alas, totally effaced by the destruction of its noble woods; on the destroyers of which the writer

would wish "a minstrel's malison were said."—Leixlip, though about seven miles only from Dublin, has all the sequestered and picturesque character that imagination could ascribe to a landscape a hundred miles from, not only the metropolis but an inhabited town. After driving a dull mile (an *Irish* mile) in passing from Lucan to Leixlip, the road,—hedged up on one side by the high wall that bounds he demesne of the Veseys, and on the other by low enclosures, over whose rugged tops you have no view at all,—at once opens on Leixlip Bridge, at almost a right angle, and displays a luxury of landscape on which the eye that has seen it even in childhood dwells with delighted recollection.—Leixlip Bridge, a rude but solid structure, projects from a high bank of the Liffey, and slopes rapidly to the opposite side, which there lies remarkably low. To the right the plantations of the Veseys' demesne—no longer obscured by walls—almost mingle their dark woods in its stream, with the opposite ones of Marshfield and St. Catharine's. The river is scarcely visible, overshadowed as it is by the deep, rich and bending foliage of the trees. To the left it bursts out in all the brilliancy of light, washes the garden steps of the houses of Leixlip, wanders round the low walls of its churchyard, plays with the pleasure-boat moored under the arches on which the summer-house of the Castle is raised, and then loses itself among the rich

woods that once skirted those grounds to its very brink. The contrast on the other side, with the luxuriant vegetation, the lighter and more diversified arrangement of terraced walks, scattered shrubberies, temples seated on pinnacles, and thickets that conceal from you the sight of the river until you are on its banks, that mark the character of the grounds which are now the property of Colonel Marly, is peculiarly striking.

Visible above the highest roofs of the town, though a quarter of a mile distant from them, are the ruins of Confy Castle, a right good old predatory tower of the stirring times when blood was shed like water; and as you pass the bridge you catch a glimpse of the waterfall, (or salmon-leap, as its called,) on whose noon-day lustre, or moon-light beauty, probably the rough livers of that age when Confy Castle was "a tower of strength," never glanced an eye or cast a thought, as they clattered in their harness over Leixlip Bridge, or waded through the stream before that convenience was in existence.

Whether the solitude in which he lived contributed to tranquillize Sir Redmond Blaney's feelings, or whether they had begun to rust from want of collision with those of others, it is impossible to say, but certain it is, that the good Baronet began gradually to lose his tenacity in political matters; and except when a Jacobite friend came to dine with

him, and drink with many a significant " nod and beck and smile," the King over the water ;—or the parish-priest (good man) spoke of the hopes of better times, and the final success of the *right* cause, and the old religion ;—or a Jacobite servant was heard in the solitude of the large mansion whistling " Charlie is my darling," to which Sir Redmond involuntarily responded in a deep base voice, somewhat the worse for wear, and marked with more emphasis than good discretion ;—except, as I have said, on such occasions, the Baronet's politics, like his life, seemed passing away without notice or effort. Domestic calamities, too, pressed sorely on the old gentleman : of his three daughters, the youngest, Jane, had disappeared in so extraordinary a manner in her childhood, that though it is but a wild, remote family tradition, I cannot help relating it :—

The girl was of uncommon beauty and intelligence, and was suffered to wander about the neighbourhood of the castle with the daughter of a servant, who was also called Jane, as a *nom de caresse*. One evening Jane Blaney and her young companion went far and deep into the woods ; their absence created no uneasiness at the time, as these excursions were by no means unusual, till her playfellow returned home alone and weeping, at a very late hour. Her account was, that, in passing through a lane at some distance from the castle, an old woman, in the *Fingallian* dress,

(a red petticoat and a long green jacket,) suddenly started out of a thicket, and took Jane Blaney by the arm: she had in her hand two rushes, one of which she threw over her shoulder, and giving the other to the child, motioned to her to do the same. Her young companion, terrified at what she saw, was running away, when Jane Blaney called after her—" Good bye, good bye, it is a long time before you will see me again." The girl said they then disappeared, and she found her way home as she could. An indefatigable search was immediately commenced—woods were traversed, thickets were explored, ponds were drained,—all in vain. The pursuit and the hope were at length given up. Ten years afterwards, the housekeeper of Sir Redmond, having remembered that she left the key of a closet where sweetmeats were kept, on the kitchen-table, returned to fetch it. As she approached the door, she heard a childish voice murmuring—" Cold—cold—cold—how long it is since I have felt a fire!"—She advanced, and saw, to her amazement, Jane Blaney, shrunk to half her usual size, and covered with rags, crouching over the embers of the fire. The housekeeper flew in terror from the spot, and roused the servants, but the vision had fled. The child was reported to have been seen several times afterwards, as diminutive in form, as though she had not grown an inch since she was ten years of age, and always crouch-

ing over a fire, whether in the turret-room or kitchen, complaining of cold and hunger, and apparently covered with rags. Her existence is still said to be protracted under these dismal circumstances, so unlike those of Lucy Gray in Wordsworth's beautiful ballad :

> Yet some will say, that to this day
> She is a living child—
> That they have met sweet Lucy Gray
> Upon the lonely wild;
> O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
> And never looks behind ;
> And hums a solitary song
> That whistles in the wind.

The fate of the eldest daughter was more melancholy, though less extraordinary ; she was addressed by a gentleman of competent fortune and unexceptionable character : he was a Catholic, moreover ; and Sir Redmond Blaney signed the marriage articles, in full satisfaction of the security of his daughter's soul, as well as of her jointure. The marriage was celebrated at the Castle of Leixlip ; and, after the bride and bridegroom had retired, the guests still remained drinking to their future happiness, when suddenly, to the great alarm of Sir Redmond and his friends, loud and piercing cries were heard to issue from the part of the castle in which the bridal chamber was situated.

Some of the more courageous hurried up stairs; it was too late—the wretched bridegroom had burst, on that fatal night, into a sudden and most horrible paroxysm of insanity. The mangled form of the unfortunate and expiring lady bore attestation to the mortal virulence with which the disease had operated on the wretched husband, who died a victim to it himself after the involuntary murder of his bride. The bodies were interred, as soon as decency would permit, and the story hushed up.

Sir Redmond's hopes of Jane's recovery were diminishing every day, though he still continued to listen to every wild tale told by the domestics; and all his care was supposed to be now directed towards his only surviving daughter. Anne living in solitude, and partaking only of the very limited education of Irish females of that period, was left very much to the servants, among whom she increased her taste for superstitious and supernatural horrors, to a degree that had a most disastrous effect on her future life.

Among the numerous menials of the Castle, there was one "withered crone," who had been nurse to the late Lady Blaney's mother, and whose memory was a complete *Thesaurus terrorum*. The mysterious fate of Jane first encouraged her sister to listen to the wild tales of this hag, who avouched, that at one time she saw the fugitive standing before

the portrait of her late mother in one of the apartments of the Castle, and muttering to herself—"Woe 's me, woe 's me! how little my mother thought her wee Jane would ever come to be what she is!" But as Anne grew older she began more "seriously to incline" to the hag's promises that she could show her her future bridegroom, on the performance of certain ceremonies, which she at first revolted from as horrible and impious; but, finally, at the repeated instigation of the old woman, consented to act a part in. The period fixed upon for the performance of these unhallowed rites, was now approaching;—it was near the 31st of October,—the eventful night, when such ceremonies were, and still are supposed, in the North of Ireland, to be most potent in their effects. All day long the Crone took care to lower the mind of the young lady to the proper key of submissive and trembling credulity, by every horrible story she could relate; and she told them with frightful and supernatural energy. This woman was called *Collogue* by the family, a name equivalent to Gossip in England, or Cummer in Scotland, (though her real name was Bridget Dease;) and she verified the name, by the exercise of an unwearied loquacity, an indefatigable memory, and a rage for communicating and inflicting terror, that spared no victim in the household, from the groom, whom she sent shivering to his rug, to the

Lady of the Castle, over whom she felt she held unbounded sway.

The 31st of October arrived,—the Castle was perfectly quiet before eleven o'clock; half an hour afterwards, the Collogue and Anne Blaney were seen gliding along a passage that led to what is called King John's Tower, where it said that monarch received the homage of the Irish princes as Lord of Ireland, and which, at all events, is the most ancient part of the structure. The Collogue opened a small door with a key which she had secreted about her, and urged the young lady to hurry on. Anne advanced to the postern, and stood there irresolute and trembling like a timid swimmer on the bank of an unknown stream. It was a dark autumnal evening; a heavy wind sighed among the woods of the Castle, and bowed the branches of the lower trees almost to the waves of the Liffey, which, swelled by recent rains, struggled and roared amid the stones that obstructed its channel. The steep descent from the Castle lay before her, with its dark avenue of elms; a few lights still burned in the little village of Leixlip—but from the lateness of the hour it was probable they would soon be extinguished.

The lady lingered—"And must I go alone?" said she, foreseeing that the terrors of her fearful journey could be aggravated by her more fearful purpose.

"Ye must, or all will be spoiled," said the hag,

shading the miserable light, that did not extend its influence above six inches on the path of the victim. "Ye must go alone—and I will watch for you here, dear, till you come back, and then see what will come to you at twelve o'clock."

The unfortunate girl paused. "Oh! Collogue, Collogue, if you would but come with me. Oh! Collogue, come with me, if it be but to the bottom of the castle-hill."

"If I went with you, dear, we should never reach the top of it alive again, for there are them near that would tear us both in pieces."

"Oh! Collogue, Collogue—let me turn back then, and go to my own room—I have advanced too far, and I have done too much."

"And that's what you have, dear, and so you must go further, and do more still, unless, when you return to your own room, you would see the likeness of *some one* instead of a handsome young bridegroom."

The young lady looked about her for a moment, terror and wild hope trembling at her heart;—then, with a sudden impulse of supernatural courage, she darted like a bird from the terrace of the Castle, the fluttering of her white garments was seen for a few moments, and then the hag who had been shading the flickering light with her hand, bolted the postern, and, placing the candle before a glazed loophole,

sat down on a stone seat in the recess of the tower, to watch the event of the spell. It was an hour before the young lady returned; when her face was as pale, and her eyes as fixed, as those of a dead body, but she held in her grasp *a dripping garment*, a proof that her errand had been performed. She flung it into her companion's hands, and then stood panting and gazing wildly about her, as if she knew not where she was. The hag herself grew terrified at the insane and breathless state of her victim, and hurried her to her chamber; but here the preparations for the terrible ceremonies of the night were the first objects that struck her, and, shivering at the sight, she covered her eyes with her hands, and stood immoveably fixed in the middle of the room.

It needed all the hag's persuasions (aided even by mysterious menaces), combined with the returning faculties and reviving curiosity of the poor girl, to prevail on her to go through the remaining business of the night. At length she said, as if in desperation, "I *will* go through with it: but be in the next room; and if what I dread should happen, I will ring my father's little silver bell which I have secured for the night,—and as you have a soul to be saved, Collogue, come to me at its very first sound."

The hag promised, gave her last instructions with eager and jealous minuteness, and then retired to her own room, which was adjacent to that of the young

lady. Her candle had burned out, but she stirred up the embers of her turf fire, and sat nodding over them, and smoothing her pallet from time to time, but resolved not to lie down while there was a chance of a sound from the lady's room, for which she herself, withered as her feelings were, waited with a mingled feeling of anxiety and terror.

It was now long past midnight, and all was silent as the grave throughout the Castle. The hag dozed over the embers till her head touched her knees, then started up as the sound of the bell seemed to tinkle in her ears, then dozed again, and again started as the bell appeared to tinkle more distinctly;—suddenly she was roused, not by the bell, but by the most piercing and horrible cries from the neighbouring chamber. The Crone, aghast for the first time, at the possible consequences of the mischief she might have occasioned, hastened to the room. Anne was in convulsions, and the hag was compelled reluctantly to call up the housekeeper (removing meanwhile the implements of the ceremony), and assist in applying all the specifics known at that day, burnt feathers, &c. to restore her. When they had at length succeeded, the housekeeper was dismissed, the door was bolted, and the Collogue was left alone with Anne; the subject of their conference might have been guessed at, but was not known until many years afterwards; but Anne that night held in her hand, in the shape of a weapon with the use of

which neither of them was acquainted, an evidence that her chamber had been visited by a being of no earthly form.

This evidence the hag importuned her to destroy, or to remove, but she persisted with fatal tenacity in keeping it. She locked it up, however, immediately, and seemed to think she had acquired a right, since she had grappled so fearfully with the mysteries of futurity, to know all the secrets of which that weapon might yet lead to the disclosure. But from that night it was observed that her character, her manner, and even her countenance, became altered. She grew stern and solitary, shrunk at the sight of her former associates, and imperatively forbade the slightest allusion to the circumstances which had occasioned this mysterious change.

It was a few days subsequent to this event that Anne, who after dinner had left the Chaplain reading the life of St. Francis Xavier to Sir Redmond, and retired to her own room to work, and, perhaps, to muse, was surprised to hear the bell at the outer gate ring loudly and repeatedly—a sound she had never heard since her first residence in the Castle; for the few guests who resorted there came and departed as noiselessly as humble visitors at the house of a great man generally do. Straightway there rode up the avenue of elms, which we have already mentioned, a stately gentleman, followed by four servants, all mounted,

the two former having pistols in their holsters, and the two latter carrying saddle-bags before them: though it was the first week in November, the dinner hour being one o'clock, Anne had light enough to notice all these circumstances. The arrival of the stranger seemed to cause much, though not unwelcome tumult in the Castle; orders were loudly and hastily given for the accommodation of the servants and horses;—steps were heard traversing the numerous passages for a full hour—then all was still; and it was said that Sir Redmond had locked with his own hand the door of the room where he and the stranger sat, and desired that no one should dare to approach it. About two hours afterwards, a female servant came with orders from her master, to have a plentiful supper ready by eight o'clock, at which he desired the presence of his daughter. The family establishment was on a handsome scale for an Irish house, and Anne had only to descend to the kitchen to order the roasted chickens to be well strewed with brown sugar according to the unrefined fashion of the day, to inspect the mixing of the bowl of sago with its allowance of a bottle of port wine and a large handful of the richest spices, and to order particularly that the pease pudding should have a huge lump of cold salt butter stuck in its centre; and then, her household cares being over, to retire to her room and array herself in a robe of white damask for

the occasion. At eight o'clock she was summoned to the supper-room. She came in, according to the fashion of the times, with the first dish; but as she passed through the ante-room, where the servants were holding lights and bearing the dishes, her sleeve was twitched, and the ghastly face of the Collogue pushed close to hers; while she muttered "Did not I say *he would come for you*, dear?" Anne's blood ran cold, but she advanced, saluted her father and the stranger with two low and distinct reverences, and then took her place at the table. Her feelings of awe and perhaps terror at the whisper of her associate, were not diminished by the appearance of the stranger; there was a singular and mute solemnity in his manner during the meal. He eat nothing. Sir Redmond appeared constrained, gloomy and thoughtful. At length, starting, he said (without naming the stranger's name,) "You will drink my daughter's health?" The stranger intimated his willingness to have that honour, but absently filled his glass with water; Anne put a few drops of wine into hers, and bowed towards him. At that moment, for the first time since they had met, she beheld his face—it was pale as that of a corpse. The deadly whiteness of his cheeks and lips, the hollow and distant sound of his voice, and the strange lustre of his large dark moveless eyes, strongly fixed on her, made her pause and even tremble as she raised the glass to her lips;

she set it down, and then with another silent reverence retired to her chamber.

There she found Bridget Dease, busy in collecting the turf that burned on the hearth, for there was no grate in the apartment. "Why are you here?" she said, impatiently.

The hag turned on her, with a ghastly grin of congratulation, "Did not I tell you that *he* would come for you?"

"I believe he has," said the unfortunate girl, sinking into the huge wicker chair by her bedside; "for never did I see mortal with such a look."

"But is not he a fine stately gentleman?" pursued the hag.

"He looks as if he were not of this world," said Anne.

"Of this world, or of the next," said the hag, raising her bony fore-finger, "mark my words—so sure as the—(here she repeated some of the horrible formularies of the 31st of October)—so sure he will be your bridegroom."

"Then I shall be the bride of a corse," said Anne; for he I saw to-night is no living man."

A fortnight elapsed, and whether Anne became reconciled to the features she had thought so ghastly, by the discovery that they were the handsomest she had ever beheld—and that the voice, whose sound at first was so strange and unearthly, was subdued into a

tone of plaintive softness when addressing her;—or whether it is impossible for two young persons with unoccupied hearts to meet in the country, and meet often, to gaze silently on the same stream, wander under the same trees, and listen together to the wind that waves the branches, without experiencing an assimilation of feeling rapidly succeeding an assimilation of taste;—or whether it was from all these causes combined, but in less than a month Anne heard the declaration of the stranger's passion with many a blush, though without a sigh. He now avowed his name and rank. He stated himself to be a Scottish Baronet, of the name of Sir Richard Maxwell; family misfortunes had driven him from his country, and for ever precluded the possibility of his return: he had transferred his property to Ireland, and purposed to fix his residence there for life. Such was his statement. The courtship of those days was brief and simple. Anne became the wife of Sir Richard, and, I believe, they resided with her father till his death, when they removed to their estate in the North. There they remained for several years, in tranquillity and happiness, and had a numerous family. Sir Richard's conduct was marked by but two peculiarities: he not only shunned the intercourse, but the sight of any of his countrymen, and, if he happened to hear that a Scotsman had arrived in the neighbouring town, he shut himself up till assured of the stranger's depar-

ture. The other was his custom of retiring to his own chamber, and remaining invisible to his family on the anniversary of the 30th of October. The lady, who had her own associations connected with that period, only questioned him once on the subject of this seclusion, and was then solemnly and even sternly enjoined never to repeat her inquiry. Matters stood thus, somewhat mysteriously, but not unhappily, when on a sudden, without any cause assigned or assignable, Sir Richard and Lady Maxwell parted, and never more met in this world, nor was she ever permitted to see one of her children to her dying hour. He continued to live at the family mansion, and she fixed her residence with a distant relative in a remote part of the country. So total was the disunion, that the name of either was never heard to pass the other's lips, from the moment of separation until that of dissolution.

Lady Maxwell survived Sir Richard forty years, living to the great age of 96; and, according to a promise, previously given, disclosed to a descendant with whom she had lived, the following extraordinary circumstances.

She said that on the night of the 30th of October, about seventy-five years before, at the instigation of her ill-advising attendant, she had washed one of her garments in a place where four streams met, and performed other unhallowed ceremonies under

the direction of the Collogue, in the expectation that her future husband would appear to her in her chamber at twelve o'clock that night. The critical moment arrived, but with it no lover-like form. A vision of indescribable horror approached her bed, and flinging at her an iron weapon of a shape and construction unknown to her, bade her "recognize her future husband by *that*." The terrors of this visit soon deprived her of her senses; but on her recovery, she persisted, as has been said, in keeping the fearful pledge of the reality of the vision, which, on examination, appeared to be incrusted with blood. It remained concealed in the inmost drawer of her cabinet till the morning of her separation. On that morning, Sir Richard Maxwell rose before day-light to join a hunting party,—he wanted a knife for some accidental purpose, and, missing his own, called to Lady Maxwell, who was still in bed, to lend him one. The lady, who was half asleep, answered, that in such a drawer of her cabinet he would find one. He went, however, to another, and the next moment she was fully awakened by seeing her husband present the terrible weapon to her throat, and threaten her with instant death unless she disclosed how she came by it. She supplicated for life, and then, in an agony of horror and contrition, told the tale of that eventful night. He gazed at her for a moment with a countenance which rage, hatred, and despair con-

verted, as she avowed, into a living likeness of the demon-visage she had once beheld (so singularly was the fated resemblance fulfilled), and then exclaiming, "You won me by the devil's aid, but you shall not keep me long," left her—to meet no more in this world. Her husband's secret was not unknown to the lady, though the means by which she became possessed of it were wholly unwarrantable. Her curiosity had been strongly excited by her husband's aversion to his countrymen, and it was so stimulated by the arrival of a Scottish gentleman in the neighbourhood some time before, who professed himself formerly acquainted with Sir Richard, and spoke mysteriously of the causes that drove him from his country—that she contrived to procure an interview with him under a feigned name, and obtained from him the knowledge of circumstances which embittered her after-life to its latest hour. His story was this :—

Sir Richard Maxwell was at deadly feud with a younger brother; a family feast was proposed to reconcile them, and as the use of knives and forks was then unknown in the Highlands, the company met armed with their dirks for the purpose of carving. They drank deeply; the feast, instead of harmonizing, began to inflame their spirits; the topics of old strife were renewed; hands, that at first touched their weapons in defiance, drew them at last in fury,

and, in the fray, Sir Richard mortally wounded his brother. His life was with difficulty saved from the vengeance of the clan, and he was hurried towards the sea-coast, near which the house stood, and concealed there till a vessel could be procured to convey him to Ireland. He embarked *on the night of the 30th of October*, and while he was traversing the deck in unutterable agony of spirit, his hand accidentally touched the dirk which he had unconsciously worn ever since the fatal night. He drew it, and, praying "that the guilt of his brother's blood might be as far from his soul, as he could fling that weapon from his body,"—sent it with all his strength into the air. This instrument he found secreted in the lady's cabinet, and whether he really believed her to have become possessed of it by supernatural means, or whether he feared his wife was a secret witness of his crime, has not been ascertained, but the result was what I have stated.

The separation took place on the discovery:—for the rest,

I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the Tale as 'twas told to me.

GREECE.

L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra, è d'amor piena;
Ma, per me lasso! - - - - -
Sono un deserto.— *Petrarca.*

MORN dances on the waters, day
Springs like a giant on its way;
The God of Poesy and light
Shoots up to heaven's cerulean height,
As eager still to view the clime
Where once he dwelt in pomp sublime,
And breathed his oracles, whose sound
Electrified the nations 'round;
Here rose Dodona's sacred wood;
Here Delphi's central temple stood;
And here in his light hours of mirth,
The God forsook his sacred cell
Beneath a lowlier roof to dwell,
And woo the fair ones of the earth.
Here Pindus stood—here still he stands—
The guardian of his native lands;
He lifts to heaven his hoary peaks,
And of past glories proudly speaks.

Each lovely spot of this sweet coast
Some holy presence once could boast,—
Some God of tutelary power
Came down in his consenting hour,—
Some Goddess, weary of the blaze
Of skies, made this her dwelling-place :
The cypress-bower, the myrtle-cave,
The leafy wood, the crystal wave,
They haunted,—and on every hand
Their incensed temples filled the land.
Now we may see where'er we tread,
That these have sunk and those have fled.
Of their sublime, resplendent fanes
A few gray columns strew the plains ;
Vainly the learned brain would pore
Their worn, time-eaten legends o'er,
And cull their fame to fill its own
Poor little record of renown.
Of *them* a brilliant name is left
By sweeping ages unbereft—
Such as the mind of man can give
To make the unimmortals live ;
Such as high inspiration brings
When the rapt soul divinely sings ;
In praises such as flourish long
From sons of everlasting song,
Who bent to them the adoring knee,
And so sublimely harped, that we,

Who live in these severer times,
On distant coasts in harsher climes,
Beguiled, almost, receive as true
Their brilliant tales and worship too.

B.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

Although, dear maid, so soon we part,
Sometimes recall the hour we met;
This hectic of a hoping heart
Forget not—ah, forget not yet!
When others praise thine angel mien
Loud in the flattering canzonet,
Who breathes thy name in songs unseen
Remember yet, remember yet!

The rose, stolen from thine own blest bower
To sweeten parting's vain regret,—
The tear which thus proclaims thy power,
Forget not, oh, forget not yet!
When others of their fondness boast,
And claim presumed affection's debt,
Whose heart says least whilst feeling most
Remember yet, remember yet!

MY GREYHOUNDS

Rememberest thou my Greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From leash or slip there never sprang,
More fleet of foot or sure of fang.

Sir W. Scott.

BY THE REV. F. W. BARNARD.

OH! dear is the naked wold to me,
Where I move alone in my majesty!
Thyme and cistus kiss my feet,
And spread around their incense sweet;
The laverock, springing from his bed,
Pours royal greeting o'er my head;
My gallant guards, my greyhounds tried,
March in order by my side;
And every thing that 's earthly born,
Wealth, and pride, and pomp, I scorn,
    And chiefly thee,
Who lift'st so high thy little horn,
    Philosophy!

Wilt thou say that life is short,
That wisdom loves not hunter's sport;

But virtue's golden fruitage rather
Hopes in cloistered cell to gather?
Gallant greyhounds, tell her—here,
Trusty faith, and love sincere,
Here do grace and zeal abide,
And humbly keep their master's side.
Bid her send whate'er hath sold
Human hearts—lust, power, and gold—
A cursed train—
And blush to find, that on the wold
They bribe in vain.

Then let her preach! The Muse and I
Will turn to Gracchus, Gaze, and Guy;
And give to worth its proper place,
Though found in nature's lowliest race.
And when we would be great, or wise,
Lo! o'er our heads are smiling skies;
And thence we'll draw instruction true,
That worldly science never knew.
Then let her argue, as she will!—
I'll wander with my greyhounds still,
(Halloo! halloo!)
And hunt for health on the breeze-worn hill,
And wisdom too.

SIX SONNETS,

Translated from Petrarch.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

I.

ALONE and pensive, o'er each desert scene
With slow and melancholy step I stray;
Nor seeks my glance aught further to survey,
Save where no human foot has ever been.
My hapless state thus only can I screen
From curious eyes, that throng the public way:
For, ah! too well my gaiety's decay
Betrays without, the fire that burns within.
And here each torrent stream, each devious mead—
Wildly I deem—each mount, each forest knows
My life's keen anguish, hid from her alone!
Yet track so rough, so wild, I never tread,
But Love, companion of my wanderings goes—
Expostulating still, as still he hears me moan.

II.

Deemed I that death could banish from my breast
The lovelorn thought that holds me chained below,
These hands ere this had dealt the mortal blow,
And eased of all their load my limbs unblest.

But since such change, I fear, by Heaven's behest
Would pang for pang, and war for war bestow;
Midway across the interval I go,
Which parts me from that state, and midway rest.
Yet sure 'twere time the last keen shaft were sped
From that unpitying bow, whose arrowy store
(Bathed in the heart) with life's rich stream are red!
Love I in vain, and Death's deaf ear implore:
With his own hues Death tinged my cheek, and fled;
Nor thinks how fain my foot would press his peaceful
shore.

III

Ah! beauteous Freedom, how dost thou reveal,—
Thus, thus divorced from me,—my blessed lot,
When that first shaft, from Beauty's quiver shot,
Planted the wound that time shall never heal!
There did mine eyes so of their anguish feel
Enamoured, reason's curb availed not;
Nor earthly circumstance they valued aught,
By me inured to cherish woe for weal.
Vainly I strive to listen, save when she,
My doom, the theme: the air with her sweet name
Thrills every where—no softer sound can be:
Here only Love's keen goadings harass me;
This my sole track: nor knows my hand to frame
For other lady's brow the wreath of minstrelsy.

IV.

O spot! to me beyond all other fair,
Where Love's light form that gentle footstep stayed,
And bent on me those pure eyes I surveyed,
Which shed a balmy stillness o'er the air!
Sooner might time, impatient to impair,
With crumbling touch the diamond's block invade,
Than from my view that gracious vision fade,
Which graved by memory on my heart I bear:
Nor shall I ever pass thee, often seen,
But I will bow myself the mark to trace,
Where that dear foot such courtesy displayed;
And should dread Love within his breast have place,
By my Sennuccio, when he treads the green,
Be shed some few fond tears, one tender sigh be paid!

V.

When in the tone Love lends his votaries
I hear your gentle accents, with delight,
So does my kindled passion sparkle bright,
That thence the extinct might draw new life's supplies.
Then present is that loved one to mine eyes,
As erst all sweet and calm she met my sight,
In garb which needs no bell of matin-rite
To rouse me, wakened by my echoing sighs.

Light to the breeze I see her tresses flung,
Her neck reflected, and her smile serene—
See in my heart, of which she holds the key:
But so the transport trembles on my tongue,
That, where she sits majestical within,
I do not dare pourtray—how fair, how glorious she.

VI.

Ne'er viewed I Phœbus in such glory rise,
When not a cloud obscured the blue serene;
Nor e'er in sunniest shower heaven's bow was seen
With hues so glittering bright to span the skies;
As when I first beheld those radiant eyes;
Was poured to my dismay their fatal sheen;
Unrivalled they in Love's encounter keen—
But my weak lyre to him her praise denies.
Love I observed, and felt so deep the glow
His tender glance awoke, that all beside
Is to my fervid fancy dim and cold:
—Yes; well I watched him, with his bended bow,
Sennuccio, though on me 'twas to be tried—
And madly would again the perilous sight behold.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM READ, ESQ.

THE Infant at its mother's breast
  Will reach to grasp the stars above—
So I, alas! have lost my rest
  By aiming at ambitious love.

I saw thee, and my peace was gone,
  'Mid orbs that beamed till you drew nigh;
And madly set my heart upon
  The brightest star in beauty's sky.

And oft, and oft, with visions rife,
  This heart hath fondly hoped secure
To steer through all the storms of life,
  When you should be its cynosure!

But vain were hopes, and vain was love,—
  A wanderer on a troubled sea,
For me no planet glows above,
  No haven smiles on earth for me!

THE MILITARY SPECTACLE.

I canna tell a', I canna a',
Some gat a skelp and some gat a claw—
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
And they rode and they run,
And afore they were done,
There was many a Featherstone gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.
Old Border Ballad.

"GENTLE Reader," if you are young and imaginative, allow me to request, before you proceed, that you will not let these words "Military Spectacle" carry your ideas into foreign parts, among battles, sieges, victories, and processions; for my tale has nothing to do with "the pomp and circumstance of *war*." It contains merely the "short and simple annals" of an "auld lang syne" Military Spectacle, exhibited, no one but myself knows where, by the nobody but myself knows what County cavalry, in honour of one of the birthdays of our late venerable King. I am thus precise in my narrative, lest some person or other should maliciously suppose it intended to convey an accurate description of any local military spectacle which may have been performed

during the *present reign*. Forbid it, truth and justice! that a Sergeant in the ——— Yeomanry should so indecorously and unjustly libel his civil-military brethren!

How well do I remember that 4th of June! I could almost fancy myself once more in that quiet country town, *then* in a complete uproar with men, women, and children, "little dogs and all," assembled to see the sight. I could think I heard again the rich ringing melody of those church-bells, shrilly, and yet sweetly, overpowering all the din and dissonance of human voices. But I am getting sentimental, and so reader, instead of giving you my history from the mouldy stores of memory, I will just turn to my note-book, and transcribe for you what I wrote down two hours "after sight." There—the ink is pale with age, but the sketch is vivid enough; for it was taken *literally*, and when I was young—"Ah, happy days! once more, who would not be a boy?"

I believe I am admirably fitted to be the historian of the ——shire Cavalry, because their evolutions are, in point of order and discipline, pretty much upon a par with my own. They entered the street with the order and regularity of a flock of geese making for a barn door. Some came in quick time, others in slow time, but the generality came in no time at all;—the riders sat as upright as they are accustomed to do in the counting-house, and

the horses held up their heads to the full as well as when their necks are hampered by the cart collar. Not a few riders seemed frightened at their steeds; many of the steeds appeared equally alarmed at their riders; and, to my thinking, the spectators had a very reasonable dread of *both.* I cannot describe the numerous and *peculiar* movements which they went through on that august occasion; for it struck me as doubtful, whether they were taken from any military system at present existing, or whether they were invented for the especial use of the ——shire Cavalry, or whether they were not the especial invention of the ——shire Cavalry themselves.

At length, however, they succeeded in forming a straight line, i. e. one not entirely crooked; and in standing still, i. e. being in only occasional motion. There were servants, children, and underlings, on the house-tops, and in the attics; in the stories below stood shop-girls and professional ladies and gentlemen of all kinds: this class had been indulged with a little holiday to look at the soldiers, and they further indulged themselves with the hope that the soldiers would look at them. There were, I must admit, some really genteel, sensible people (like my own party) who came for a lounge, for a laugh, but from no vulgar motive whatsoever. Others there were, who came from the pure, downright, determined love of sight seeing; matrons, neither few nor

small, staring and shouldering, and sucking oranges at the windows, very much like children at a puppet-show; and they thought the sight very fine, and they themselves were very fine—but it struck me there was a sad want of refinement altogether. The spectators were, however, too full of curiosity, and the cavalry too full of themselves, to have any attention to spare for the ladies.

I now hasten to the last, panic-striking, soul-subduing moment of letting the pistols off!—Really, in this age of inventions, it is a shame that some little natty contrivance cannot be discovered for discharging by proxy all the pistols and muskets of all the volunteer corps and yeomanry troops on public occasions! What an expense of nervous feeling would be spared alike to the heroes, and equally heroic spectators! Up the rank rode the Captain, down the other side dashed the Cornet, as much anxiety on one face and as much confusion on the other, as if they had been school-boys on a reciting day. Up and down, and down and up they rode, charging the men before they charged, and, doubtless, giving them all the information they possessed themselves; but as the two officers were frequently lecturing the same man, one in his right ear, the other in his left, it is not surprising, that coming thus in opposite directions, the directions themselves should frequently have been opposite. Orders were rapidly succeeded by

counter-orders—but the previous habits of the corps led them to understand the *counter* ones best!

I could not hear the Captain's "last words" distinctly as he rode up the rank, but his face was expressive, and I flatter myself I have guessed them pretty accurately, when I give the following as a specimen. 'My good fellow, when you fire take both hands.' —'B. mind that lady's eye-glass.'—'C. my boy, the pistol in your *right* hand.'—'Rose of love, hold your handkerchief to your eyes when you perceive the smoke, and here's my vinaigrette.'—'Surgeon, have you lint and bandages?'—'Cornet, bid the tailor, the tanner, the tea-dealer, and the tinman, fire *up* in the air, and not *across* the street.'—'Gentlemen, of all denominations! remember our fame—bright eyes are on you—bid faint heart farewell—if any of you tremble, drop the bridle and cling to your horse's mane. (Sergeant, keep fast hold of my leg.) Gentlemen, again—courage—honour—glory and———fire!'

How shall I describe that awful moment! the men sighed, the horses panted, and at last with an internal 'now for it,' pop-pop-pop went the pistols of as many as could pull their triggers; the horses reared, and pranced, and plunged, and ran forwards, and fell backwards, and reeled sideways:

The pell-mell deepens! On ye brave!
Sit firmly, and your saddles save!
Wave, Cornets, all your banners wave!
And halt with all your cavalry!

Alas! this was for some time perfectly impossible! Off went pistols, and down went helmets! One hero got his foot out of his own stirrup, whilst that of a neighbour's intruded into it; some strayed to the vicinity of their horses' necks, and not a few wandered to the less honourable neighbourhood of the tail! But at last all was right, and then they enjoyed the shouting, and helped to shout too,—but whether from having enjoyed the spectacle, or from being rejoiced at its conclusion, seemed a little uncertain. Then, the ladies swung their handkerchiefs, which were as white as those articles generally are on public occasions. The soldiers bowed and looked pleased, for they had done their duty, and were his Majesty's soldiers; and they were sound in "lith and limb;" and their swords were in their scabbards (rattling like knives in a knife-box); and they were going to have a good dinner, and hear long speeches after it.

So I came home, and I thought their not having injured themselves was one good thing, but their not having injured any one else was a better. And every body who had seen them thought so too!

M. J. J.

THE SANCTUARY.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

In this wise the Duke of Glocester took upon himself the order and governance of the young King, whom with much honour and humble reverence he conveyed towards London. But and the tidings of this matter came hastily to the Queen, a little before the midnight following, and that, in the secret-wise, her son was taken, her brother, her son, and other friends, arrested, and sent no man wist whither, to be done with God wot what. With which tidings the Queen, with great heaviness, bewailed her child's reign, her friends' mischance, and her own misfortune; damning the time that ever she dissuaded the gathering of powers about the King, got herself, in all haste possible, with her young son and her daughter, out of the Palace of Westminster, in which they then lay, into the Sanctuary, lodging herself and company there in the Abbot's place.

Speed's History of England, Book ix.

Scene I.

Elizabeth, *widow of* Edward IV., *in the Palace at Westminster, watching her younger son,* Richard, *sleeping.*

Eliz. The minster-clock tolls midnight—I have watched
Night after night, and heard the same sad sound

Knolling—the same sad sound, night after night;
As if amid the world's deep silence, Time,
Pausing a moment in his onward flight,
From yonder solitary, moon-lit pile,
More awful spoke, as with a voice from heaven,
Of days and hours departed, and of those
That "are not," till, like dreams of yesterday,
The very echo dies.

Oh! my poor child,
Thou hast been long asleep—by the pale lamp
I sit and watch thy slumbers—thy calm lids
Are closed; thy lips just parted; one hand lies
Upon thy breast, that scarce is seen to heave
Beneath it; and thy breath so still is drawn,
Save to a sleepless mother's listening ear,
It were inaudible;—and see, a smile
Seems even now lighting on thy lip, dear boy,
As thou wert dreaming of delightful things
In some celestial region of sweet sounds,
Or summer-fields, and skies without a cloud—
(Ah! how unlike this dark and troubled world.)
Let not one kiss awaken thee—one kiss,
Mingled with tears and prayer to God in heaven.
So dream—and never, never may those eyes
Awake suffused with tears, as mine are now,
To think that life's best hopes are such a dream!
Now sleeps the city through its vast extent,
That, restless as the ocean-waves, at morn,

With its ten thousand voices shall awake,
Lifting the murmur of its multitude
To heaven's still gate!—Now all is hushed as death—
None are awake, save those who wake to weep
Like me : save those who meditate revenge,
Or beckon muttering Murder.—God of heaven!
From the Hyæna, panting for their blood,
Oh! save my youthful EDWARD—and, poor child,
Preserve thy innocence to happier hours :
Hark!—There is knocking at the western gate.

[*A messenger enters, and announces to her that her brother had been arrested on the road, by the* DUKE *of* GLOSTER.

Eliz. Oh! my poor child, thou sleepest now in peace!
Wilt thou sleep thus, another year? Shall I
Hang o'er thee with a mother's look of love?
Thus bend beside thy bed? thus part the hair
Upon thy forehead? and thus kiss thy cheek?
Richard, awake! the tiger is abroad!
We must to Sanctuary instantly.

(RICHARD *awaking.*)

Rich. Oh! I have had the sweetest dreams, dear mother;
Methought my brother Edward and myself,
And——

Eliz. Come, these are no times to talk of dreams,
We must to Sanctuary, my poor boy—

We'll talk of dreams hereafter—kneel with me.

[*Takes him from his couch and kisses him.*

Rich. Mother, why do you weep and tremble so?

Eliz. I have a pain at heart!—Come, stir thee, boy,
Lift up thy innocent hands to heaven, here kneel
And pray with me before this crucifix.

[*Her daughters enter, and they all kneel together.*

Scene II.

In Sanctuary at Westminster.

Rich. Oh! my dear mother, why do we sit here,
Amid these dusky walls and arches dim,
When it is summer in the fields without,
And sunshine? Say, is not my brother King?
Why will he not come here to play with me?
Shall I not see my brother?

Eliz. My own child,—
Oh! let me hide these tears upon thy head!
Thy brother! shalt thou see him? yes, I hope—
Come, I will tell a tale. There was a boy,
Who had a cruel uncle—

Rich. I have heard
My uncle Gloster was a cruel man—
But he was always kind to me, and said,
That I should be a king, if Edward died;

I'd rather be a bird, to fly away,
Or sing.—
Eliz. The serpent's eye of fire,
With slow and deadly glare, poor bird, I fear,
Is fixed on thee and Edward—God avert it!
Rich. And therefore must not I go out to play?
Eliz. Go, play among the tombs—I will go too—
Go, play with sculls and bones, or see the train
Of sceptred kings come slowly through the gloom,
And widowed queens move in the shroud of death
Along the glimmering aisles, and hollow vaults;—
Would I were with them—I shall be so soon.
Rich. Mother, methought I saw him yesterday—
Eliz. Saw whom?
Rich. My father—and he seemed to look—
I cannot say how sadly—could it be
His spirit? He was armed, but very pale,
And sorrowful his countenance. I heard
No sound of footsteps when he moved away,
And disappeared among the distant tombs
In further darkness.—
Eliz. Oh! my son—my son;
Thou hadst a king thy father—he is dead;—
Thou hadst been happier as a peasant's child.
Rich. Oh! how I wish I was a shepherd's boy!
For then, dear mother, I would run and play
With Edward, and we two, in primrose-time,
Would wander out among the villages,

Or go a maying, by some river's side,
And mark the minnow-shoals, when morning shone
Upon the yellow gravel, shoot away
Beneath the old gray arch, or bring home cowslips
For all my sisters—for Elizabeth,
And you, dear mother, if you would not weep so.

Eliz. Richard, break not my heart; give me your
And kneel with me by this cold monument. [hand,
Spirit of my loved husband, now in heaven,
If, at this moment, thou dost see thy son,
And me, thus broken-hearted—oh! if aught
Yet human touches thee, assist these prayers,
That him, and me, and my poor family,
God, in the hour of evil, may protect!
Let not my heart yet break—
Come, my poor boy.

Scene III.

The Cardinal of York*—Queen—Richard.

Eliz. Now, my Lord Cardinal, what is the will
Of our great Lords with me?—Your Grace well knows
I am a helpless woman—have no power—
I only wish, for what of my life remains,

---

* The Cardinal, sent by the Duke of Glocester and the High Commissioners to persuade the Queen to resign her son to them. The dialogue is almost entirely from Speed.

Prayer and repose, and for my poor child here,
Safety.—

Car. The Council, Madam, wish no less ;—
But, for your son, they deem his durance here
Breeds ill report—this separation too
Of those in blood allied, almost of years
The same, who have been cradled in one lap ;
What can it say, but that one brother stands
In peril of the other ?—and besides,
Were it not for the comfort of them both,
That they should be together ? Sport, not care,
Becomes their early years.—

Eliz. I say not NAY—
It is most fitting that my youngest son
Were with the King, his brother—in good faith,
I know it would be comfort to them both ;
But, when I think upon the tender years,
Even of the eldest, I must also think
A mother's custody were best for either.
You have no children, else, I would not ask,
" Is there a guardian like a mother's love ?"
Richard, look up !—This good man here intends
No harm to me or you—look up, my boy—
No power on earth—nothing but death itself
Shall sever us—

What would you more, my Lord?

Car. Madam, no man contendeth that your Grace
Is not the fittest guardian of your child,

And tenderest; but, if so it pleases you
Here to lie hid, shut out from all the world,
Be it for humour or for jealousy,
We hold it meetest, that "no power on earth"
Should so detain a brother of the King's.
And let me add, when reasons of the State
Required the absence of your eldest son,
Yourself were well content—

Eliz. Not very well;—
Nor is the case the same;—one was in health,
The other here declines; and let me marvel
That He, the Lord Protector of this realm,
Should wish him out; for, should aught ill betide,
Suspicion, in some tempers, might arise
Against the keeping of his Grace:—My Lord,
Do they complain that my child Richard here
Is with his desolate and widowed mother,
Who has no other comfort?—Do they claim
His presence, for that here his residence
Consorts not with his fortunes? I am fixed
Not to come forth and jeopardy his life.—

Car. Jeopardy!—where? and how?—why should, indeed,
Your friends have any fears?—can you say why?

Eliz. Truly, nor why in prison they should be,
As now they are—I know no reason why.
But this I know, that they who, without colour,
Have cast them into prison, if they will,

Their death may compass with as little cause.
My Lord, no more of this.

Car. My gracious Queen,
This only let me say—If, by arrest
Your Grace's high and honourable kin
Be now confined, when trial has been had,
They shall do well; and, for your Grace's self,
There never was, nor can be, jeopardy.

Eliz. Why should I trust? That I am innocent!
And were they guilty? that I am more loved,
Even by those enemies, who only hate
Them for my sake!
Therefore I will not forth,
Nor shall my son:—here will we both abide—
These shrines shall be the world to him and me—
These monuments our sad companions;
Or when, as now, the morning sunshine streams
'Slant from the rich-hued window's height, and rests
On yonder tomb, it shall discourse to me
Of the brief sunshine in the gloom of life!
No, of Heaven's light upon the silent grave—
Of the tired traveller's eternal home—
Of hope and joy beyond this vale of tears.

Car. Then pardon me.—We will not bandy words
Further—if it shall please you, generous Queen,
To yield your son, I pledge my life and soul,
Not only for a surety, but estate;
If resolutely still you answer "No,"

We shall forthwith depart; for nevermore
Will I be suitor in this business
Unto your Majesty, who thus accuse,
Either of want of knowledge or of truth,
Those who would stake their lives on the event:—
Madam, farewell.

Eliz.—(*after a pause*)—Stay, let me think again—
If you say sooth, and I have found you ever,
My Lord, a faithful friend and counsellor,
Into your hands I here resign, in trust,
My dearest treasure upon earth,—my son.
Of you I will require him, before Heaven;
Yet, for the love which his dead father bore you,
For kindnesses of old, and for that trust
The King, my husband, ever placed in you,
Think, if a wretched mother fear too much,
O think, and be you wary lest you fear
Too little!—

My poor child! here then we part.—
Richard! Almighty God shower on your head
His blessings, when your mother is no more.—
Farewell! my own sweet son,—yet, ere we part,
Kiss me again, for God doth know, poor babe,
Whether in this world we shall meet again!—
Nay, my boy Richard, let me dry thy tears,
Or hide them in my bosom—dearest child,
God's blessing rest with thee!—Farewell, farewell—
My heart is almost broken—Oh! Farewell.

SPAIN.–FORTRESS OF SAGUNTUM.

[illegible] OF SAGUNTUM

[illegible]

THE

FORTRESS OF SAGUNTUM.

JOURNEYING, many years ago, through the Eastern provinces of Spain, I lingered in Valencia to survey the ruins at Morviedro, the ancient Saguntum. Early one bright morning, I ascended the mountainous range, on the summit of which the remains of the ancient town are situated, and which, stretching out to the waves of the Mediterranean, separates the valleys of Valencia and Almenara.

I gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beauties by which I was surrounded,—on the perfect picture whose loveliness met my view on every side. Wide to the east expanded the dark waters of the sea, foaming and glistening in the beams of the rising day-God; north and south the valleys glowed in the same life-giving splendour. The newly risen spring was gushing forth in very wantonness; and the fertile olives and the golden foliage of the mulberry trees, clothed the sides of the hills and the beau-

tiful plain of Valencia; beyond which, with its light steeples and sun-gilt spires, lay the city itself gleaming in the all-pervading radiance. Herbage, abundant and luxuriant, rioted in fulness; wild flowers sprang up at every step; and the breezes redolent with perfumes, and freshened by the waves over which they were wafted, bore with them a coolness more than delicious; nothing was wanting to the perfect unity of loveliness—the rich natural enchantment of the scene. The songs of innumerable birds saluted the ear, and as the muleteer followed his quadruped companions along the paths that wound around the hills, their jingling bells rang with many a merry peal.

And then with what seeds of reflection, what food for fancy did the spot on which I stood furnish me. The remains of empires, each powerful and splendid in its day of triumph, but now alike faded and vanished, lay crumbling around me. The ancient Fortress mingled in its remains the architecture of nations and times far distant and unlike. The walls that long withstood the power and skill of the Carthaginian, were varied with the barbaric masonry of the Saracen. The strange inscriptions, the horse-shoe arches, and fantastic ornature of the East, were employed to deck the unadorned strength of its former defences. The works of two dynasties had faded away, leaving in their decay one common

monument to the might of Time, their common destroyer.

The glorious recollections of chivalry too, haunted, and hovered over the spot. The wild dreams of poetry—of knights and ladies—rich banquets and gorgeous festivals—the joust and the tournament; schools of romantic honour which lent a polish to the stern and warlike character of the age,—the submission of power to beauty, and strength to weakness;—these, and similar reflections, thronged upon my mind, until fancy almost upreared the perished halls and shattered towers, and peopled the scene with plumed dames and crested warriors, with enthusiastic minstrels and liveried retainers,—all the enchanting pomp and circumstance with which we love to array times and localities, whose distance softens their harsher lineaments, as the veil that hides the features of loveliness, whilst it weakens our perception of their imperfections, enhances in imagination the influence of their charms.

"Alas!" the dreamer would say, in his moments of creative musing, "that these things should be no more! That the noble thoughts and lofty aspirations of the children of chivalry should be lost in the cold policy of statesmen and the mechanic organization of modern warfare. Their love and deep loyalty, courage, and fond devotion; a watchfulness of honour, that knew no stain and brooked no insult,—

that hung a living halo, an impelling spirit around the hearts and feelings of men. Then love was purchased with long service, and service was no burthen when love lightened its chains :—devoted to two ends only, the candidate for love and fame pursued his way, regardless of consequences, either to win by success, the reward of his endeavours, or to perish in the pursuit, attended to the grave by the tears of beauty and the approval of valour."

I determined not to leave this part of the country without paying some further visits to a spot which had laid so forcible a hold upon my feelings. Accordingly I went once, and again. I traced ruins, examined inscriptions, studied arches, and busied myself as much and to as little purpose as a zealous antiquarian who had just added to his name the importance of F.A.S. would have done.

In my researches, I met with an old man who was a more curious, I had almost said, a more antique relic than any I had encountered at Saguntum. Besides his extraordinary physiognomy, the keenness and tenuity of which seemed to me fraught with much meditation, he appeared the most positive and captious old gentleman I had ever met with. In the course of his investigations he had formed divers theories, some of them, it must be admitted, almost as plausible as many which the kindness and generosity of my own countrymen have, at various times,

benevolently patronized. Jerome Casos, for so my ancient friend was entitled, lamented exceedingly his not having lived at the time of the Saracens—from his appearance one would have sworn he had—in order that he might have done the state some service by putting in practice a recipe of his own for conversion of the unbelievers to christianity.

What, however, constituted the principal attraction which induced me to seek an acquaintance with this eccentric person, was the fund of traditionary stories he had accumulated relative to the Fortress and its former possessors. To all other relations, historical or topographical, he turned a deaf ear; they were to him foolishness: but when I indulged in any conjecture or observation at all connected with this, his local hobby-horse, his instantaneous attention, the gleaming of his little eyes, and the pricking up of his chin and nose, expressed the interest he took in the subject. One of these stories, in some measure pruned of the redundancies with which he had encumbered it, I have translated from my journal for the amusement of the reader:

A TRADITION

OF THE

FORTRESS OF SAGUNTUM.

And many a lady there was set,
  In purple and in pall;
But fair Christabelle, so woe-begone,
  Was the fairest of them all.

Then many a knight was mickle of might
  Before his lady gay;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knew,
  He won the prize that day.

His acton, it was all of black,
  His hawberk and his shield:
No, no man wist whence he did come:
No, no man knew where he had gone,
  When he came off the field.

Sir Eauline.

DURING the early contentions between the native Spaniards and their Moorish invaders, (the exact period my informant's chronology was inadequate to supply) the fortress of Saguntum was in the possession of a Spanish Grandee, the representative of

an ancient and distinguished family. The patrimony which had descended to him, unwasted by the excesses of the succeeding owners, had rather increased than otherwise, and Sebastian de Alzavar found himself consequently, on the death of his father, a man of considerable opulence and importance; that is to say, he was owner of the castle of Saguntum, with its domains, and of divers quantities of armour, offensive and defensive, the use of which to define, would infallibly turn the brains of a society of antiquaries of the present day. His sway extended over a tolerable range of territory, the cultivation of a small part of which supplied the Hidalgo and his retainers with the means of pasture for their cattle, and some few vegetable productions; and the much larger portion which constituted the remainder of his petty kingdom, (for, in those days, every noble in his own domain was a monarch) lay waste and barren, except where a few wild olives and straggling shrubs benevolently sprang up of their own accord to enliven the scene. A host of raggamuffins, who protected themselves from the weather by steel caps and quilted doublets, strong enough to withstand a smart stroke from a sword, occupied one spacious department of the buildings, and, on condition of killing and being killed whenever their lord thought proper to demand their services, and of amusing themselves in the interim with duck stones and

other rational recreations, were allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, at the expense of him under whose banner they had enlisted themselves.

But the treasure upon which Sebastian chiefly prided himself, and which had, at all times, attracted much attention to his habitation from wandering knights, good swords and men of worship all, was a daughter whose fame extended beyond the limits of the province, and whose accomplishments were as great as her beauty,—a theme lauded by bards and celebrated by roving minstrels. Besides working tapestry equal to that of Flanders,—being expert at all the domestic exercises in which women were then accustomed to occupy themselves,—expert, I say, beyond any female on record,—it was positively affirmed by those rhodomontading vagabonds the poets, that she was able not merely to spell, but actually to read; whilst some of the boldest of her panegyrists added the useful though difficult and mysterious art of writing, to the list of the lady's acquirements. Then her skill on the guitar was exquisite, and she sang the romantic ballads which once formed the national poetry of Spain (a poetry worthy of a proud nation), with a spirit and feeling sufficient to inspire with heroism a hundred coats of mail. In accomplishments, therefore, Donna Estafina was without a peer.

But brilliant as might justly be the expectations of

one possessed of such unheard-of perfections, there were traits in the lady's character, more touching, though less splendid than those which were sung of in halls at banquets. It was true her admirers praised her beauty; but whilst they lauded the brightness and blackness of her eyes, with all the hyperboles which poets claim to use, the mild expression in which virtue and benevolence beamed from them was little spoken of; and the loveliness of her form was praised and worshipped, when the pure spirit which it served to enshrine was unheeded and unvalued.

I by no means intend to assert, that the lady though blessed with all these excellent qualities was wholly exempt from the failings of her sex: Good and gentle as she was, she was descended from the same original stock as the rest of her species, and, like them retaining a spice of the perverseness of our first mother, was apt to be obstinate when requested to do any thing which warred with her own notions of propriety. Under the influence of this disposition she had refused to take her place in the common hall, when a neighbouring Grandee of great power, wealth, and ancestry, dined at her father's table; and this merely because he was reputed to be addicted to drunkenness and passionate in his cups, as an instance of which it was alleged that he had killed his first wife by his violence, at a time when women claim more

than common kindness from those with whom they are associated.

It happened by the chance of war, that, in an excursion against the Saracens, Alzavar was taken prisoner. In the hope of gaining his freedom, he offered for his ransom enormous sums to the leader who had made him captive. Unfortunately the Saracen being among his own people a man of rank and affluence, was not to be tempted by the Hidalgo's proposals, and they were consequently rejected; not that he was maintained on jail allowance, far from it. On the contrary, he was provided for with due consideration to his station and character; for there was a spirit of wild and romantic generosity in those wars, which prevented men from oppressing or treating with indignity those whom fortune had placed within their power.

But whilst Mirza Abu'l Anwar resisted without effort the temptation of treasure, he was less invulnerable to that of beauty; and the report of the charms of La Bella Estafina, had reached his ear with all the garnishings of fame. In the spirit of the times, he immediately fell in love with this lady although he had never seen her, and at once determined to make the daughter's hand the condition of the liberation of the father; imagining that he should thus without difficulty obtain her for his bride. The difference of religion he considered as a trifling

obstacle, for he was determined to convert his intended to the truths of Moslemism; and as to a thousand other difficulties which presented themselves, they only added fuel to the fire, and lent fresh allurements to the enterprise in which he was determined to engage.

With these thoughts and these resolutions, Mirza betook himself to the apartments of his captive. But here he soon found that he had reckoned without his host; the proud Spaniard refused indignantly his consent to the compact, and the Moslem retired in a fit of disappointment and offended haughtiness.

But in process of time, and as his captivity by being prolonged grew more irksome, Alzavar began to think that there might be no very great harm in coming to some terms with the infidel. He proposed therefore to give him his daughter on the condition of his own immediate liberation, and on the further stipulation that he should vanquish, in single combat, any three Spanish warriors who should successively present themselves to the trial. Spurred on by his passion, and not doubting but that he could overcome the choicest of the knights of Spain, the Saracen consented to his captive's proposal, and fixed that day month for the fulfilment of the contract. Other arrangements were then entered into for the regulation of the combat, and their mutual words having been pledged for the performance of the

stipulations, the only security required, the Spaniard was conducted to the boundary of his own territory and dismissed in safety.

The dismay of Estafina when informed of the peril in which she stood was overwhelming. She had not known love, and thus in her breast the Saracen had no rival; but she was imbued with a strong attachment to her religion, and internally vowed that if she must indeed be yielded to her purchaser, it should not be as a living bride. With no one of her own sex and rank in whom she could confide or with whom she might converse, she had been compelled to seek companionship in her own internal resources, and had resorted to her religion, the only study in which her situation allowed her to engage, with a warmth and ardour of devotion which burned, uninterrupted by meaner considerations, purely and steadily in her breast.

The report was soon spread that the beautiful Estafina was to be the price of her father's liberty, unless ransomed by the disinterested valour of some knightly champion of beauty. But though her father had not doubted, from the celebrity of his daughter's charms, that a warrior would speedily be found able and willing to encounter with success the lance of Mirza Abu'l Anwar, yet he had reckoned too precipitately and without due regard to circumstances; for, surrounded as his domains were on almost every side by the

enemy; occupied as were the Spanish chivalry, and every individual engaged in a warfare of more than common interest to bosoms in which a spark existed of that flame which binds us to our country and our home; and formidable as was the well tried skill and prowess of the Saracen, the intelligence of the proposed combat neither extended so widely, nor was followed by so ready a disposition to engage in it, as Alzavar had looked for. Two knights only had appeared, and the moon was fast waning whose decline was to bring the challenger to the plain of Valencia.

Time galloped withal, yet no succour came; nothing from which even misery could extract the shadow of a consolation; and (for hope delayed maketh the heart sick) the fortitude of the victim sank as the time approached which was to give her up to the arms of an infidel, or leave her the dreadful alternative of closing by self-violence her own existence; a course which she had persuaded herself would, under the circumstances be, if not laudable, at least justifiable. Suns rose and set, and the hours hurried onwards, until the day arrived whose morrow was to determine her fate. Determined, indeed, it already seemed; for it was evident that the two champions who had offered themselves would prove no match for the renowned leader of the Saracens. The day declined, and no other knight had appeared to engage in the next morning's trial.

It was a deep, rich autumnal evening—the winds moaned softly, and the branches quivered in their passing embraces. The small light wave, that curled up its foaming crest to meet the kiss of the breeze, indented the sand with its uniform ripple, whose monotonous beat fell on the ear with a languid and measured iteration of sound. The few birds that yet lingered from their rest, poured forth sad and melancholy strains; the sun blazed over the broad bosom of the tideless Mediterranean, expanded to receive his sinking splendour; and directly opposite, his yellow rival began to throw her watery beams over the dusky mountains. One or two stars dimly twinkled; a dewy mist rose from the herbage, and hung like a mantle over the earth. The sun sank deeper into the waves; the moon rose brighter and higher above the horizon, whilst the blue sky deepened in beauty with the commingling hues of splendour that were interwoven in its glorious canopy.

At this hour of deep and solemn stillness sat the unhappy Estafina, in a tapestried chamber of Saguntum, her mind's tumult a decided contrast to the peace which pervaded the scene before her. The stirring superstitions of the Roman faith, aided as their influence was by the solitary situation, and too great mental susceptibility of the daughter of Alzavar, and cherished and kept alive within her by the legends of saints and the raptures, real or feigned, of the writers whose

works alone she studied, had raised, to a state of feverish and irritable excitement, a mind already enfeebled by anxiety, and tormented by the anticipation of her destiny; until she determined, at length, rather to devote herself to martyrdom than become the victim of the enemy of her faith and her country. To those who know the power of religious fanaticism in straining the mind to an undue and supernatural tension, this will not appear strange, and still less so that it was followed by its constant attendant, a more than proportionable degree of depression and relaxation. Extremes generate each other; and the paroxysm of enthusiasm past, its place in the soul is often usurped by a deep and settled despair. In an agonized state of mind she seated herself in the recess of a window, whose tressilled stone-work and stained panes admitted scantily the red and doubtful light reflected from the yet glowing clouds.

The apartment was one of sombre magnificence. The painted roof was intersected with richly carved groins of cypress, black with antiquity, springing from a cornice of the same material, and adorned with the grotesque representations of a thousand monsters. The walls were covered with tapestry from the looms of Flanders, on which were delineated the wild legends of an age yet more rude and more romantic. But the most remarkable of the ornaments of the chamber, was a picture placed at the

end of the room, near where Estafina sat, presenting a full length portrait of an ancestor of her family—a warrior clad in complete armour. On his shield, and on the mantle in which he was partly enveloped, the red cross denoted him as one of the champions of the faith: a golden chain hung around his neck, and his helmet was decorated with a lofty and sable plume. His countenance, to the extent of the painter's skill, was marked with the lineaments of sternness approaching to ferocity. A black steed stood beside him, decked in the now obsolete trappings of ancient warfare.

Upon this specimen of art Estafina gazed with half unconscious awe. The warrior whom it represented had been handed down to his posterity as famous for his destroying might among the infidels. In a fierce encounter he once bestrode the body of a wounded comrade, and brought him away amid the adverse clashing of a hundred blades, having with his own hand killed five of the enemy. Her familiarity with this tradition caused the wretched maid to gaze with anxious feelings upon the portrait. Had she such an arm (she thought) to smite the Moslem in her behalf, she might be safe; but the warrior had gone to his home long years ago, and there was no one like him at hand to succour her. The sun's last glow had now faded, and the moon and stars held undisputed dominion over the night, yet no help was nigh,

and hope had long since expired. It was then that almost distracted with boundless and irrepressible grief, and deserted by all expectation of human aid, she called on the holy ones of heaven to assist her; it was then that in the weakness and agony of her broken spirit, she cast herself before the picture, and wildly implored her ancestor to deliver her from the perdition that threatened her; and then it was—doubt it who may—that the warrior bowed his head, and his features melted into a look of promise and protection; the air, fanned by his waving plume, wafted over her cheek as she sank to the ground in a state of insensibility, overcome by the mingled hope and terror that throbbed with resistless violence in her breast.

It was long ere she recovered; and when, at last, reviving nature awoke her from the trance into which she had fallen, she found herself in almost total darkness. The moon was no longer abroad casting her rich flood of light around her; the stars were shrouded in thick, dull vapours, and it was with difficulty she explored the way to her sleeping apartment, where she found her attendants wondering at her prolonged absence, and on the point of setting forth in search of her.

She threw herself on the bed, but her slumbers were restless and perturbed. Dismal dreams arose in succession with all their hideous concomitants

of confused and indefinite shapes—dim, loathsome, and terrible. Exhausted more than refreshed, she awoke in the morning to exchange the fears and fever of the imagination, for the yet more dreadful realities which seemed to await her. The attendant maidens busily engaged themselves in the duties of ministering at her toilet—services which she submitted to with sickly and unresisting apathy.

Meanwhile the hammers of the distant workmen, who were laboriously engaged in staking out the place of combat on the level plain of Valencia, fell upon her ear, mingled with the clashing of armour and the clanging tools of the armourers. Every stroke went to her heart, and seemed to ring a death-knell to her peace. At last they died away; but were almost immediately succeeded by a new and, to her, more dreadful note.

It was a faint far-away measure of barbaric music—the wild romantic melody of the East, that, floating on the air, and vibrating in a prolonged and fantastic strain, jarred with horrible discord on her ear. Her maidens gazed on her, and on each other, with looks that required not the aid of language to convey their meaning; and despair beamed in every eye as it was strained in the direction from whence the music appeared to proceed, to catch the first glimpse of the feared and hated Saracen.

One by one, their armour gleaming in the splen-

dour of the morning, the Saracen and his retinue bounded down the steeps that border the plain of Valencia. Spurring their fiery steeds, that needed no such appliances to impel them along, they speedily arrived at the lists. A solemn courtesy was exchanged between the chieftains. Mirza passed to the place assigned for him on the field, and cast down, as he rode along, his glittering gauntlet in token of challenge to his opponents.

Had Estafina been less deeply interested in the scene before her, as she gazed from the lattice of her apartment upon the preparations for the combat, she could not have beheld without pleasure, scarcely without admiration, the noble appearance and bearing of the Saracen. He was clad in a superb suit of scale armour richly embossed, which, fitting close to his person, displayed the symmetry of his well-knit athletic frame; the plume, with which his casque was adorned, adding in appearance to the advantages of a form uncommonly tall and well proportioned. The fleet Arabian on which he rode, was caparisoned in a manner worthy of his rider and himself. It was a beautiful chesnut, and in its mould were admirably blended the requisites of strength and fleetness. His flowing mane sported wildly around the serpent sweep of his proudly arched neck, while bounding on his elastic haunches, he seemed with his sonorous neigh to sound a

haughty triumph over the inferior, though beautiful and valuable, steeds of the two knights; and it was difficult which to admire most, the beauty of the animal or the skill with which his rider governed his every motion.

Meanwhile one of the champions of Estafina slowly advancing, raised on the point of his spear the gage of the Saracen, and in a moment the combatants were at their stations urging and checking their fiery steeds, and waiting but for the signal to try on each other the strength and skill of lance and arm.

It was a moment of fearful and intensely agonizing suspense to the devoted daughter, who in her tower, incapable of speech, sank on her knees uttering silent petitions to heaven, accompanied by the frequent and irrepressible sobs and tears of her weeping maidens. The father's heart, stung with remorse, bled within him,—for no one could doubt the issue of the conflict. At last the marshals of the field gave the expected signal, the thunder of the horses' hoofs beat heavily on the ear—it was followed by a momentary crash, and the Saracen's opponent rolled horse and man on the yellow dust. No one wondered at this termination, yet the certainty that one chance, weak as it was, was lost, chilled the hearts of the father and his daughter.

No sooner was the first conflict terminated than

the other knight presented himself, and the Saracen again returned to his station. Again a period of dread suspense occurred, and again at the sound of the trumpet, the combatants gave the spur to their steeds. They met half-way, and now, for a moment, hope rallied in the breasts of the partisans of Alzavar for so well directed was the lance of the Christian knight, that his opponent seemed to reel in the saddle. It was but for an instant, however, for speedily recovering himself, he bore on his adversary with such force, that the knight's horse slightly rearing, fell upon his haunches, whilst his rider, discomfited by the animal's movements, was unable to withstand the lance of the Saracen, and sinking on the ground, left to his opponent the field and the honour of victory.

It was then that Estafina, still retaining, from the mysterious event of the preceding evening, the glimmer of a hope that some assistance would yet be rendered her, despatched a messenger to her father, requesting that the lists might be kept open till sunset, to await the possibility of the arrival of some third champion. To this arrangement the Saracen had no power to object; and retiring to a tent which was pitched close by the lists, he partook of the refreshments which had been prepared, and awaited the arrival of a new opponent.

The hours were passing swiftly, and Estafina looked

in vain from her tower; no knight was visible. Overcome with agony, she lay fainting in the arms of one of her attendants, when a sudden cry of exultation arose from the plain, and awoke her to life and hope. She looked forth and saw, interposed between her and the melting radiance of the setting sun, the dim dark figure of a warrior on horseback. He seemed at a great distance, but advanced with such celerity that he was soon distinctly visible to every eye. A few moments more and he was at the lists, and snatching a horn from one of the pursuivants, sounded a long and loud note of defiance.

That trembling, fluttering thing, a woman's heart, vibrates between the opposite extremes of joy and sorrow, and hopes and fears, with such enthusiasm, that it was not strange that Estafina, casting off every shadow of a doubt, considered herself as already rescued, and half rebuked the damsel who expressed a hope that the new comer might be successful.

It was evident, to those on the field, that the Saracen did not prepare for the contest with so much indifference as he had previously manifested. His antagonist was, indeed, in appearance, a man not rashly to be encountered. His height and bulk were remarkable, and seemed to require all the strength of the large-made sinewy black steed that bore him. His armour was sable, a broad gold chain hung around his neck, and the mantle which flowed around his form

was marked with a blood-red cross. A large plume of black feathers streamed above his helmet.

All was in readiness. The followers of the Saracen seemed dismayed, whilst those of Alzavar gazed on the scene with confident anticipations. The warriors started on their course, and the earth absolutely quaked beneath the rapid beat of their chargers' feet. The red-cross knight descended like a thunderbolt on his adversary; the violence of his attack was irresistible, and the Saracen, hurled headlong from his seat, lay senseless and motionless on the earth.

To talk of the joy which inspired Alzavar and his daughter would be idle. To the acknowledgments which were heaped upon their deliverer, he answered only by his gestures. He spoke not, and when pressed to remove his helmet, declined, by a wave of his hand, compliance with the request. To Estafina, his appearance and demeanour were a subject of fearful interest, for in him she well recognized her warrior ancestor of the picture. To her expressions of gratitude he replied with a courteous inclination of his head, but not even to her could he be prevailed upon to speak. All were astonished, but too deeply indebted to the stranger to question him on the peculiarities of his demeanour.

When pressed to partake of their evening meal, he assented, and sat down with the rest of the company to the banquet. It was richly and variously heaped

and luscious spiced wines mantled in golden goblets upon the table. Alzavar pledged his guest, who lifted in return the cup, and seemed about to raise his vizor to drink, when at that moment the priest arose and pronounced the customary blessing. The stranger knight replaced the cup, and folding his arms on the board, reclined his head upon them. After he had continued a short time in that posture, his host intimated his apprehensions that his guest was wounded, and desired some one near him to remove his helmet. This request was no sooner complied with than the guests sprang from the board with a start of horror; beneath the helmet all was void. Dismay and confusion filled every breast, whilst, amid the perturbation that ensued, the empty armour fell rattling to the ground.

THE LAST ADIEU.

Oh! Fare thee well, the bitter hour is past,
And the dread conflict of my fate is o'er;—
Of thy loved voice mine ear hath heard its last,
And thy bright form I ne'er may gaze on more!

Yet shalt thou sigh for days for ever gone,
When hope was young, and mutual faith secure;
And thy pale cheek that inward smart shall own
Which thy false bosom must, perforce, endure.

The frown of friends estranged,—Hate's pointed sneer,—
Untempted Wisdom's Pharisaic scorn,—
All that an erring heart could feel or fear,
Hath mine, almost without a murmur, borne.

For thou wert all my lonely hope and pride,—
My polar star when fickle Fortune frowned;
On thy loved breast, life's darkest ills defied,
I nestled safe from storms that raged around.

The lonely shepherd by his natal stream,
  Sees a young wave along its surface gliding,
Now sparkling in the summer's genial beam,
  And now amid the shady willows hiding:

Till sudden, down the cataract's headlong steep
  Hurled 'mid the mass of waters' deafening roar,
It bounds to the vast chasm gloomy and deep,—
  Sparkles to spray—shines—and is seen no more!

I am that wave,—and thus it fares with me,—
  Ruined and lost, what more have I to tell?
What but to offer from my heart to thee
  Its warmest prayer in one wild word—Farewell!

THE SWALLOW AND THE RED-BREAST.

An Apologue.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

THE swallows at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu,
To climes where soon the winter drear
Shall close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As council and advice to take,
E'er they the chilly north forsake;
Then one disdainful turned his eye,
Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,
And thus began, with taunting scorn—
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,
Through the deep winter's dreary day,
Here, dull and shivering shalt thou stay,

Whilst we who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where Summer, still on some green isle,
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.
Thus speeding, far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true, (the red-breast answered meek,)
No other scenes I ask, or seek;
To every change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.
When spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."

AN

IMPERFECT PORTRAIT.

THERE is an hour by favouring heaven
To memory and to fancy given,
An hour of joy that not in smiles
But in a tear its warmth beguiles,—
An hour when earth and heaven are still,
And dewy vale and clouded hill,
And rustling grove and misty plain,
Are sunk in midnight's silent reign,
A deep repose that nothing breaks:
Creation sleeps—the spirit wakes.

A vision meets me in that hour,
  A fairy form by fancy given,
Whose truth would task the extremest power,
  The utmost plastic skill of heaven;—
It is not that the modelled form
Is ripe with beauty purely warm;
It is not that the eyes are bright
As stars in oriental night;
Nor that the golden locks are flowing
By cheeks with beauty's blushes glowing;
Whose eloquence, not heard but seen,
Speaks the mind's loveliness within:

It is not these—though these alone
Might make the sternest hearts their own:
These as an index but reveal
The dearer charms the heart may feel.
The riches of the faultless mind,
From every earthly taint refined;
The heart-born smile, the winning ease,
The never-failing power to please,
And Charity's mild silent tear,
That dims but makes the eye more dear:
These breathe in beauty's every trace,
And lend new life to every grace,
As perfumes closed the vase within
Give worth to that they're buried in.

And was it but a visioned beam—
A fancied form—a pictured dream?
On earth has no such image stood
Of such a bright similitude?
I asked—if there was *one* like this;
And hope and memory answered—Yes!

W. H. A.

ALINE LORRAINE.

My mother had a maid called Barbara:
She was in love; and he she loved forsook her.
. . . . She had a song of Willow;
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it.

Othello.

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music;" and it was at such a time, and in such a frame of mind, that I first saw Aline Lorraine. One evening, soon after my arrival in Lyons, I had crossed the noble bridge which leads to the suburb de la Guillotiere; and wandered about, in the soft twilight, with that heedlessness of purpose, and in that soothed state of feeling, which are the natural influences of such an hour. I left the river and the suburb behind me, and followed, almost unconsciously, a direction from which the sound of merriment came faintly on my ear. The path which I pursued wound through a little thicket of fragrant shrubs and tangled underwood; sheltered beneath the shade of tall pines, along whose stems the wild vine and jasmine twined in rival luxuriance; and interspersed with little copses of laurels and laburnums. The sounds of light-

hearted laughter became more frequent and distinct as I advanced; and the cause and scene of it were revealed, as I emerged from the shaded road which I had hitherto followed, into the bright moonlight. In front of me arose a group of scattered hills, covered, to their summits, with the beauty of the vintage harvest; and dotted with tall elms, along whose boughs the graceful tendrills, rich with their purple clusters, were trained, in picturesque beauty and fantastic forms. On the green slope of one of these rising grounds lay a small hamlet; with its white walls relieved against their dark back-ground, and its little spire just seen above a grove of limes. On the smooth sward in front of the village, youths and girls were dancing to the sound of the flageolet; and the bursts of mirth which had attracted me proceeded from a group of children, who were laughing and shouting in the irrepressible glee of their young hearts, and the mystery of their joy, so incomprehensible to all but themselves.

There are moments when the heart takes a tone of utter repugnance to even the sounds of happiness; against which it is, for the time, vain to contend. The very effort to shake off the oppressive feeling, but increases its power over us; and I have, long since, learned to yield to an evil, against which I have ever found it hopeless to struggle. Solitude is never so solitary as in the midst of crowds; and sadness is

never so sad as when she shows herself in the haunts of gladness. There is no sorrow like that which dwells where joy should be. There was a glow of animation, and a recklessness of gaiety in the scene before me, which I found it impossible to partake; for it reminded me too strongly of my own country. Back on my spirit came the long dream of my youth; with its bright episodes, representing many such scenes shared in my native land, ere I left it, with the friends of better days, ere they left me; and my heart began to ache bitterly. My mind had lost that morbid insensibility which unfitted it to taste the sweet influences and harmonies of nature; but there was something in the sound of boisterous mirth, and in the sight of joy, at that age when joy is so utterly unmingled and so buoyant, directly opposed to all the habits in which it had long indulged; and I perceived that they were beginning to force me back upon the opposite feelings from which I had so lately, and with so much difficulty, escaped. I turned hastily away from a scene with which I could not sympathize; and climbed a wooded steep, that commanded a prospect of the Rhone and Saône, as they wound away amid their beautiful banks, alternately revealed and darkened in the mingling masses of light and shade which chequered their bosoms. Lyons lay in the distance, far below me; with her huge shadows projected broadly into the waters, and her

spires and pinnacles smiling in the light of a southern moon. There was that in the picture of the old town,—with the mantle of darkness flung from and around its feet, and the soft light resting upon its summit, and reflected from every point that looked up towards heaven,—which was calculated to awaken a train of high and holy analogies. Under their impression, the mind might have dwelt upon its vast outline, as upon some beautiful and shadowy abstraction; had not the glancing of lights along its streets, and from the windows, perpetually recalled the contemplation to those human feelings, and passions, and interests, which throbbed within it, and of which each glimmering beacon was a centre and a pledge. The sounds from the village which I had left came upon the ear, softened, by the distance, into a tone which,—though it wafted the voice of joy,—had, in its indistinctness, and in its alternate rise and fall, a touch of sadness; and gave that impression of soft melancholy which an echo leaves,—even when it is the echo of gladness.

I had lain some time in the enjoyment of restored tranquillity, and in the contemplation of the prospect before me, when my attention was roused by a strain of music which appeared to come up from the bosom of the water. The performer was invisible to me; but the breathings seemed like those of a flute, and the air was wild and plaintive. The hour, the

place, and the concealment of its source gave to it a character of unearthly music; and I lay and listened, as to one of those unreal harmonies which have sometimes haunted me in a dream. I was in a right mood for the indulgence of such fancies; and the mysterious effect was much increased by a conviction that the strain was one which I had heard in other times, and amid other objects. There was nothing very remarkable in this; but there are few persons who have not felt themselves, at times, strangely pursued by some broken melody, heard long since, or imperfectly remembered; and scarcely any who have not listened, with an interest wholly unaccountable, to airs mysteriously familiar to their recollection, without the power of recalling the scenes amid which they were heard, or the circumstances which impressed them on the heart:—by fibres so delicately fine, and so utterly incapable of detection, are our sensibilities awakened, and our associations linked together!

I had, however, assured myself that it was one of the melodies of my native island, before it ceased; and a little boat glided from the shadow of an overhanging rock, into the midst of the stream, where it lay bright in the moonlight. The boatman, who wore the embroidered livery of some wealthy house, made for the foot of the hill on which I reclined, and which sloped gently up from the water's edge. I had time,

as the boat approached, to perceive that two persons sat beneath the canopy on which he stood, and from which he managed the long paddle that, on these rivers, serves at once, for oar and helm. One was a female figure; and as she stepped upon a bank which, stretching into the river, served for a pier by which to moor their little barge, I could, even at that height, remark the slender beauty of her graceful form, and the affectionate care of her youthful companion. She ascended the hill, leaning on his arm; and they had stood some time, gazing on the lovely view which it commanded, ere I ventured to advance and accost them, in the language of my country. The sounds seemed to fall upon the young lady's ear like music; for she started, and turning round, disclosed to me, for the first time, the beautiful face of Aline Lorraine.

I have her before me at this moment, as if it were but yesterday! Her beauty was of that kind which no one ever analyzes, while he gazes on it; but I can remember it, now, as belonging to that order which the sculptor never moulds, and the painter seldom delineates. It made its appeal upon the strength of no one of those rules which belong to the art of either; and,—without any of the regular approaches through which beauty generally gains the soul, by attacking some of its outworks,—it seemed, by its own soft and unimaginable charm, to sink at

once upon the heart. Perhaps there is something in the sad story of Aline, and in all my recollections of her, which may affect the competency of my judgment, and the impartiality of my estimate; but, —with features which had no claim to a higher praise than that of regularity,—I am in the habit of thinking that I have never beheld any one so beautiful as Aline Lorraine. But it was beauty of that sort which is only to be felt, and never defined. She was, indeed, a creature to be seen by moonlight! She appeared not more than seventeen; and had the blue eyes and fair hair of England. But the long lashes which fringed the former, and an expression of sadness which seemed natural to her, and was inexpressibly touching in one so young, had deepened their shade, without dimming their sweetness; whilst her luxuriant ringlets, darker than the ordinary shade of Saxon beauty, seemed yet more so, from falling over a brow "pale as monumental marble." Her form was cast in the most exquisite mould of female loveliness; but its extreme delicacy seemed to be in fatal unison with the colour, so transparently beautiful, upon her cheek. The light which sparkled in her blue eyes, under every impulse of passing animation, and the momentary hectic which flushed her pale face, gave sad tokens of the enemy within; and justified the fond solicitude with which her young companion gazed on her. She

spoke to me in the language of her land and mine, and seemed to listen to me, as to the accents of a friend. Her voice was low and sweet; and I am ever thinking it had a tone of sadness. But she is long since dead; and the fact is, in all that relates to her I am apt to be visionary. She was—in that soft and mysterious light by which I first beheld her, and she is—in the recollection how beautiful and how short-lived she was,—so like a dream! She is ever associated, in my mind, with that wild music which first introduced her to my sight. The last time I was at Lyons, and stood upon that very spot, on a bright night, the impression was strong upon me that I heard the same floating harmony, stealing up from the blue waters of the Rhone; and I half expected to see the little shallop glide from the opposite shadows, into the moonlight. Again and again,—in crowds and in solitude,—have I been haunted by that remembered strain; and ever with the feeling, now almost grown into a belief, that the sweet spirit of Aline was present with me; and I have never received that visitation, without feeling my soul exalted, and my heart purified, by its influence. That melody has gained a consecration in my mind, as a type and shadowing of the past; and it would give me pain ever to hear it played by earthly hands. Yet am I fond of listening to snatches of airs which recall it, and looking into faces, to

trace resemblances to that fair-haired girl. For I loved her as a friend, when I had few friends besides; and she was dear to my heart, in the sweetest season of my life and of hers.

The story of Aline is one of that melancholy cast which, yet, contains scarcely any thing for curiosity to learn. Few incidents make up the history of woman; and that of Aline furnishes little more than a record of feelings and affections. It belonged to the same order with her beauty; and, as no attempt to describe the features of the one could give an idea of that loveliness of which they were but the accidents, and not the essence,—so, to those who knew her not, the few events of her existence are scarcely calculated to convey an account of her, whose history was all a history of the heart. The little tragedy of her fate was not completed until some time after I had seen her; but I gathered all its particulars when I was last at Lyons.

The father of Aline belonged to a decayed branch of a family of Norman extraction, long settled in England; and had been designed for the church. In early life, he had given his heart to a beautiful girl in his own neighbourhood: but the expenses of an education, necessary for that station which he was destined to fill, had nearly exhausted the little wealth which he derived from his father; and the object of his affections was, like himself, poor in all

but love. His proud and ardent spirit, transmitted through a long line of ancestors, was ill fitted to struggle against misfortune; but he had expectations of preferment, which had, in some measure, influenced his choice of a profession; and he loved too well to think, for a moment, of involving the woman of his soul in those difficulties which he foresaw might await himself. Month after month, and year after year passed away, in a series of hopes and disappointments; and brought no change to hearts which had loved, not as the world loves,—but a sad one to the brow of his sweet Ellen. Naturally delicate, she was little able to bear these alternations of promise and blight; and that sickness of the soul which springs from "hope deferred," was too visible on her fading cheek.

At length the chance, for which her lover had so long waited, arrived; and the bitterness which uncertainty brings was for ever set at rest, by the preferment which he had expected being given to another. The news fell upon them both with a withering influence; for it seemed as if the curtain of fate had dropped between them, to prevent their union. His slender means were exhausted; and, with a spirit almost broken, he took leave of his early love, to enter upon a small cure, which had been offered him in Devonshire. Their parting hour was one from which she never recovered; for they

had no longer any hope to sustain them; and, as he took her to that heart which he thought would have burst beneath the pressure, and left the last kiss upon her pale lips, he knew that she was fast sinking into the grave. But there was one bright gleam of happiness in store for them yet. He had not been many months settled in the little hamlet which was committed to his care, when the death of a distant relation of his mother put him in possession of a small competency, and placed him in a situation to realize the long-cherished vision of his youth. He returned to his native village, and stood, with his first and only love, at the altar.

I have always held the belief that there is some one moment, in the life of every man, fraught with an intensity of happiness, such as never lingers long, and never returns. I look upon it as the transitory fulfilment of those vague aspirations after a bliss never attained but once, in which the young heart continually indulges; and as the one rapture to which it is perpetually looking back, and by which, unconsciously, it is, for ever, measuring its future pleasures, in a feeling fatal to their enjoyment. I have a conviction that there is such a time to every one, however little he may be aware of its strange and relative influence; and that, on those whose lives have been utterly dark, this one happiness would fall with an overwhelming fatality, were

it not that the very sorrows which have thrown it into such dangerous contrast, have, at the same time, chastened and subdued those feelings upon which it is to act. Oh! that unutterable moment to the long-tried lover, when the fond wish of his early days was accomplished; and she whom he had loved, in gladness and in sorrow, in sweet reliance and in utter hopelessness, was dedicated to him in all her truth, and became wholly his own! The unspeakable joy of listening to those sighs which are not sorrow, and kissing away those tears which tell of any thing rather than woe!

But these raptures were fleeting as they were intense. They had come too late; and the seeds of that fatal disease which long disappointment induces, had taken deep root in the frame of his beautiful wife. The temporary bloom which had come back to her cheek, was daily growing fainter and fainter; and the doting husband felt that his dream of happiness would not be a long one. Two years stole on, and two pledges of their love had promised to crown their union; but the delicate mother had scarcely strength to bring them to their birth, and they opened their eyes on this world, only to close them, for ever, upon its sorrows. She bore up as well as she was able, against these repeated blows; and strove to be even cheerful, for the sake of him who was the idol of her heart. But the effort cost her too

much; and it was evident to all that the struggle was drawing to a close. The warm air of the south of France was recommended; and the fond husband carried her thither, at an expense which, under happier circumstances, his little income would not have justified; and, fixing upon the neighbourhood of Lyons, took up his residence at the little village already mentioned, upon the opposite bank of the Saône.

Beneath the genial climate of this sweet spot, nature made a feeble effort; and, as spring was approaching, the spirit of the husband began to revive. But long before the summer had arrived, the faint flush which had deceived him with the appearance of returning health, had gathered itself into one bright and burning spot upon the pale cheek of his wife, and the last ray of hope had passed from his breast. He hung above his dying beauty—the companion of his childhood, and the beloved of his youth—as she lay with her head in his bosom, and strove to comfort him, who would not be comforted. She spoke of all their love, and wept as she reminded him how true he had been to her. Sometimes, when she saw him yielding to that anguish against which he scarcely attempted to struggle now, she would venture to talk of the days that were yet in store for them. But his heart was no longer to be deceived; and those days, he well knew, were never

to come. The dying moments of his Ellen were brightened by that joy—now hers for the first time—with which a wife clasps her living child to her bosom; and the pangs which ushered Aline into life, were the last her sweet mother was ever destined to know.

The broken-hearted father never returned to England. He lingered beside the grave of his lost Ellen, like the ghost of some shipwrecked miser over the spot where his treasure lies buried. When the first agony of their parting had passed away, he strove to bear up, for the sake of the little motherless one who had been bequeathed to his tenderness, in the last accents of that voice which had ever been his music. It was many days before he could gather composure to see his child; for he was haunted by that sweet smile—the first and last smile of a parent's happiness—with which she had been laid upon his bosom. But, as years glided away, and his little bud of beauty began to expand, it was his joy to sit with his fingers twined in her fair ringlets, and gaze upon a face that was, every day, becoming more and more like her mother's. He would watch her, whole hours, in her playful moods; till she would look up at him with one of those bright glances which reminded him of what his Ellen was in her better days, when he first knew her; and, as the sight of her father's tears threw a shadow over the sweet child's brow, he would

turn away from a countenance which was too like that of his dead love, after sorrow had come down upon her young heart.

But he felt that this was not to last; for his health was, day by day, declining, before the internal anguish which consumed him. A life of almost uniform bitterness had done its work upon him; and its effects were beginning to be too visible, now that she who had been all its sweetness was removed. He knew that his Aline would soon be friendless; and he perceived, with deep anxiety, that the loneliness of his society was beginning to infect a disposition, naturally buoyant, even to wildness, with a tinge of melancholy. She was now six years old, and the pride with which he gazed on her exceeding loveliness, was chilled by fearful apprehension; for he saw, in the beautiful colour which each emotion sent across her delicate cheek, and the, at times, almost unnatural light which brightened up her blue eyes, that she inherited with her mother's sweetness, that mysterious disease which had blighted all his other hopes. Young as she was, she already began to exhibit sensibilities, which showed how much she would stand in need of a protector; and the exuberant playfulness of her spirits was, at times, chequered by fits of sadness, which were not natural to her age.

In the neighbourhood of the spot where he had taken up his residence, stood the villa of M. Friburg.

It was seated on the brow of the hill, looking down upon the village; and commanded a wide prospect of the windings of the Rhone and Saône. Its owner was the wealthy representative of an ancient Swiss family, long established near Lausanne; and had, some years before, upon the death of a wife, whom he tenderly loved, removed to this place, with his family, consisting of a son and daughter. A similarity of taste and feeling had, very soon after Mr. Lorraine's arrival at Lyons, produced an intimacy between these gentlemen, which was, in a short time, sadly cemented by a similarity of suffering; and as his daughter, Louise, was of the same age with Aline, and his son, Frederic, only a year or two older, an intercourse was anxiously sought by M. Friburg, which soon ripened into warm attachment.

This gentleman saw the anxiety which was darkening the last days of his friend; and he proposed himself as the father of Aline. The offer fell, like balm, upon the soul of the dying parent, and seemed gently to loosen the link which had been binding him to existence:—so he put his little property into the hands of M. Friburg, and, having clasped to his heart, for the last time, his orphan child, and blessed her, in his own name, and her dead mother's, he was laid in the grave of his sweet Ellen.

Aline was removed to the home of her new protector; and, as she was too young to feel how utterly

lonely she was in the world, her infant tears were soon dried, and the natural buoyancy of her spirit rose above the pressure of its first affliction. But the melancholy smile with which her father used to sit and gaze upon his child, had never faded from her mind; and the memory of their parting interview had sunk deeply in her young breast. These early impressions had given a tone of subdued sadness to a disposition originally playful, even to gaiety; and had assimilated more nearly to the sweetness of her mother's a heart, whose extravagant gladness had sometimes caused alarm to her father. But the wild animation of her childish spirits, checked in its original mode of exhibition, had returned into her bosom, and already showed itself in that dangerous sensibility, and that intensity which it communicated to all her feelings; and the deep concentration of her affections, arrested in all their natural outlets, and thrown back upon their sources, had early marked her out for a victim of the heart.

In her new home, Aline experienced all which could supply to her the place of natural guardians; and her youthful heart soon formed to itself other ties, and twined itself around fresh objects. M. Friburg himself watched over the dawning intellects of his children, for their society relieved and cheered a spirit liable to yield to despondency; and he soon began to regard Aline as one of his family. From his

lips she was made acquainted with the story of her mother's sorrows, and the price which had been paid for her birth; and, with all a parent's fondness, he kissed away the little orphan's tears, as she learned from him the cause of that cloud which had passed from her father's brow to her own infant heart, and the particulars of that final parting which haunted her young imagination. Her love for her protector was proportioned to the limited number of those objects on which it could exercise itself; and he and her early playmates shared it all between them.

Louise was beautiful; but in a style wholly different from that of Aline; and the inherent sweetness of her disposition was somewhat dashed by the pride of high birth, which sparkled in a full black eye. Her long dark ringlets, falling over a face bright with hope and animation, and the bounding elasticity of all her motions, shaped into grace, but not subdued by the innate consciousness of dignity, were strongly contrasted with the chastened gladness which sat on the brow, and the delicate and almost dream-like beauty which dwelt on the cheek of her orphan sister.

Frederic partook of the high and haughty spirit of Louise; less tempered by that sweetness, and less under that regulation which the natural softness of a feminine mind applies as a remedy to a character, in itself, so dangerous. A form which promised manli-

ness, and a face whose expression varied beneath every impulse of an open and generous heart, formed his principal pretensions to beauty; and he had already begun to exhibit that ardency of temperament, which, in Aline, had been softened down by sorrow, and that impetuosity of temper, which gave cause to apprehend that it might lead him into errors fatal to his peace.

M. Friburg carefully watched the rising of a disposition so alarming; and brought to bear upon it every appliance which he thought likely to impede its growth. He saw, with a satisfaction which was, every day, endearing Aline more fondly to him, that the sweet influences of her mild spirit were effectual for this purpose; and, indeed, he thought all three were the better for their association. That shade of melancholy which was too apt to steal over the face of the orphan girl, was dispelled by the sprightliness of her young companions; and her gentle manners insensibly communicated themselves to her playmates, and served, in some measure, to correct the more dangerous qualities of both. Their hearts and tempers became gradually assimilated, from their close union; and it was only when separate, or to an anxious observer like M. Friburg, that the distinguishing features of each were apparent.

Four years stole on in this sweet communion, marked by no incidents, and only saddened by the

declining health and spirits of M. Friburg. Frederic was now upwards of twelve years of age, and Aline and Louise nearly ten, when the departure of the former for Geneva, for the purposes of education, broke in upon their happiness, and inflicted the first pang which they had ever known beneath this roof. For several days previous to that on which he was to set out, an unusual cloud had gathered round the brow of M. Friburg; and, on the morning of his journey, after taking leave of his sister, Frederic entered the chamber fixed on for his parting interview with his father. No one was present with them;—but Aline, as she stood at the door of the little boudoir to receive the last kiss and catch the latest glimpse of her brother—for so she always called him—heard the stifled anguish of the parent's sobbing; and she stepped back within the shadow of the room, that she might be no intruder upon the sanctity of that blessing which he was fervently pronouncing upon the head of his beloved boy. It was a sad day to them all—the saddest which their young hearts had ever known; and the first on which they had failed to assemble—but not the last. It stood at the threshold of a long age of sorrow. The parting between the father and son was final;—the sudden demise of M. Friburg, a few weeks afterwards, left Aline doubly an orphan.

It was long ere they again saw Frederic. After a

residence of three years at Geneva, he was removed to Paris, for the purpose of completing his studies; and his letters to Louise and Aline, in all that time, breathed so much of the unchanged spirit of his boyhood, and were so true to the days when these three were a little world to each other, that they had never learned to contemplate the change which time must necessarily have made upon him. I have often had occasion to observe how much this is the case with those who have left their home in youth; at a time when their characters are to be formed, and all their practical impressions received. Amid that alteration of feelings, and interests, and habits, which is daily taking place within them, every communication with home, and every recurrence to childhood, is in that tone which belonged to the days of their association; and turns upon topics whose memory is dear to the soul, long after they themselves would fail to charm. There is something delightful in this perpetual principle of identification, amid the varying circumstances of disposition and of fate, to which the spirit is ever turning for repose. It is a wise and beautiful condition of our nature; creating for us an Egerian valley and vision in the desert; converting the season of purity and peace into a little fountain of living waters, which flow, with revivifying freshness and soothing murmur, along the wastes and wildernesses of after-life; making of that spring-time of the heart

a reservoir of balm, to which, in hours of sorrow, we can turn for joy, and, in years of guilt, for regeneration; and which, like the widow's cruise of oil, wasteth not, in all the ages of the mind's dearth.

During the absence of Frederic, Aline and Louise had grown up in that intimate union of souls and sympathies, and in an unvaried retirement that made their lives seem one unbroken dream, in which he had, all along, mingled, just as they had known him six years ago. Insensible to the alteration which had taken place in themselves, something like a passing sensation of disappointment damped the moment, long looked forward to, when he who had left them in the bloom of boyhood, stood once more before them, in all the awakened and glowing graces of eighteen. It was a feeling which, for a single instant, seemed to make him half a stranger to their hearts; but the next served to show that the change consisted more in what was gained than in what was lost. His youth had realized all the promise of his childhood. The dangerous fire which shone in his fine eyes, and lighted up his open countenance, was still there, though somewhat chastised beneath the power of ripened intellect; and his form was matured into manliness. The presence of expression had given an interest to features not naturally handsome; and something like pride mingled in the emotion with which the foster-sisters gazed on him

who seemed to have passed from infancy to manhood, almost at one step, and, as it were, by magic.

The circumstances of their meeting were calculated to make it an impressive and affecting one. It was in the same room in which Frederic had last parted from his father, and received that final blessing, which, in the agitation of his spirit, he thought had never been fulfilled till now. The memory of that hour was full upon him; and a gush of tenderness sent the tears down his cheek, as he clasped the orphans whom it had made to his bosom, and then drew back, to trace the work of years upon the faces which had made the sunshine of his boyhood. They had passed lightly over his sister, and left her nearly the same bright and bounding being which he had formerly known her. She had the same charms in which his memory had ever presented her, ripened into that maturity of accomplishment in which his fancy had been fond of painting her. But the change upon Aline was greater than he had been prepared to expect; and he saw, with pain, that the disposition to sadness which had been kept down by the happier circumstances of their early acquaintance, had become strongly developed, and had given its character to her face, and its tinge to the thoughts and feelings of blooming womanhood. The loss of her protector had been a heavy blow to her; for it had come upon her when she was just old enough to

feel its magnitude; and the same day which had made this mighty breach in the little circle of her affections, had removed from her one more of the only three beings who loved her upon earth, for a long protracted absence—so long, and so strangely associated, in her mind, with the dark events of that day, that it almost seemed as if he had been lost to her in the grave of his father. Louise had suffered, under the infliction, with an intensity which left her long unable to apply any thing like an antidote to the deepening melancholy of her friend; and the entire seclusion in which they had since lived had confirmed an evil, which was, in fact, her inheritance, and communicated along with that slow and beautiful disease which had laid her mother in an early grave. Her cheek, paler than when he last saw her, and her eye darker and brighter, exhibited that decidedly consumptive tendency, which makes the young and lovely so dear to the heart; and her figure, now formed into the symmetry of young womanhood, but cast in its most delicate mould, with the plaintive sweetness of her voice, gave that visionary impression with which I first beheld her.

But these contemplations, which damped the first rapture of their meeting, were soon lost in the calm, and pure, and unmingled happiness of re-communion. In a few days, they were, once more, all that they had ever been to each other, and had al-

most learned to forget that time and change had intervened between that blessed period and the years of their childhood. The spirit of "the olden time" had come back upon them, adapting itself, imperceptibly, to the alteration of sentiments and habits which years had brought with them; and the new treasures of awakened thought and sensation which had grown up in their minds, had assimilated as closely as the light wishes and fears of careless infancy. It seemed as if all sorrow had passed away; and the long age of separation and absence appeared but as a sad and dimly remembered dream, from which they had awakened, to find themselves just where they were six years ago. Perhaps, even if they could have erased that dark scene from the little drama of their lives, they would scarcely have desired to do so; for it had thrown its own sweet and peculiar charm over their present union, and served to hallow the glad days which succeeded it.—Oh! that hours so bright should be so fleeting! That we should look back upon these "green spots in memory's waste," only that the eye may refresh itself from the barrenness of all around them! That they should be like magic circles, within which no evil can come, but which, once crossed, are never to be re-entered!

It was about this time that I first knew Aline;—just when the wounds of my heart were healing, and

hers seemed all healed. It was then that she rose upon my sight, in music and in moonlight, from the waters;—that she came upon my troubled soul, like a thing of light and loveliness;—like the messenger of that peace, which was shed over my bruised spirit in her society, and beneath her smiles. My mind would, at that time, have shrunk from the approach of gladness; and I think that it would not have yielded its bitterness to the influence of any being more gay than Aline. But her delicate, and almost unreal beauty, and that sadness with which we gaze upon the lovely, when their loveliness is evidently heightened by disease, and tending to its own decay, made her approach the heart almost in the shape of sorrow, to leave joy behind her. Her sweetness sunk into the breast, like the dew which comes in tears, to shed balm; and her happiness, silently and deeply felt, was quietly and imperceptibly communicated. I was their companion in many a ramble to the ruins above St. Juste, and amid the rich and romantic scenery which surrounds Lyons, on all sides; and I have sailed with them upon the Saône, on many a night of moonlight beauty, such as, I think, I shall never see again. I learned to love her almost as well, if not as passionately, as Frederic—for in me the sources of *passion* had been all dried up; and, as I felt the deep charm of her presence, my heart was ever applying to her those lines, which

might have been written to give expression to its feelings:

If thou art come from yon blue sky,
  To tell me, with thy looks of light,
That morning waits, with golden eye,
  To dawn upon life's weary night;
To picture, to my aching heart,
  The forms that stay my coming there,
And sweetly smile to peace the smart
  Thou art too young and pure to share;
Then will I strive to weep away
  All woe, before that coming day,
And offer, Mary! unto thee,
  A broken heart's idolatry!

I would fain linger upon this part of my story, because it is the last resting-place for the heart. But I must hasten over a narration which, from this time, is one of love and sorrow. Long ere I took my last leave of them, Frederic loved Aline, with an intensity proportioned to the enthusiasm of his disposition; and, to Aline *he* was all the world.

The circumstances of her fate had made the orphan girl's breast one in which this passion was sure to be a dangerous visitant. It was now that the long-impeded torrent of her affections had found a channel in which it could flow; and their full-collected stream took a course to which any check must prove fatal. All the hitherto-suppressed energies of her ardent nature were embarked in one venture; and their failure would, of necessity, be a total wreck of the spirit.

They loved as none but the young and ardent can love; and, in the little world of new hopes and feelings which had sprung up within and around them, they breathed that intensity of happines which none but young and ardent lovers have ever tasted. Oh! what a sweet and dangerous dream is "first and passionate love!"—a dream from which they who are once awakened shall never sleep again for repose;—a paradise of the heart which, once lost, shall never be regained; and never shall the breast, in which it has been forfeited, rest itself within another Eden!

It was soon after I quitted Lyons, to return to that land in which I had been so long a stranger, that Frederic, whose majority was approaching, was called to Paris, on business connected with that event. The arrangements necessary for taking upon himself the management of his own property, which was extensive, were likely to render his absence a long one; and the anguish with which he looked forward to parting from Aline, was relieved by the perspective of that happiness which, he felt, awaited him, when he should return, the uncontrolled master of his own fortunes. But the days immediately preceding his departure were darkened by that shadow which no effort of his could chase from the brow of his Aline; and by those symptoms of decline which had never struck him so forcibly, nor so painfully as then. He sought to persuade himself that his ima-

gination deceived him, under the excitement of their approaching separation; and, to Aline, he spoke of hope and joy. But it was in vain. She listened to him with a fruitless effort to be cheerful. Tears saddened the smile with which she strove to convince her lover that no cloud which wronged his truth could rest upon her spirit; and the momentary flush with which she heard the accents of his tenderness, was that passing hectic which sent a thousand fears to his breast. As the day approached, Aline was sunk, beyond the power of love to cheer her; and when, on the morning of his departure, Frederic rose early, to steal away from an interview which he felt would be too much for them both, she stood before him, with that look which never left his memory or his heart. Her cheek was pale as the grave; save that the faint and beautiful tinge, which had formed so much of its loveliness, was gathered together into its centre, and stood, the standard of consumption no longer to be doubted or concealed. To the distracted eye of her lover, it was "death's ensign;" and he clasped her, with a convulsive pang, to his breast. Again and again did he draw back, to gaze upon the fatal pledge, and wipe away her tears, as she lay in his arms, almost insensible to their pressure; and, again and again, did he bend to strain her to his agonized bosom, and press his burning lips against her cold brow. It was one of those dreadful moments

from which the heart must escape, or break :—nature is not equal to these conflicts. One word—a tone of her voice—a single murmur would have been a relief to its voiceless anguish; but no farewell passed the lips of either, as he resigned his precious burthen to his sister, who had broken in upon the scene. Once, only, he clasped Louise to his bosom;—once more turned, to take away the latest look of his pale beauty, and threw back the clustering ringlets from her fair forehead, that he might gaze, for the last time, upon her sweet face :—and, the next instant saw him on his road to Paris.

There is little more to relate.—The health and spirits of Aline had suffered a shock, from which it is doubtful if she could ever have recovered, even under happier circumstances. She was so solitary a being in existence, and had so few with whom she could interchange affection, that all her feelings were exaggerated, and love was, in her, devotion. The least blight upon sensibilities so intense was dangerous to one of her delicate habit; and the parting from her lover had been darkened by forebodings, which she could neither account for, nor struggle against. Her bosom never harboured a thought that doubted his faith; but her spirits had been withered up by that fatal presentiment which haunted her; and the conflict of her mind had nourished and brought forward the disease which had been so early planted in her

frame. Louise watched over her with all a sister's tenderness; and, as they often heard from Frederic, and he named the fast-approaching summer for his return, and for that union with Aline, on which no future separation should intrude, she strove to dispel her fears. Spring had done much towards subduing the appearances which had alarmed her lover; and had brought back hope to her heart, and something like bloom to her cheek.

Frederic was constantly informed by his sister of the state of Aline's health; and, as its varying symptoms were always painted by Louise in the most favourable colours, the weight upon his mind, which had kept him lonely and sequestered in Paris, was relieved as the spring advanced. There was a tone of cheerfulness, too, in the letters which he received from Aline; and, in the glow of resuscitated hope, he sought to indemnify himself for that gloom which had begun to impair his health. The revolutionary struggle was, at this time, approaching to its crisis; and the contention between the Constitutionalists and Jacobins had divided the whole population of a capital, which had assembled within it all the dangerous and violent spirits of the age. Amid the republicans, the distinctions of the Mountain and Girondist parties were beginning to be formed; and Paris,—divided into factions which had, for their sole point of union, a disregard of all the restraints which religion and

decency impose,—presented to civilized Europe the strange spectacle of licentiousness supported by authority, and vice walking openly abroad, under the assumed sanction of reason and argument. That levelling spirit, which had struck down all that was dignified in its own constitution and hallowed by use, was daily attacking principle, under the name of prejudice; and, in the disjointed frame of society and morals, the very elements of good, loosened from their fit association, were tending to evil.

In his retirement in the country, Frederic had shared in that satisfaction with which the wise and virtuous of all nations hailed the dawning spectacle of a great nation straining to be free; and he joined in that crusade of congratulation which noble hearts went forth to pay on the occasion. He had listened, with intense expectation, to the distant murmurs of that mighty ocean which was heaving to burst the icy chain that had so long bound it, and roll itself into liberty. But the loneliness of his residence in Paris had afforded him ample opportunities of examining the nature of that moral convulsion which was going forward; and his soul, sickened by the scenes on which it dwelt, would gladly have taken refuge from the horrors of anarchy, in the darkest despotism that ever threw its trammels over the human mind. He turned, with inexpressible longing, from a place where the deranged state of things

threatened to detain him much beyond the time which he had originally fixed, to his own villa amid the distant mountains, brightened by the presence of his soul's idol. Often, as his fancy painted the sweet girl drooping beneath the blight of absence, did he almost resolve to steal back upon her sorrows, and abandon that wealth and rank which were only to be secured by the sacrifice, however temporary, of what was dearer to him than riches or fame. Often did he sit, and picture to himself the fond look with which she would reward him for the story of all that he had abandoned for her sake; till he wondered how there should ever be a moment when he could weigh any consideration against that smile, which, he felt, could repay him for the loss of every thing on earth, except Louise and herself.

But the very enthusiasm of disposition which led him to cheer his solitude by these pictures, was effectual in dispelling them, when his fears for Aline's health were removed, by the partial statements of his affectionate sister. His age and sanguine temperament were ill fitted for entire seclusion; and he began to mingle in the gaieties and luxuries of a capital, which, at this moment, offered every temptation to the young and ardent. His rank and fortune made him a welcome guest in society; and his impetuous passions soon involved him in the whirl of dissipation. It was now that he was to prove the

danger of that temper which his father had taken such pains to correct. Immersed in a vortex of engagements, his letters to Aline and his sister became less frequent, and breathed less of that intense recurrence to the past, and that eager anticipation of the future, which had marked his former communications. The change, at first, was one which Louise would scarcely have perceived; but Aline, though she would have found it difficult to explain in what it consisted, *felt* it in the depths of her spirit. There is that in love which awakens a principle of intelligence in the breast, existing only beneath its influence; and gives to the sensibilities an acuteness at which the cold and calculating may smile, but which the young and fond must trust;—for it will not be deceived. Aline had risked her heart and her hopes upon her lover's truth; and the language of his tenderness had been so dear to her, and she had learned to listen to it so long, that it unconsciously became a barometer, by which she knew the peril or safety of that bark which was freighted with her all. They who have long and fondly hearkened to a strain of music, can feel if one note be wanting which they have been accustomed to hear; though the melody may be unimpaired, and the critic's rules could detect no breach in the harmony, from its absence.

But the forgetfulness of Frederic was every day becoming more apparent; and the cheek of Aline

was hourly and visibly decaying. She was not the victim of that sickly habit which feeds upon evils of its own creation; and she even chid herself, at times, for doubting her lover's truth;—it seemed to her so utterly impossible that he should be false! But her health, always frail, had been so long sustained by the fond attentions of anxious kindness, and she had been so evidently nourished by the atmosphere of affection which she breathed, that it was apparent she must sink when these stimulants were removed. She strove, in vain, to conceal from Louise the ravages which no artifice could hide any longer. There were times when she spoke even cheerfully; and she had moments of that wild playfulness which had made so much of the charm of her childhood. But it was strangely unnatural now; and Louise thought she never looked so sad as when these fits of unreal gladness were upon her. She spoke much of Frederic; but in spite of all her efforts, her voice melted into tenderness when she named him; and as she felt herself daily growing weaker, she no longer attempted to conceal from Louise how passionately she longed to see him, once more, before she died. At length, a vague rumour reached the village, which coupled his name with that of a lady of rank in Paris; and the last link which bound Aline to existence was broken at once—and for ever!

Woman is too tender a flower to live out of the air of hope; and it is her happiness to escape from those pangs which she feels to be cureless, while man must live on, with a spirit for ever darkened, and a heart utterly withered. There is in him, as it were, a tenacity to existence; and he has so many employments to divert him from the deep and enduring contemplation of his sorrows, that it is often his peculiar misery to linger, in that saddest and most unnatural state of young hearts, which shuts them up against the influences either of hope or fear. But woman's world is so wholly within herself, and her feelings and affections are so entirely both her treasure and her occupation, that the blow which strikes at the one, overthrows the other too, and leaves her, only, the precious privilege of dying. Oh! how far better, when sails and masts are rent away, to yield, like woman, to the tempest, and perish at once; than to go ashore, like stranded wrecks, and lie, shattered hulls, upon the bleak sands of life, when we feel that no spring-tide can ever come to float us again!

Frederic was awakened from his fever of enjoyment, by tidings from Louise. A few hasty lines conveyed them all; but, how much misery may be crowded upon a narrow surface, and what anguish may be compressed into a single word!—Aline was dying.—Oh! that ages of sorrow and of suffering could have cancelled that one sentence! That he

could have purchased back three months of the past, with a long life of every anguish,—so it were not that anguish! The scenes amid which he had been revelling, in a kind of delirium, and the artificial friends whom he had made, all faded away before that withering intelligence, as though it had been the cabalistic spell of a magician; and, in their place, arose the lonely vision of his own pale girl, with her melancholy smile, and her fair hair, and her young heart, all dedicated to himself. He thought on their last parting; and tears,—the bitterest he had ever shed,—chased each other down his burning face, as he felt how truly he had fulfilled, to his neglected love, the bodings of that dismal hour. Where had he been wandering? In what fatal maze had he been involved? What sorcery had held him amid pleasures and beings, all, and infinitely more than all of whom he would not, for an instant, have weighed against one tone of her voice, or one throb of her heart?—It is strange, at a moment like this, when the memory is suddenly thrown back upon the past, how wide a range it will, at times, involuntarily take! A thousand long-forgotten thoughts seemed to rally round this one centre. He laid his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud, in the agony of his spirit, as the long vision of his life stole over his mind, like a phantasmagoria. There, ever there, was she —his own sweet and sad Aline—smiling through all

its sorrows, and unchanging amid all its changes. He thought on his parting interview with his father; and, again, on his next meeting with Aline, in that same chamber,—when he was fatherless!—and then came across him, like a flash of lightning which seemed to burn up his brain, her farewell look, as he bent above her, and separated the long tresses on her brow, to leave upon it his last kiss. Oh! that burning spot upon her cheek!—He felt it at his heart; and, starting from a retrospect which maddened him,—long ere the night closed in, was far away from Paris.

It was a bright morning in June, when Frederic approached Lyons. He had taken the route of Villefranche, which he had reached soon after midnight; and, finding it impossible to procure horses at that hour, had embarked upon the Saône, after a short repose, to complete his journey. He lay, and watched the sun which was to light him to his love, rise over the distant Jura. As its lofty ridges brightened beneath the splendid and ever-varying pageant, and the lines of that mountain-chain which stretches beneath became gradually defined upon the horizon, the fever of his soul subsided, and he felt as if it had escaped from an earthquake. He strained his sight to catch the first glimpse of the far-off heights of St. Sebastian, where they looked down, in their beauty, upon the city of his heart, and the home of his childhood.

A thousand sweet and soothing recollections stole over him, as he passed along, betwixt the picturesque banks of the romantic Saône. The river was gay with the lights and shadows that danced upon its bosom; and he glided by many a scene hallowed in the remembrances of boyhood—when he and Aline were both children,—and many a height which they had haunted in the moonlight, scarcely six months ago. Were they not dreams, indeed? Had he won his way back to the bosom of a land, where every steep and every tree seemed consecrated by the presence of his own love? Tears—sweet as they had lately been bitter—stood in his eyes, as he promised to his heart that nothing should ever tempt him from its shade again; and he yielded himself up to many a bright vision, in which Aline mingled, as his bride! His sister, too,—his beautiful and kind Louise—with her bounding step and her dark eye—came over his musings; and he turned away—from watching the stream, where it glided calmly into the embraces of the blue Rhone, that rushed to meet it, and from gazing upon Lyons, as it rose on each side the waters, like their first-born,—to seek for the little hill, clad in its summer garlands, within whose bowers lay all the treasure of his soul. Long ere they reached the suburb of the Guillotiere, he was put ashore; and made his way, by well-remembered paths, to its foot. The village lay all in light; and the sun look-

ed brightly down upon his own mansion, as it peeped forth from the grove of limes which sheltered it. His eye fell upon the spire of the little church; and it seemed, as it pointed up into the blue sky, to tell of hope. He entered within the home of his father, and passed, unannounced, to the door of Aline's boudoir. One moment's pause—that pause which the heart makes, to collect itself for happiness—ere he passed its threshold, and stood, once more, in the presence of his soul's beloved!

She lay upon a couch—beside which his sister was kneeling, with her head stooped upon the cushion;—and her white dress was, he thought, the same in which he had last beheld her. A ray of light stole through the half-closed shutter, and fell upon her beautiful face, as he bent down to gaze upon it. It was, indeed, his love, "his heart's first idol, and its last;" she whom he had left a few months before, and with just the same look,—yet oh! how changed! Every thing that had alarmed him in it then, was absent now; and it seemed as if all pain had passed away. That feverish hue which had caused him so much grief, was gone for ever; and the sunlight rested just where that fatal spot had been. Her brow retained no traces of the sorrow which darkened it when last she lay in his arms. Her eyes were closed now, as then; but no tears stole from beneath the fair lashes, to dim the smile which played upon her

lips: and that anguish, whose deep throbbing was almost audible, as he pressed her to his bosom, for the last time, was all hushed. He had entered so silently that Louise never looked up. He knelt by her side, and, once more, put back the ringlets which lay, in rich profusion, upon the neck and forehead of his love, that he might kiss her pale brow. It was cold—colder than even in that dark and ominous hour which it recalled—beneath the damp touch of death. The sweet and bruised spirit of Aline had just passed away; and all her little world of sorrows was extinguished—and for ever.

T. K. H.

ARRIA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"It is not painful, Pætus."

Her form—it is not of the sky,
  Nor yet her sex above;
Her eye—it is a woman's eye,
  And bright with woman's love;—
Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought:
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.

Her lord is fettered by her side,
  In soul and strength subdued;
Yet looks she on him with a pride
  Fonder than when she viewed
His mailed form in the brightest hour
Of victory, applause, and power!
When Fortune beamed upon his brow,
She loved not as she loveth now.

They tore him from his home;—she rose
  A midnight sea to brave;
She stood beside him when his foes
  Were fiercer than the wave;
And now she is beside him here,
A prisoner in a dungeon drear,
Still calm as when before she strove;
Still strong in woman's strength—her love.

She loved, as Roman matron should,
  Her hero's spotless name;
She would have calmly seen his blood
  Flow on the field of fame;
But could not bear to have him die,
The sport of each plebeian eye;
To see his stately neck bowed low,
Beneath the headsman's dastard blow.

She brought to him his own bright brand,
  She bent a suppliant knee,
And bade him, by his own right hand,
  Die, freeman 'mid the free.
In vain;—the Roman fire was cold
Within the fallen warrior's mould:—
Then rose the wife and woman high,
And died—to teach *him* how to die!

It is not painful, Pætus—Ay!
  Such words could Arria say,
And view with an unaltered eye
  Her life-blood ebb away.
Professor of a purer creed,
Nor scorn, nor yet condemn the deed,
Which proved—unaided from above—
The deep reality of love.

Ages, since then, have swept along,—
  Arria is but a name;—
Yet still is woman's love as strong,—
  Still woman's soul the same;—
Still soothes the mother and the wife,
Her cherished ones 'mid care and strife
It is not painful, Pætus—still
Is love's word in the hour of ill.

M. J. J.

Drawn by F. Nash. Engraved by [illegible]

FRANCE. PARIS FROM PERE LA CHAISE.

Drawn by F. Nash.

FRANCE. PARIS FROM PERE LA CHAISE

THE

CEMETERY OF MOUNT ST. LOUIS,

OR THE

PERE LA CHAISE.

The Grave of France.
Lord Byron.

THIS burial ground, in which stands the now deserted house of the celebrated Père La Chaise, the Confessor of Louis XIV. is beyond all comparison the most picturesque and advantageous of those points of view, with which the neighbourhood of Paris abounds. The prospect from the high parts of the ground is commanding and beautiful in the extreme, and stretches from the Castle of Vincennes to Mont-Martre, an angle of about one hundred and sixty degrees. The city of Paris, with its splendid spires and cupolas burning in the glories of a setting sun, forms a striking contrast to the scene immediately around you. The surface of the cemetery, which

extends over a space of sixty acres, is much varied, and of this, judicious advantage has been taken in dotting it with willow, cypress, and other characteristic shrubs. A rich and varied foreground is often presented to the eye by these plantations and portions of the distant city. A line of trees marks to the gaze the sweep of the gay and bustling Boulevard, so much at variance with the melancholy repose of the scene around, chequered as it is by marble monuments, arbours of willow and cypress, garlands of funereal herbs and flowers wreathed around the stones, and religious crosses which continually rise upon the view. The mind becomes powerfully and beneficially excited when it turns from these pathetic records to the majestic splendour of the proud Babel in the distance, glistening in the departing beams of a summer sun. If in wandering through this city of the dead, your eye momentarily encounters the far-off ensigns of life and activity, or your ear is saluted with the subdued hum of the Parisian multitude,—a wreath, an epitaph, a name of departed greatness, or the pauper's *convoi*, rendered still more affecting by the deep stillness around you, recalls your wandering thoughts from sublunary considerations, to the contemplation of that subduing power within whose immediate territory you are walking, and whose wild and melancholy emblems are flashing on the eye in every direction.

The number of tombs has greatly increased during the last few years, and fashion and ostentation, which play so many freaks on the busy stage of life, intrude their follies and their fripperies even into this quiet and beautiful sanctuary; and the modest stone with its emblematic cross, over which the cypress mourned, and the willow fondly drooped, has given place to the obelisk, the pyramid, and the temple; for it seems to be the object now to make each succeeding tomb surpass in expense and magnificence the previous erections, and display at once the pride and extravagance of those who raise them.

The circumference of the burial ground of Mount St. Louis is upwards of two miles. The house of the Jesuit, Père La Chaise, is rendered by its situation a commanding object; but its architecture is mean, and its *tout-ensemble* by no means picturesque. It is uninhabited, but large watch-dogs are chained during the day in its lower rooms. Père La Chaise was the general of his order; he was also confessor to his monarch, and having fulfilled the duties of that important situation thirty-four years, died the 20th of January, 1709, aged eighty-five years.

There are many tombs in the burial ground of Mount St. Louis, to which the eye of the stranger is particularly directed; some being objects of curiosity on account of the celebrity of the characters they commemorate, and others for the beauty and simplicity

of their epitaphial inscriptions. Of the former class, the tomb of the poet Delille, which is situated in the higher part of the ground, under the shade of a bower of linden trees, is one of the most interesting. Those of Moliere, La Fontaine, Eloisa and Abelard, Madame Cottin, Marshals Massena and Ney, with many others of characters scarcely less distinguished, are also well worthy of notice. As a specimen of the pathetic simplicity which is not unfrequently to be met with, in the inscriptions on tombs in this burial ground, we may instance the following brief, but touching epitaph on a young girl

A SA FAMILLE
ELLE APPORTA LE BONHEUR ;
IL S'ENFUIT AVEC ELLE !

STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Thy cheek still wears the blush of youth,
  Thine eyes retain their wonted glow;
Thy lips still breathe the balm of truth,
  Pure as life's earliest hours could know!
Yet art thou changed—I know not why;
  Changed to the world—if not to me:
Thou shunn'st those scenes of revelry,
  Where spirits young as thine should be!

At times an air of pensive grace
  Will cloud the sunshine of thy smile;
And shades of sadness o'er thy face
  Will pass, like summer clouds awhile!
Say, can the world so soon have lost
  Each charm, that once it wore for thee?
Is it that Hope's bright dreams are crossed—
  Have friends looked cold, or frowningly?

Has Love withdrawn the witching smile
  That he, in earlier days, put on—
Like the false light that doth beguile
  The wandering pilgrim, and is gone?
Alas! each hour that hastens by
  Dissolves a little of the charm;
Steals some bright tint, on which the eye
  Has rested, when life's hopes were warm!

And few, or none, may hope to find,
  When silent years have fleeted past,
A breast where grief was ne'er enshrined,—
  A brow by sorrow ne'er o'ercast:
Thus, though thy youth yet boasts its prime,
  Thou canst not 'scape life's blighting storm;—
The iron hand of ruthless Time
  Changes the heart, before the form!

THE

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.*

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

SWEET Iser, were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm,
  To prop the tender vine;
My golden flaggons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
  And under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
  To many an idle hour.

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* We have thought this little Song, given in the South African Journal as the unpublished production of a "celebrated and virtuous living Poet," not unworthy of being transplanted into the pages of the Literary Souvenir. To our readers it will be, to apply Mr. Coleridge's words, "quite as good as manuscript."

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
  Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
  Profusion of delight!
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
  For wine can triumph over woe;
And Love and Bacchus—brother powers—
Should build in Iser's sunny bowers
  A paradise below.

STANZAS.

Yes, I have loved to hear the minstrel-strain
  Falling in liquid notes from Beauty's voice;
Although each tone awoke a thrilling pain,
  Too keen to let my listening soul rejoice.

For it recalled the memory of hours,
  Fraught with delight, but to my heart now lost;
Yet such the magic of its tuneful powers,
  I deemed it sweetest—when it pained me most!

M.

FIROUZ-ABDEL.

A Tale of the Upas Tree.

BY DAVID LYNDSAY.

URGE me not, oh friend of a little morn, again to look abroad into that world, from which I have had the courage to banish myself for ever. Pity me not, for it is not I who am the exile, but the world which I have shut out from my kingdom. I am a Sovereign Prince triumphant over rebels, and have driven for ever from my presence, the children of your earth—fraud, oppression, and falsehood. Is it not better to live among savages, than to die by the hands of civilized men? Such would have been my destiny, for such was the doom from which I escaped to this prison of the sea, and its wild, but still human inhabitants.

What are the advantages of which you so often speak—talent, rank, birth? Alas! I regarded them once, but it was before the air of the Poison Tree had blown away the film from mine eyes, and taught me the reality of their value; ere I had knocked at the

gates of death, and glanced into that world where such dross is trampled under foot. O truth, hardly won; knowledge, dearly purchased, thou hast really become priceless to me; thou art, indeed, the source of true wisdom.

For the history of my family it may suffice to tell thee, that in one of the popular commotions unhappily so frequent in Ispahan, my father, Esref Khan, of the royal house, retired from the fruitful banks of the Zenderhend, never more to revisit them, in order to preserve his beloved wife and infant son from the effects of the hatred of his ungrateful country; having found it impossible to deliver her against her will, or to rend from her shoulders the yoke into which she had voluntarily thrust her neck. Java presented us a refuge, and an alliance with its native Prince gave us claims upon his hospitality: they were admitted; and there, cheered by the welcome of the just Sultan, we made ourselves a happy home, for upwards of twenty years.

The Monarch, beneath whose unfolded wing we daily eat our meal in peace, ascended at length to drink of the Odoriferous River, upon whose banks the just of Mahomet indulge in everlasting repose. The sceptre was bequeathed to his son, who had grown with my growth, and whom my soul loved with a love passing all the fondness of brotherhood. I wept not when my benefactor died, for the crown glittered

on the brow of my friend, the friend of all mankind; and I fondly deemed that the deeds of the son would surpass in virtue those of the father.

Then what delight did not the first days of his power shed upon the heart of his brother! The world was to be blessed through the counsels of Firouz. For him, nothing was too great. The seal of the minister, the truncheon of the general, courted his acceptance;—Cingallah thought that all was insufficient for his friend; but I knew too well the inexperience of youth, to hazard the safety of my sovereign and the country by an eager acceptance of his splendid offers. I merely asked permission, under able leaders, to draw my sword against the enemies of my Prince, and the command of the body-guards, and the readiness with which this request was immediately conceded, testified at once his assent to my wishes, and his approbation of the moderation I had manifested.

But the unwillingness I had exhibited to take precedence of more deserving men, did not preserve me from the suspicions of the very people I had thus endeavoured to conciliate; the Vizier frowned on me, because, though the secrets of state were his, the secrets of the royal heart were mine; and the General could never be prevailed on to pardon the injury I had done him, in preserving the life of the Sultan, when he was employed in fulfilling his duty

elsewhere. Thus I found I had created enemies where I had sought to make friends, and had myself armed their hands with the weapons with which they thirsted to destroy me.

But the Sultan loved me. Cingallah was the friend of Firouz, and spurned indignantly all accusations against me. Like snow on the ocean fell the words of the ungrateful on his ear. His confidence was as boundless as his favours; but, oh! how little did I anticipate that both would one day become so dangerous to my safety.

In the midst of my security, and the happiness diffused over the country by its steady faith in the virtues of the king, one brow alone was clouded, one eye alone was dimmed by ceaseless tears, and that was the sovereign's own. A strange depression fell upon his spirit, mirth wearied, business disgusted him; —he loathed society, disdained repose, and became a heart-stricken and a lonely man; a stranger amid his kinsmen, and a wanderer in the bosom of his native land. I alone, of all who surrounded him, ventured to seek the cause of his hidden grief; but though not harsh, he was peremptory, and continued to persist in his painful silence. I felt deeply for his malady, but I felt also, that I had to lament his dereliction of the noble virtues which I believed him to possess, when I beheld an aged counsellor of his father led out to die, for a trifling opposition to his will. Still I

was beloved with a love that made me tremble, since it soon became apparent to me, that his favours were afforded less as marks of regard to me, than for the purpose of mortifying his haughty minister; many of the honours he conferred upon me being utterly inconsistent with the laws of the empire, and the customs of the people. It was in this spirit, I believe, that he one day proposed to me an indulgence which no subject had ever before enjoyed: he wished, he said, to introduce me into his harem, to the society of his favourite wife and beloved niece, that he might unite all those who were most dear to his heart, in the bonds of affection around him.

Behold me, then, the envied guest of Sultanas and Princesses. Alas! in those bowers of beauty I saw but one form, heard but one voice; there was but one vision that impressed itself on my heart, but that was in characters never to be effaced. The miserable Firouz stood on the threshold of Heaven, yet beheld the gates for ever closed against him; he dared to look on the eyes of Zuleika, and received the punishment due to his presumption. The niece of my sovereign became the beloved of my heart, his favourite niece, her whose love he held too precious for princes. The blandishments of the chief Sultana had not the power to divert the melancholy of the sovereign, but all vanished before the smile of Zuleika; she scattered light upon his path, and he dwelt de-

lighted in its radiance, but when that light was withdrawn, all was dark and chaotic.

Many times did he question me as to what were my opinions of his beloved niece. Alas! to all I thought, I dared not give utterance; yet, I found he was not displeased with the fervour of my expressions. Should it be so,—in the blind confidence of youth I dreamed, should it be that he designs her for my bride! The thought was too rich in transport—I felt that I should die at his feet, should I hear his lips pronounce these words; and Zuleika, should she deign—madman that I was, how wild and wandering were these dreams.

The Princess had frequently lamented to me the despair of Cingallah. No one could divine his secret. I related to him the anxiety of his niece, and implored him to trust his sorrow to her sympathy. His eyes brightened at the thought, but he rejected my advice. "No, I will trust thee, Firouz, for well do I know thy fidelity. Oh my friend, his populous empire contains no such wretch as Cingallah's self, no such miserable, such hopeless being. I love, Firouz, I love her without a hope, with the dreadful consciousness that she whom I adore will but abhor me for the affection I bear her. I have struggled fiercely against this passion, but in vain:—I can now strive no longer. While I had a prospect of freeing myself from its trammels, I revealed to no man the secret of my

grief. Now that I determine to resist it no longer, into thy bosom, Firouz, I pour my sorrows, and entreat thy sympathy. Speak to her I love, tell her how her sovereign suffers, how her monarch worships;—speak to her, Firouz: the honey of thy voice will prevail for me, and I shall owe my happiness to thy intercession."

"Lord of the heart of Firouz," said I, weeping as he wept, and suffering as he suffered, "command the powers of thy poor servant—yet, who is there among women who will not listen to the voice of passion breathed through a sovereign's lips, and that sovereign, Cingallah!" "Zuleika will not," he answered, in a despairing tone; "Zuleika will abhor my love, and tremble at the forbidden tie:—yet, plead for me, Firouz, plead for me;"—he added, "I love Zuleika, I cannot exist without her—without Zuleika I die."—

Did he look on me as he uttered these dreadful words? Did he see my chilled brow, my pale cheek, and quivering lip, while he thus conjured me to stain the purity of her whom mine own soul loved? O, wretch, wretch! he did behold mine agony, mine utter loathing, and yet he urged me still!—"I know it is forbidden," said he, "I knew that thou wouldst shrink from the task;—but what are sovereigns, if their wills are bounded as those of a subject? or friends, if they hazard nothing for those they love? Firouz-Abdel, thy

gratitude, thy obedience, is mine: obey me in this; show thy friendship for me in yielding thine own will to mine; win Zuleika for me, for I know thou canst, and command what thou wilt in the empire of Java."

What did I not say to dissuade the madman from his purpose? Alas, I was compelled to submit, and in agony of soul I sought the harem of the Princess. At her feet I poured forth the bitterness of my sorrow, and, with the tale of Cingallah's love, unconsciously did mine own confession flow from my lips; and not till I felt the tears of the Princess on my bosom, and her soft lip upon my brow, did I know that I had spoken, and was pardoned,—was even pitied and beloved.

But, Cingallah—alas! deception towards him was become necessary,—almost a virtue. I returned to sooth his anguish, but I could not tell him that Zuleika had listened to his suit—I could not bear that even he should deem it possible she would hear so black a tale, but I bade him trust to time; and he was the more content that she knew, and commiserated his sufferings. From this period I watched him till his form grew a horror to me, till his very voice was a curse—an unutterable loathing came over my spirit at the thought of him; and when, in my presence, he looked into the eyes, or touched the hand of Zuleika, I felt that I could have torn him in pieces on the spot; yet, mortal as was my hate, I

was his very shadow—the fire in his bosom burned as intensely in mine—my very face became like his in my agony:—I was inseparable from him—I was his second self. At first, he courted the communion, but when he discovered that from this cause he could never behold Zuleika alone, it grew oppressive: he first frowned on my assiduity, then coldly bade me spare myself such severe duty; and, when he found all unavailing, and Zuleika still shuddering at his love, he banished me sternly from his presence. Then it was that I grew desperate, and, affrighted at the thought of separation, bore Zuleika from the Palace to the territories of our Christian foes, and wedded her in secresy and sorrow.

I know not what were his thoughts when he first heard of our flight, but his deeds were deeds of horror. My enemies told him they had long suspected my fidelity, and he immediately caused them to be put to death for not communicating their suspicions before. His next thoughts were peace,—peace with the Dutch at any price, so that his niece and her husband might be surrendered to his vengeance; but this was resisted, firmly resisted, and I felt that I was safe even among enemies. I would have left the island, not to endanger their safety; but this they would not permit, and I resigned myself to their wishes rather than appear to doubt the good faith which they had sworn to me. Still they assured me

of their protection, until the offer of a fertile province satisfied them of their imprudence. In the dead of night, in full confidence of security in the arms of Zuleika, did the guards of the Sultan surround my couch, and drag me in mockery to the earth. One deep, one dear revenge I tasted, even in that moment of inconceivable bitterness: I clove with my scymetar the head of the treacherous and inhospitable villain who led the soldiers to my chamber, and thus delivered up two innocent beings to destruction.

Oh! night of horror, upon which a day no less terrible was to dawn!—Zuleika was torn from my arms, and I was dragged alone to the Palace of Soura Charta; —there, a mock trial, and the voice of the Sultan condemned me to death for taking away the niece of the sovereign, and seeking refuge in the territories of his foes. To my anxious and agonized inquiries after my wife, I heard only that she was a prisoner, and that my death would release her from bondage. For this I was grateful; I was content to die, so that my death could benefit Zuleika: but then came the cruel mercy of Cingallah, disturbing my resignation, and beckoning me back to life;—I was offered the choice between instant death and the journey to the Upas Tree. At first I rejected the alternative, because I had been told my death would deliver Zuleika from further suffering, and I felt there was no charm in days which were to be passed apart

from her; but this contempt of death was not agreeable to Cingallah. he caused it to be signified to me, that the Princess had, like myself, incurred the last dreadful penalty, but that the pardon of both, and our restoration to favour and honours, should follow a successful journey to the Upas Tree. I then hesitated no longer—I accepted joyfully the alternative, and set forward immediately on my journey.

Like many others residing in the immediate vicinity of a wonder, I had never made any particular inquiries respecting the Upas Tree; I knew only, that many were sent, but few returned from that journey of death and horror—I had seen, too, a criminal expire at Tinkjoe from a gentle touch of a lancet imbued with the poisonous gum. I thought of his frightful convulsions, his dreadful shudderings, his bitter, but unregarded cries; the livid spots that disfigured his swollen frame, and his rapid approach to dissolution; "but this is not the fate which I am about to encounter," said I—"I shall merely breathe the insalubrious air, and many helps will be given me to avert its baneful effects. Mahomet created the Tree of Death as a punishment for the guilty, not a scourge to the innocent:—I go, not because I have committed sin, but that I would have prevented it—what then have I to fear?"

It was in this manner I reasoned, and consoled myself during my journey to the Mountain Fort, where

resides, in his lonely hut, the Priest of the fatal tree. "Another victim," said he, as I entered, "another victim: it was but yesterday—so fair, so young—alas, how much doth mortal crime increase!"—"Mistake not, Father," I replied anxiously, "I am no criminal; I am a state victim, but have committed no fault deserving the punishment decreed to me."—"Still doth crime increase," said the old man, "still doth it gather strength; for if thou be guiltless, what are they who sent thee?" He retired as he spoke, and dismissing my guards to their stations, told them it would probably be some days ere I could depart, since there was no immediate prospect of a change of wind, without which it was not lawful for me to proceed upon the journey.

The excitation of my feelings had hitherto prevented my asking any questions, or even thinking rationally on the subject of the enterprise I had undertaken; but a night's rest in the cottage of the Priest calmed my spirits, and prepared me to listen to his communications. He exhorted me to repentance and preparation for the death I might too surely expect in that wilderness of horror; and he checked my presumptuous hopes, by showing me the fatal Register of those who had gone, and those who had returned—of the latter, out of twenty there were only two! I did not even then despair; I confided (for I could not bear to be dealt with as a criminal) to

the old man my eventful history. He had heard of the Prince Firouz, and the blessings which had once attended his name; and when he was made acquainted with my innocence, like me he felt a hope, that the Prophet would not suffer me to die the death of the murderer. I believed so too, and was resigned to my fate.

"To the region of horror for which you are about to depart," said the old man, "I shall conduct you nearly a league on your way, but it will not be until the breeze changes, so as to blow before you, and thus drive the effluvia of the Tree from your person. If such a wind should spring up, be prepared to se forward, travel as rapidly as you can, so as to return ere it again changes, which, if you can effect, you will be safe from its evil consequences. A hill to which I shall conduct you, you must pass—at its base on the other side, flows the rivulet whose black and desolate banks will conduct you straight to the Tree; the poisonous gum you will find dropping from it in abundance; gather it quickly and return—stay not for observation, there is nothing to contemplate in the wilderness; nothing that hath life will meet thy wearied eye, for within five leagues of the Upas Tree no breathing thing can continue to live."

In such conversations as these, in directions for my conduct, and fervent prayers for my safety, was passed the first day of my sojourn at the moun-

tain hut. On the morning of the second, the guard came to announce the arrival of a fellow-sufferer, another traveller to the valley of the shadow of death. The supposed criminal was yet at a distance, when the Priest descried the litter, which announced that he was attended by some friend of high rank; and I began to conjecture that another victim of royal injustice was approaching the mountain. A sick throbbing came over my heart, but I hastened to descend and offer my melancholy greeting to the unfortunate stranger.

The litter had arrived at the door of the hut, but I looked in vain among the escort of the criminal for his chained and earth-bowed person. The curtains were opened, and the attendants bowed low as a majestic female stepped from it. I stood rooted to the earth, for I beheld Zuleika!

Frequently had her tears fallen over my brow, many times had her voice sounded in my ears, ere I could recall a recollection of what had befallen me, and I then turned an eager inquiring glance upon my smiling, gentle wife.—" It is even so," she replied, " the Sultan has deceived thee into the journey thou art about to encounter, for the fuller gratification of his revenge. His triumph would have been incomplete without my death; and, as he dared not openly spill the blood of his niece, he has sent me to attend thee hither: still there is mercy in his tyranny, though

he meant it not; by the arrow, or the axe, thou wouldst have died alone, unaided, unpitied, and uncertain of my destiny now, my voice shall console thee, my lips shall encourage thee, and on thy bosom shall my last sigh be rendered! Husband of my soul, since the brittle glasses of our destiny must be broken, mercifully hath the Sultan dealt in shivering both at the same moment."

Vague and dark anticipations! — sad and fruitless lamentations! Their continued intrusion would not allow me to rejoice in the worshipped presence of Zuleika, while we remained together one day in the mountain hut. In the evening I was still listening to her soothing accents, when the Malay approached, and, with tears flowing down to his white beard, announced that the wind had now changed, and the hour had arrived at which we were to set forward on our perilous journey. On the plain around the house were assembled the guard, a band of forty men, as well to do honour to the high rank of the Princess, as to prevent any intervention of the people in our favour. Alas! this was a groundless fear; not one of all my former friends even asked of me, "Whither goeth Firouz-Abdel?" A small quantity of food of a superior kind, together with a little cruise of water, were supplied to me by the guards; and the good Priest, under the pretence of some further instructions, drew me aside, and gave to my eager

grasp a small skin of wine. "Take it fearlessly," said he, "and use it without scruple. Mahomet forbade it as the luxurious instigator to brutality, not as a precious medicine, the balmy restorer of exhausted life. Husband it well, yet fear not to use it in a world as desolate as that to which thou art going. Allah gave the secrets of its virtues to Noah, and bade it serve as a renewer of life to his aged and sorrowing frame! Take it, then, Firouz, in the name of that omnipresent God, who now hearkens to this conference, and looks down upon this act of his Priest without a frown!"

I could not bear to behold Zuleika, while they were covering her beautiful face with the cap and mask of leather, with which they conceal the persons of the criminals, from the head to the breast, and which has glasses placed directly before the eyes. I submitted to the horrible disguise, though revolting from the dress of a criminal, and went on with my other preparations: they were soon completed; the silver boxes for the poison were then given to us, the last prayers said for us, and, attended by the Priest and surrounded by the soldiery, we set forward on our journey.

The voice of the good Malay, and the trampling of the soldiers' feet, alone broke the chill silence which attended our departure. Zuleika spoke not, but I could see through the dim glasses which obscured

their lustre, that her eyes were fixed on me. I was silent, and replied nothing to the consoling words of the Priest, for I was, in the madness of my despair, projecting an escape from the guards. I well knew my swiftness of foot would bear me soon, even with Zuleika in my arms, beyond the reach of their scymetars, but I recollected their arrows tipped with the poisonous drug, and I thought with redoubled anguish of the shrieking, shuddering wretch whom I had seen expire from a lighter wound than could be inflicted by the arrow of the Javanese guard. "I will not hazard her life," said I,—"I will wait patiently for the departure of the soldiers, and then attempt some other mode of escape!" Probably the Priest divined what was passing in my thoughts; for he said to me in a whisper, "Dream not, oh hapless Firouz! of any hope of escape but that of returning from the tree;—the country is inaccessible on all sides save one, and that is so well guarded by the Sultan's troops, that an arrow in thy breast would be the first signal of thy danger, shouldst thou attempt it. Mountains rise on mountains to hide the accursed valley, and prevent its deadly mists from ascending to the skies, and blighting the verdure of the happy earth of man. Linger not then upon thy journey, O Firouz, but steadily follow the advice and directions I have given thee."

I sank again into the most bitter dejection at these

words of the good Malay; for I knew, had there been the most remote hope of escape, he would not thus have discouraged it. His hut was at the distance of six leagues from the tree, and his office was to conduct us one league onward, near to the spot where the region of danger and death began.

The place at which we parted was the base of a bare and lofty mountain, over a part of which lay the only accessible entrance to the valley. This we were told to ascend, and we were informed we should find on the other side a stream, whose windings, after a journey of five leagues, would lead us to the Upas Tree. All the other directions were once more repeated, and amidst the blessings of the Priest, and the good wishes of the soldiers, we sprang forward to ascend the hill.

Zuleika grasped my arm, and we bounded lightly on our way!—"Husband adored," said my devoted wife, "we are now dead to the world of life, we are as emancipated souls journeying on our path to heaven! I would fain see thy face, and watch the changes of thy countenance, but that horrible disguise prevents me. How soft and still is this air, (she continued, as we descended the mountain,) surely in this there can be no danger, or if there be, so lulling a death cannot be terrible."—"The wind blows before us now, Zuleika," I replied, "and hence arises our safety; should it change and meet us, soft

and gentle as it is, it will come loaded with livid death. Alas! it is this gentle air that makes the danger: could tempests pierce through these inaccessible mountains, they would rend up this excrescence of the earth from her bosom, or at least dissipate the strength of its empoisoned breath; but look, Zuleika, look on the valley before us: there, dark and sullen, scarcely deigning to reflect the golden rays of the setting sun, flows the river whose course we are to follow: behold our road, too, a desert of black sand, rendered almost impassable by stones. Ah! how will thy tender feet be wounded!"

Alas, dreary to the eye, and sad to the heart, was the aspect of the wilderness through which we had now to journey; scattered near its entrance, we observed a few sickly young trees (for age is unknown in that valley), striving faintly to erect their drooping heads, and wear the complexion of nature; the few shrubs that grew around them were dwarfish and blistered, as if the lightning had passed over them in its wrath, and left the impression of its red wing upon them. The yellow arid grass, here and there peeped upwards from among the crushing flints, and bent its feeble head before a breeze which could scarcely discompose one lock of Zuleika's clustered hair! Alas, alas! this was indeed the death-bed of nature.

Sad and sullen flowed the once-beauteous stream through the bare and desolate land. We looked into

its depths, but nothing of life disturbed its horrible stillness; yet once it had been lovely, once, ere the Poison Tree rose like a demon from the earth, and spit its abhorred venom into its bright and beautiful waters, it had flowed through this happy valley full of life and joy, when the light clouds swept over it to shield it from the sun's rays, and the green trees bent down to its sides, and hung lovingly over its waves their graceful shadows glassed upon its bosom!

I cannot express to you while making these observations even in this early stage of our journey, with what shivering anxiety I watched the course of the breeze, for wind it could scarce be called:—it still continued to blow towards the Tree—and I permitted myself to hope. We had travelled thus far without looking upon each other, for the masks of death were odious to our senses, but my arm was around the beloved of my soul, and my steps assisted hers. "I cannot read in thine eyes," I said, at length, "how thou art affected, but I pray thee speak to me from time to time, that the sweet tones of thy voice may encourage me with the assurance of thy safety!" "Oh! my beloved," she responded, "mine own, mine all! fear not for me; I am a spirit of love whom the gross poison of earth cannot touch:—but let my voice, as thou sayest, express to thee my feelings—I will sing to thee, my beloved—I will sing that song which I poured into thy delighted ear in

the palace of my fathers, and in our treacherously ruined home;—listen, O my husband! and let my song animate thy soul and strengthen thy frame; listen, my beloved! and let it charm away thy despair!"

And she sang amid the deserts of that blasted world!—I listened, but my delight was drowned in the intensity with which I strove to catch every sound that fell from her lips, lest any tremulous vibration, any indication of approaching weakness should escape my observation.

Suddenly a new and strange sound broke upon the silence of the desolate valley! Hitherto, none had saluted our ears, save the sullen moanings of the poisoned stream; but this was of a different kind:—it was a light clattering noise, such as is made by the sea when its gentlest waves retreat to their bed over a bank of pebbles. I paused to listen. "Are we not alone in this desert," said I, "whence then can this noise arise?" I looked carefully around.—With horror I discovered that we were pursued by a huge snake, which was fast gaining upon our steps. To escape this danger we at once resolved to risk another, by ridding ourselves of the hated masks. With what joy did I again behold the sweet face of my love! But my fears for her safety interrupted the momentary bliss; and I urged our speedy flight.

Danger gave renewed strength to Zuleika's feeble limbs, and she sprang forward with a star-like swift-

ness. Hastily the serpent followed;—I saw his variegated hues glisten in the sun. He foamed, and erected his threatening head and ringed neck, as if indignant that beings so feeble should attempt to oppose his purpose; still he gained upon us. Zuleika slackened her pace, trembled, drooped—the snake was close behind us. I caught her up in my arms, and again rushed forward some distance. It seemed as if this exertion of energy had intimidated the snake, for he pursued us with less rapidity than before. Zuleika, in these moments of peril, uttered no cry, no groan—but when the fleetness with which I ran, allowed me, from the distance I had gained, a moment's pause, her words were blissful and cheering. "See, my beloved," she exclaimed, "the mercy of Allah! he hath sent this snake not to destroy his trusting creatures, but as an assurance that the air is less deadly than we apprehended. Since this animal can live in the desert, let us receive the presence of the snake as an encouraging omen from Allah!"

Having gained the top of the hill, we looked abroad for the serpent; he was dragging his sinuous length in our path as swiftly as his ponderous bulk would permit:—suddenly he paused, reared his arched neck, and gazed earnestly towards us, as one resolving some terrible project which a moment's reflection was to realize. He then turned towards the melancholy stream, and, lowering his foaming jaws

over the bank, drank long and deeply of its waters. Wearied in the pursuit, he sought to gather strength by his draught, to advance more rapidly upon his retreating prey. Again he encroached upon us, and again did I, with my beloved burthen, spring forward to descend the hill, and advance further into the valley. Still was the snake in pursuit—still he gained upon us—near! nearer! till I heard anew the clattering of his scales upon the flints as he glided along over their rough surface. "O, Allah! O, Zuleika!" I exclaimed, and in the very despair of my fear, turned round to oppose my foe;—he was arrested in his movements as suddenly as if that agonized glance had had the power of turning him to stone. A long and horrible hiss, a sound which seemed the natural language of this desolate land, was followed by what I believed to be a convulsive expression of agony;—he rolled himself on the earth; his eyes glared with an infernal magnificence, but the hues of his radiant robe grew momentarily more dusky; his foam covered the sand, and his tail lashed the flint stones in impotent malignity, while his fiercely-erected head drooped lower and lower to the dust! I now began to understand the cause of this change: he had drunk of the empoisoned waters, and the black and sullen stream, though a deadly draught to him, had given life and hope to us. Suddenly he made one frantic effort; he gave a desperate bound, as at some ima-

ginary prey, then sunk down in everlasting stillness, as torpid and colourless as the desert sand which received him.

Night came on—night which knows not darkness, descended softly upon the world, and soon the wan moon, and the peaceful stars peeped out from amid the silent sky.

When we had passed with much difficulty and pain through the gloomy dell, we were again in the open country, and were induced to rest, while I contemplated the scene around me. All traces of vegetation had totally disappeared; the sullen stream flowed more silently, as well as more slowly, the brown sands had become black, and a dark livid hue had spread itself over the face of the mountains; the light breeze that had travelled before us, now seemed to have died away; not a shrub was to be seen, not a plant, not a blade of grass to comfort us with the assurance, "Children, ye yet walk on the bosom of your earth."

But had these been all the horrors of this region, we could still have borne up against them. I knew by the ravine which we had passed, and the signs I have described, that half our journey was accomplished, and that we were within three leagues of the terrible Tree. The sad indications of its vicinity at length grew more apparent, as we were compelled frequently to step out of our path, to avoid treading on

the mouldering remnants of humanity, bones and parts of skeletons, with which it was strewed. I endeavoured to divert the eyes of Zuleika from these objects. Alas! they multiplied; I flew from one but to encounter others more hideous and fresher in their decay, for they appeared to cover the face of the land the nearer we approached the dreadful Tree.

The stillness of this dreary region was such, that we were startled even by the sound of our own voices, which instinctively, at length, fell into the lowest whispers. We felt as if they were a disturbance to the spirit of the place. The very air seemed as dead as the earth, which the gigantic mountains around her (appearing like the mighty walls of her everlasting monument) girdled in her quiet grave! The absence of the winged subjects of the brightest of the elements did not affect me so deeply, (for this I had been taught to expect,) as that no noxious insect, even though it had been to our annoyance, buzzed its idle way through the air.

The first rays of morning were beginning to shine faintly over the black and blasted mountains. I had hoped to have reached the Tree ere the day dawned, as night was fitter for our journeying than walking beneath the fervid rays of the sun; but I had overrated my powers, as well as those of the princess, who had been totally unused to every kind of exertion. We were now very near to the Tree, and my anxiety to conceal

the lassitude I felt creeping over me, made me hurry forward without reflection or prudence.

We continued our desolate journey with all possible expedition; a sudden winding of the river brought us into the presence of the majestic Upas, and our hearts bowed themselves in wonder and in fear before that awful throne of the royalty of death! Alone, black as the blackest night, shadowing even the livid mountain with a deeper hue, stood the earth-born death, the dispenser of almighty vengeance.

I took the little caskets from Zuleika, and requested her to remain stationary, while I gathered the gum from the Tree, deeming it unnecessary for her to hazard her person nearer. There was, I thought, an expression of agony in her face, when I prepared to leave her, but I smiled, and pointed encouragingly towards the near accomplishment of our task, when suddenly I saw (for it could surely be no illusion) the dark and massy branches of the majestic Tree bend themselves with a slow and gentle motion towards us, as in welcome, and at the same moment a soft light current of air swept gently over my face. "God be merciful!" I said, in anguish,—"God be merciful! forsake us not now in this most awful moment!" I was sensible of a slight change in the wind, and I knew all the danger attending it, but my prayer found not a passage through my closed lips, for I would not alarm Zuleika.

I stood alone beneath the awful Tree which the danger forbade me to contemplate, and had already filled one casket with the poisonous gum, which I held out triumphantly to the view of Zuleika!—but alas! her approving smile met me not, for she was extended prostrate on the burning sands;—I rushed towards her in uncontrollable agony, determining not to survive her. There was paleness on her lip and brow, and her hands were damp and cold. A slight convulsion passed over her features, yet she did not appear insensible. I sprinkled water upon her forehead, and forced a little wine between her lips. Slowly she recovered her speech. "Oh, my beloved," said she, "linger not thus over one whom thou canst not save, but who may destroy thee. One of the caskets thou hast filled: return to thy country, and leave me, for I shall never go hence. The kiss of the Upas is upon me, and I shall die in its terrible embrace. Oh! fly, my husband!—fly, and preserve thyself."

"Allah! Allah!" I cried aloud,—for my despair was redoubled in proportion as my hope had been sanguine—"Allah, what have I done to suffer thus? What hath this innocent committed, that she should hus die the death of a felon?"

I bowed my head to the earth as I spoke, and in the earnestness of prayer raised up my fainting wife to heaven, expecting, hoping instant death, or instant

preservation. At this moment a mighty wind arose and tore down the boughs of the terrible Tree, swaying its gigantic body away from its devoted victims—the dead stream spoke, rejoicing in the chill breeze which swept over its ravaging waters—the sand arose in whirlwinds—the rattling thunder was re-echoed by the mountains, while the foul mists of the Tree were devoured by the swift lightning. The voice of Zuleika, after a short space, speaking faintly, recalled my attention—" Art thou still near me, Firouz?" she said; " methought the reeling of the earth had separated thee from me—Is it thunder I hear?—Is that dreadful glare the lightning?—Oh! Firouz!—Oh! husband adored! the Prophet comes in his vengeance: pray that he rend us not asunder!"—" He comes not, my beloved!" I cried in a voice of agony, " he comes not, for he cannot:—fear not, look up, and know we shall yet be saved from destruction."

I saw, and knew that our danger was passed, for to this fearful convulsion of the elements we owed our safety. Beneath the very shade of the now powerless Upas did we stand, for Zuleika would not permit me again to leave her and fill the second casket.———

I will not be more minute in detailing the particulars of our journey—little further, in fact, occurred worthy of observation, and we resolved not to linger on

our return. The tempest had so well cooled the air, and invigorated my exhausted frame, that I proceeded with redoubled strength, and carried my beloved sleeping on my bosom. We at length gained the hill, the last enclosure of the fatal valley; and when we had ascended to its top, and surveyed the frightful region we had quitted, contrasted with the green grass and smiling fields of the world of living man, we burst into tears of gratitude and joy, and, kneeling, dedicated our prayers and our souls to him who we believed had preserved us in the wilderness,—to Issa, the merciful and the mild. Zuleika's heart was with me in this act, my thought was her thought, her faith was mine; we had but one mind, as we had long had but one heart. Together we prayed—together we wept, and then, with a feeling I cannot describe, nor any, save beings suffering as we had suffered, imagine, we trod back our blissful path to the hut of the Malay Priest. He scarcely believed what he saw; and the guards were so struck by what they considered a miracle wrought by the sanctity of the Princess, that they bore us in their arms, shouting along the streets the mercy of Allah, till our progress assumed rather the form of a triumphal procession than the return of two criminals after sentence of death. Thus we reached the Palace of Soura Charta, our train increasing momentarily, for the people had risen in astonishment at the tidings, and insisted upon con-

ducting us to the Sultan; they regarded it as a wondrous miracle in favour of our virtue, that the storm, which had left marks of desolation among them, had been the means of preservation to us, and they kissed our garments with reverence, as peculiar favourites of their Prophet.

The Sultan received us with a gloomy astonishment, that almost looked like fear—I saw that he dared not assail us further. We placed our dearly won casket at his feet, and heard his hesitating lips pronounce our pardon. "Ye have fulfilled your sentence, and are free," he exclaimed, "live henceforward in the home of your fathers." "Sultan," I replied, "we have fulfilled the sentence of the law, but we have yet to receive its reward—we have two requests to prefer, which our sovereign is bound to concede; shall we ask and obtain?"—"Ask," he replied gloomily, "I have no power to deny." "We will then no longer live in the land where our sufferings have been so severe; I ask, Lord of Java, permission to quit the island."—"And I to follow Firouz," said Zuleika; "great Sultan, is our petition granted?" "Go," returned the monarch, "go, and let me behold you no more." We retired from his presence. "I trust him not, Zuleika," I said; "nor will I breathe the air which his sceptred hand can reach—the desert, the savage, the wild beast, are welcome before erring man, gifted with boundless

authority—now his fears are our protection; but hereafter——Let us fly, my beloved; Enganho shall receive us:—no man will seek us there. In the enchanted isle, the love of the ocean, which he hides in his jealous bosom from the prying wickedness of civilized man, we too shall be safe—thither we will go—fugitives we are, and oppressed, so haply the foam-girt bride of the sea will not raise her sons against us."

And she did not—we sought a refuge on the isle which our countrymen had thought it madness and death but to speak of; we conciliated its wild inhabitants, and the knowledge I took among them raised me to the rank of their chief.—My palace in the heart of the island was erected by their grateful hands, where Zuleika, a royal Queen, a beloved wife, resides with her innocent babes. I constantly visit this hut to warn off such strangers as attempt to land, or save them from the death they would inevitably incur without assistance from this island, and I have more than once been happy in my endeavours to preserve the lives of my fellow creatures; still there is no chance of any vessel approaching us without a pilot from Enganho, and to this circumstance, the superstition of Cingallah, and the cowardice of the Javanese, am I indebted for my safety under Issa the Merciful, whose eyes shine on the desert, and whose lips bless the savage.

TO * * * *

Go, lady, in thy triumph go,
  No stormy tides are thine to stem,
And that young pride upon thy brow
  Is beauty's brightest diadem.

Go, glorious with thy maiden smile,
  Still in its simplest blush arrayed—
Thy rivals cannot boast a wile
  To shame the work that Nature made.

Go, with thy breast of fervent youth,
  Untouched by praise, untried by blame,
Still warm in love and firm in truth,
  And faultless as thy face and fame.

Oh, thus—when Fate shall bid thee rove
  'Mid other scenes to play thy part,
And nought of thee is left to love
  Save what we've learnt too well by heart:

'Tis thus, we'll say, thy spirit came,
  To shine supremely o'er the rest,
And, dreaming thou art still the same,
  Ne'er dare to doubt that thou art blest.

R. S.

EPILOGUE.

Written for a Tragedy, entitled 'Mary Stuart,' and intended to have been spoken by Mrs. H. Siddons.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE sages—for authority pray look,
Seneca's Morals, or the Copy-book—
The sages, to disparage woman's power,
Say Beauty is a fair but fading flower.
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—
Yet if it fades, it does not surely die;
But like the violet, when decayed in bloom,
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night—two ages gone,
A third wanes fast since Mary filled the throne.
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day
'Twixt Pinkie's Field—and fatal Fotheringay;
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost?
O'er Mary's memory the learned quarrel;
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel;
Time's echo, old Tradition, makes her name
The constant burthen of his faultering theme;

In each old hall his gray-haired heralds tell
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,—
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—
The loads of tapestry that poor Queen wrought.
In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of every ill that waits on rank and power,
Of every ill on beauty that attends,—
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks, so completely curst,
They rose in ill, from bad to worse and worst;—
In spite of errors—I dare not say more,
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore:—
In spite of all, however humours vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary.
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel.
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,
Must rise to this; else, in her ancient reign,
The rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

THE CRIMINAL.

His hand is red with blood, and life, aye, life
Must pay the forfeiture of his dark sin.

Ah! woman's love is a night-scented flower,
Which yieldeth its most precious perfume forth
'Mid darkness and 'mid tears.

'Tis silence in that cell, and dim the light
Gleaming from the sunk lamp; there is one stands
Fettered and motionless—so very pale,
That were he laid within his winding-sheet
And death were on him, yet his cheek could not
Wear ghastlier hues; cold damps are on his brow;
With intense passion the red veins are swelled;
The white lip quivers with suppressed sobs,
And his dark eye is glazed with tears which still
He is too stern to shed. His countenance
Bears wild and fearful traces of the years
Which have passed on in guilt; pride, headstrong ire
Have left their marks behind; yet, mid this war
Of evil elements, some glimpses shine
Of better feelings, which, like clouded stars,
Soon set in night.—A sullen sound awakes

The silence of the cell. And up he starts,
Roused from his dizzy trance of wretchedness
And gasps for breath, as that deep solemn toll
Sinks on his spirit, like a warning voice
Sent from eternity; again it rolls—
Thy awful bell, St. Sepulchre, which tells
The criminal of death;—his life-pulse stops,
As if in awe, and then beats rapidly:
Flushes a sudden crimson on his face,
Passes, and leaves it deadlier than before.
He is alone no longer; one is there
Whose only language is her tears, and one
Whose words of anger on the sinful child,
His shame and sorrow, find no utterance now.

At first the look the murderer wore was stern,
And cold, and ghastly, for his pride had nerved
His spirit to its agony; but when
He felt that pale girl's tears upon his hand,
And heard his father's words of penitence,
Of tenderness and pardon, then relaxed
His marble brow, and wild warm drops came down
He strove no more to quell. And there she lay,
His wretched Ellen, pillowed on a breast
Whose lightest beat to her was more than life,
All guilty as it was;—her fair blue eyes
(How softly beautiful!) were filled with drops
They had no power to shed, but heavily

They hung upon the eyelash, which drooped o'er
A cheek whose summer colour had departed
With the sweet hopes that nourished its bloom.
His love had been destruction; he had thrown
Shame and dishonour on the innocent one,
Whose fate was linked with his, who loved him yet
Most truly and most fondly. From the hour
When, a young bride, she dreamt of happiness,
She never had forsaken him, but still
Had been his better angel;—his mad life
Had passed 'mid fearful passions, evil deeds,
And she had often wept in solitude:
Yet sometimes (for he loved her) he returned;
Her patient smile then lighted up his home,
And never did that soft lip breathe reproach;
Only her health-forsaken cheek, her brow
So wan, told of her wrongs, and she would sob
At times upon his bosom, till he swore
To leave his evil wanderings. At last
The thunderbolt came down, and crushed her heart—
He was a murderer. - - - -
Still she forsook him not, and his lone cell
Was brightened by her presence—her soft voice
Breathed consolation in its gentle tones;
She wept, she watched, she prayed with him;—how deep
Is woman's memory of her first love-dream,
Though truth has chilled its sweet illusiveness!

Yet like the Indian, though severer light
Hath broken in upon his radiant faith
And shown its falsehood, still his spirit clings
With lingering homage to his early worship.
So Ellen's breast yearned to the guilty one,
'Mid crimes, 'mid darkness; she could not forget
He was the chosen of her youth, that he
Had been her first, her only love. - - - -

The morn had broken, and a dull red light
Streamed through the iron grating heavily:
The bell had ceased its summoning,—they leaned
In desperate hope to catch another toll
In vain—and loud and hurrying steps were heard—
The door was opened, and the chains were struck
From off his shackled hands. They led him forth.
He clasped his Ellen, and pressed one cold kiss
On lips as cold, and placed her as a child
Upon his father's bosom, and departed.
A shriek rang after him, and many there
To their last hour shall not forget that cry.
They led him on; his step was firm, although
His face was very pale; and when he reached
The scaffold, he knelt meekly down and prayed.
Silence was all around: his eyes were clothed:
This world one gasp concluded, and to him
Opened eternity.

L. E. L.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

BY THE REV. E. W. BARNARD.

Introduction.

Come with a poet's eye, and parent's heart,
And bless your bounteous Maker!—There they sit,
Beneath yon towering elms—a goodly boy
And gentle girl—their little arms around
Each other's necks entwining, as if loth
To play at worldly games, and minding only
Love, ceaseless love, the business of heaven.
Glows not thine heart within thee at the sight?
Ha! nobler visions come—and hark! the voice
Of more than earthly music! Angel forms,
Twin spirits, hovering o'er that infant pair,
Illume, like sunshine, the disparting skies,
So bright, so fond their smile!—And higher still,
(Such social charity prevails in heaven)
Cherub and seraph troop around to hear
The guardians sing their gracious benison.

These, hand in hand, poised on their snow-white wings,
Alternate sing, and at each choral pause
Lift up to One Unseen their waving palms,
And draw down blessings. O'er their innocent charge
In plenteous shower the ready blessings fall,
To mortal vision like ethereal dews,
Odours, or rarest flowers, or costly gems,
Or stars of mildest lustre :—Beautiful,
And passing speech, in plenteous shower they fall;
And ever and anon the ministering spirits,
With looks that show unutterable love,
Bend o'er the infants, and resume their song.

Song.

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

1st Ang. Dews from an immortal wing,
Little bosoms nourishing;
Smiles of an immortal glow,
Making goodly seed to grow;

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

2nd Ang. Drops of radiance glittering bright
From the face of orient light,
Ripening every plant of worth,
Till it bud and blossom forth;

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

1*st Ang*. Flowers that hand of Poet never
May from heaven's pastures sever;
Richer theirs than rose's hue!
Sweeter they than violet blue!

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

2*nd Ang*. Gems that in profusion gay,
Fearing nothing of decay,
Over heart and over brow
Ever bloom as fresh as now;

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

1*st Ang*. Gladsome health to fire the eye,
And paint the cheek of infancy;
Doubtless zeal, and guileless love,
Manhood's rugged heart to move;

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

2*nd Ang*. Lowly thought, and holy fear,
Studious peace, and conscience clear,
And grace divine, to make them be
Meet for Angels' company;

CHORUS.—Strew about, strew about!

THE INVITATION.

Come under my wing, there is room enough yet,
And though cribbed in our space, we'll ne'er grumble
nor fret;
But by patient contrivance console ourselves still,
And the warmth of our hearts shall defy every ill;
We will peep at the world like a snail from his shell,
Or as some lonely hermit looks out from his cell,
To wonder and grieve at the turmoil and strife
Men make about trifles, and call it their life;—
Or we'll send out our fancy, to bring us in sport
From the fields or the camp, from the city or court:
'Tis fancy that colours the future, the past;
And though the bright vision's too fleeting to last,
'Tis the bank of our hope, which we draw on for joy—
The prospect of pleasure without its alloy.
If honours and wealth do not fall to our share,
We are free from the pangs of ambition and care.
While nature has charms, and the body has health,
The footsteps of Time overtake us by stealth;
We heed not his pace, whether rapid or slow,
And content, when he calls, we are ready to go.

R. D.

ON AUTOGRAPHS.

The handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic.

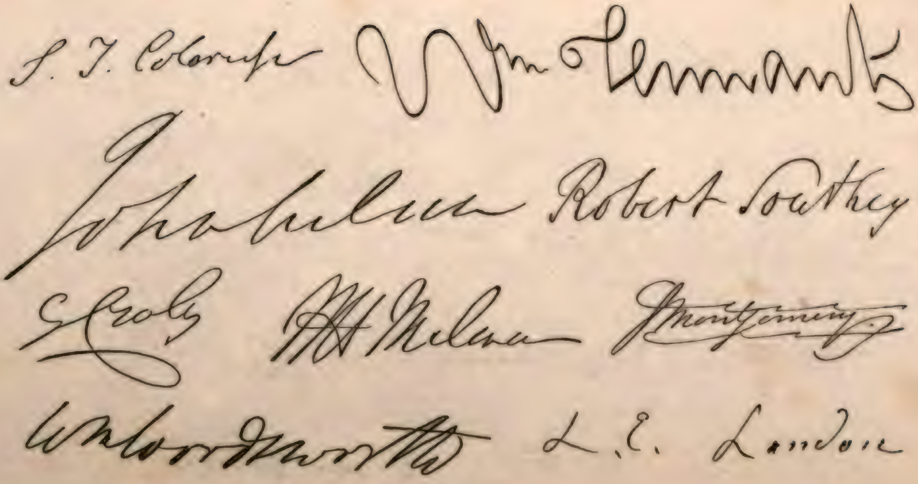
D'Israeli.

In presenting our readers with a series of Autographs of the living Poets of England, it may not be uninteresting to enter upon a few remarks, illustrative of what has been not unaptly termed the Physiognomy of Handwriting. But the discovery is by no means of recent origin. Lavater has some curious speculations on the subject; and Shenstone, long before the publication of the works of the great Physiognomist, expressed in one of his letters a desire to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, "in order that he might judge of her temper." We are, however, quite prepared to admit with Mr. D'Israeli, that the science is one, for the practice of which only general rules can be laid down. The same remark will, we apprehend, be found to apply to several other systems which have of late induced the patronage, and engaged the attention of a "discerning public." It is

quite as reasonable to presume that the character of a man, or even a woman (although, as we shall presently explain, the analogy is in the latter case by no means so strong,) may be gathered from an attentive investigation of the handwriting, as that the same result may be obtained by an examination, conducted with mathematical precision, of the excrescences of the human skull. Indeed, the system we are about to expound, has this advantage over Phrenology, that whilst the bumps upon a cranium are entirely independent of volition, the action of writing is altogether voluntary, and just as likely to be influenced by the character of the individual, as his voice, countenance, or gestures. A little volume, published at Paris a few years ago, and entitled '*L'art de juger du caractere des hommes sur leurs Ecritures*,' to which we shall be considerably indebted in the succeeding remarks, contains some curious arguments in favour of the system.

Of all the performances of man, nothing bears so exclusively the stamp of the individual as his handwriting. Painters and sculptors have generally some peculiar touch by which each is distinguished; but to recognize an artist by his productions, requires a perfection of judgment which can only be obtained by long study and initiation in the mysteries of the art we are called upon to criticise. Nothing of this sort is required to enable us to recoguize the

AUTOGRAPHS of the LIVING POETS. Nº 5.



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AUTOGRAPHS of the LIVING POETS No. 2.

Allan Cunningham Saml Rogers

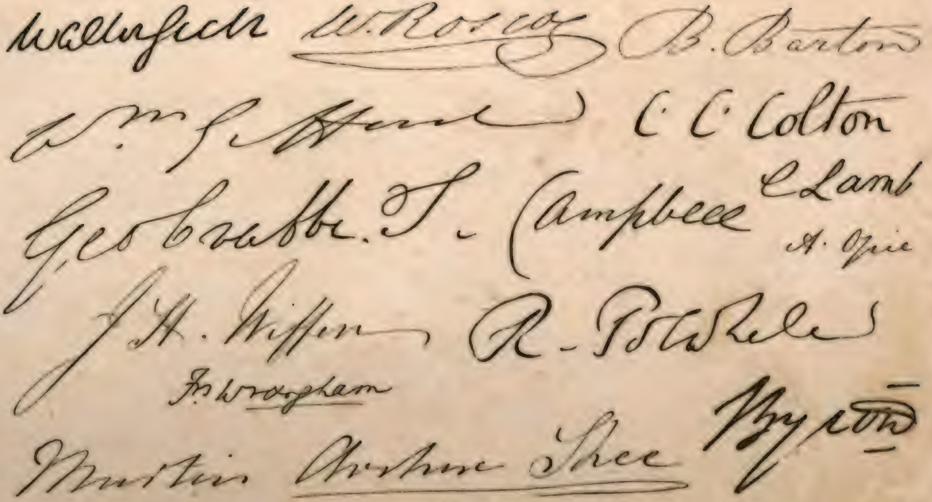
Charles R. Maturin James Hogg

Th Moore J Baillie Wm L. Bowles.

Barry Cornwall B.W. Procter J. Moore.

Felicia Hemans William Read.

AUTOGRAPHS of the LIVING POETS, &c.



hand of a person whose writing we have seen before: it is so strongly indicative of the individual, that the legislature of every nation has attached more importance to a signature than to the testimony of numerous witnesses.

Many arguments might be adduced in support of the assertion, that the handwriting is more or less modified by the character and disposition of the individual. We shall content ourselves on this occasion with one or two of the most forcible. Every nation is distinguished by a physiognomy peculiar to itself. We discover the country of a foreigner by his features, his air, his expression; even the most trivial circumstances conduce to develope his national character; but it is more especially observable in his gestures and his handwriting. The choice of the form of letters may be the effect of chance,—may be borrowed from other nations, but will always be modified by that which adopts it. It is the character of the people which produces this modification. The greater part of the civilized nations of Europe make use of the same form of letters; but the writing of each is distinguished from the other by many and often strong peculiarities. An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian, may accordingly be recognized as readily by his handwriting as by his features and complexion. In the autograph of a Frenchman, for instance, we find all that indecision

of purpose and frivolity of ornament which mark the character of the people; until you may almost fancy you see his grimaces and his fripperies reflected from his person on his paper. The handwriting of an Italian is remarkable for its extraordinary delicacy and suppleness, the most prominent features of the genius of that elegant race of people. The German, phlegmatic in his temperament, traces slowly and heavily his thoughts upon the sheet before him. The Englishman differs from all three in the style of his writing, as essentially as he differs from them in his character and physiognomy.

It is also very easy to discern the difference between the writing of the two sexes. If it were a part of our social regulations that women should adopt a particular style of their own; if models were presented to them for their imitation, different from those which are used to form the handwriting of men, we might regard the distinction as independent of the character peculiar to each sex. But they learn from the same models, on the same principles, and from the same masters. It is true that women are less exercised in the art; that the same degree of perfection is not required from them: still, whatever may be the difference which might result from these causes, it is by no means characteristic of the two kinds of writing. Want of practice and of care may often be discovered in the handwriting of a man, but

there is always something decidedly masculine in its formation. Although a woman write well and with facility, there is, in like manner, always a peculiarity which betrays her sex. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, upon the same principle that we meet sometimes with women of a masculine mind and physiognomy. It is, however, a fact, which must be obvious to all, that there is in general less strength, less firmness and boldness, in the handwriting of a woman than in that of a man, and this not because it is necessary to possess these qualities in an eminent degree, to trace the characters which represent them. Women could, in all probability, write otherwise, but they are not inclined to do so. Endowed with less bodily energy, their delicate hands lean more lightly on the paper; accustomed to more caution and reserve than the other sex, they do not dash on with the same careless freedom. To this may be superadded, a delicacy in the formation of their letters, and a gracefulness in the character, perfectly corresponding with their taste and education. The resemblance so frequently to be traced between members of the same family, is also equally observable in their handwriting. It is, perhaps, less striking, because, in point of fact, the figure, address, voice, language, and manners, present a greater number of proofs; but it is not really less positive. Allowing all due influence to a similarity of educa-

tion, which would mainly effect the formation of the letters, there will always remain modifications governed almost entirely by the moral character. Age, which weakens so materially our bodily activity, must necessarily impress a singular character on the handwriting; the latter becomes fixed or set, pretty nearly at the period when the mental character is formed; it afterwards acquires the strength and boldness of manhood: and the vacillating and tremulous hand of old age, so different from that of youth, obviously displays the ravages of time. Sickness may, during our youth, render the hand unsteady; but if it does not extend its influence over the intellectual and moral faculties, the energy of the mind will be obvious notwithstanding the indifferent form of the letters.

A regular style of writing is sometimes the result of a particular occupation. But every one is not endowed with the faculty of writing regularly. Those who are unable to fix their ideas to any given subject, cannot of course compass this object; others write too rapidly, and are hurried away either by an undue proportion of natural vivacity, or else by some passing emotion of the moment. Others, from natural inconstancy of character, often vary the proportions and distances; and many, from impetuosity of disposition, are unable to control their own impulses.—A regular handwriting may present several modifica-

tions, the most remarkable of which will be uniformity; these are traits which must be invariable, because they relate to the essential formation of the letters: but there are others which may be varied at will. When we see every letter made in one precise and uniform manner, we are induced to believe that this singularity is connected with great equanimity of disposition:—this has been fully confirmed by experience. A trifler will carry his love of order to a ridiculous extent; he will omit neither dot, stop, nor comma. There is a proverbial expression which marks a person of this character.

To every individual, observes Mr. D'Israeli, nature has given a distinct sort of writing, as she has given them a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions, and the habits of the writer. When we write under the influence of anger, is it reasonable to suppose that the agitation of the mind will not communicate itself to the hand? Is it for one moment probable that the writing will be merely hasty, and that the pen will trace lightly what is felt so forcibly? Certainly not. It will partake rather of the energy of the bodily frame, and will be remarkable for surpassing the limits of moderation, and for an unusual coarseness of form and dimension. When on the contrary, the mind is perfectly

at ease, the hand glides lightly over the paper: the irregularities may be regarded as evidences of carelessness, but are not caused by the impulses of passion.

Lavater has given, in his celebrated work on physiognomy, a specimen of the handwriting of a melancholy and phlegmatic man, which exhibits the most decided marks of such a character. The letters appear to have been traced slowly, and with some difficulty. Little attention seems to have been paid to their formation, and yet there is not one superfluous stroke. The tardiness of the hand, when not governed by that of comprehension, can only result from a want of practice, apparent in the cramped manner in which the letters are formed. This distinction will, without due care, sometimes lead us into error. Vivacity is almost invariably the quality of our youth, and yet at that age we usually write slowly and with labour, for want of experience.

In writing, the hand of course is directed by the thoughts, and is rapid or slow in proportion to the speed with which the head suggests employment for the pen; for this reason a man of sluggish comprehension may in general be distinguished from a man of lively imagination and ready wit by his handwriting. There is another characteristic test which deserves also to be mentioned: he who writes without errors, proves his power of fixing his thoughts, and this proof is of greater importance than it may at first appear.

Many persons are unable even to copy without frequent erasures, for want of the power of confining their attention to the subject on which they are engaged. But if, on the contrary, a man be occupied with a theme which exercises his imagination or his judgment, the ease and rapidity with which he traces his thoughts on paper prove the facility with which he composes; and it was not without reason that Voltaire, speaking of the Telemachus of Fenelon, admired the neatness of the manuscript, and the rare occurrence of erasures.

In applying these data, however, we would caution our readers against forming an estimate of the character of a person's handwriting from his signature alone: as haste, the facility which one acquires by frequent practice, and many other contingencies, render it impossible that the autograph of a mere name should be as indicative of character as a few lines from a letter or literary composition. For this reason it is our intention, at some future period, in addition to the mere signatures of the individuals, with fac-similes of whose autographs we now furnish our readers, to commence a series of specimens of the handwriting of distinguished persons, living and deceased, on a more extended scale.

S.

THE SLEEPING CUPID.

From the celebrated Picture by Guido, in the Collection of Earl Fitzwilliam.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

'Tis summer's softest eve;—the winds are laid,
The jarring sounds of day-life are at rest,
And all is calm and soothing:—not a shade
Mars the blue beauty of the skies;—the west,
Gathering its hues of splendour from the crest
Of the declining sun, is changing fast
From sapphire to bright gold;—old ocean's breast
Is one broad wave without a cloud o'ercast;—
'Tis day's divinest hour—its loveliest and its last!

Tired of his sport—the wreck of human hearts,—
There on his mother's couch, in slumber bound,
The God of Love reclines;—his idle darts,
Those messengers of woe, lie scattered 'round!
But that he guards, amid his dreams profound,

With so much jealous care, his unstrung bow,
How might we now his boasted strength confound!
From his own quiver pay the debt we owe;
And with one keen bright shaft pierce our unconscious foe!

But who would wound a breast so passing fair?
Look! in immortal beauty where he lies,
His flushed cheek pillowed on his hand;—his hair
Clustering, like sunny beams in autumn-skies,
Around his glorious brow;—his calm-sealed eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve;—and lips, whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms—all sweetness and repose!

Hush!—for a footfall may disturb his sleep!
Hush! even your breathing!—for a breath may break
His visioned trance. But no, 'tis deep—most deep;
The last sweet sigh of evening fans his cheek,
And stirs his golden curls,—the last bright streak
Of parting day is fading from the west,
Dim clouds are gathering round yon mountain's peak,—
Yet still he sleeps;—and his soft heaving breast—
Bright wings—brow—lips—and eyes, are redolent of rest!

Love! oh, young Love, how beautiful thou art!
The brightest dream that e'er a poet feigned
May scarce compare with thee! What though thy dart
The blood of many a gentle breast hath stained,
What though thy god-like powers thou hast profaned,
And proved to some an evil deity!
Yet in thy nobler moods hast thou sustained
Full many a sinking heart,—and thoughts of thee
Have often stilled the waves of this life's stormy sea!

Thou art, indeed, omnipotent—divine!
For the wide world is vocal with thy name;
Princes and peasants bend before thy shrine;
Tribes of all nations thy behests proclaim;
Even bashful woman echoes forth thy fame!
Noble and serf—the savage and the slave
(For e'en the slave, if Love his homage claim,
May wear a double chain) thy shafts must brave,
And own thy mighty power to ruin or to save!

THE END.

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